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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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NEW SERIES,
VOL. I. No. 1.

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OLD SERIES,
VOL. VI. No. 1.

The Queen's College Journal

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THE JOURNAL's career has always been marked by progress, and with this number we make our greatest stride: The pamphlet form, the greater number of pages, and the general superiority of style are all improvements quite obvious to our readers. Another advance, not quite so apparent but fully as important, has been made in the price, owing partly to the suggestions of graduates and friends, and partly to the increased cost of printing. From the many letters we have received, we think none of our readers will object to pay their dollar: we only hope they will not forget. "*Memoria ex colendo augetur*," says our old textbook; therefore we would advise forgetful subscribers to pay frequently, and to persist in doing so until they have acquired a perfect control over their memories. It will be an invaluable habit for them to form, and will prove very gratifying to us.

WHEN our college paper was started five years ago, one of its avowed objects was to promote literary effort among the students. This object, we fear, has been generally lost sight of—certainly not by the editors for we have never ceased to bawl lustily for "copy"; but by the students themselves, who have been deaf to posts to our importunities. Who knows what talents may be wrapped in some of those college gowns? or what genius, his fires pent-up by hard work, may be rolling his candescent feelers darkly around in search of a vent? If there be any "mute, inglorious Milton" among us, let him arise and sing.

THOUGH much yet remains to be done, the glorious certainty has been reached that Queen's now reposes on a safe foundation, and is to-day in twice as comfortable circumstances as she was this day twelve-month. When in the Spring of this year we last addressed our readers, we gave expression to the hope that the scheme then about to be launched would be successful, but we frankly confess that we did not believe that Principal Grant would prove himself so magical a money-raiser as the event has shown him to be. When he spoke of collecting an additional endowment fund of \$150,000 most of those who heard him were more than sceptical, but faith will move mountains and the Principal seems, with very good cause, to have had faith in himself. At the time of writing, something like \$130,000 has been raised—the work of five short months during what has been called the Hard Times. The probabilities are that

when the JOURNAL has the pleasure of addressing its constituents on the opening of the session of 1879 it will be able to make the gratifying intimation that a Fund of \$200,000 has been subscribed, and that Queen's is permanently out of debt and danger. The success of this endowment scheme is creditable from every point of view. It is creditable to the people of Ontario who have displayed an enlightened generosity, and a liberal zeal in the cause of higher education in coming to the assistance of our Alma Mater. They have shown by very substantial evidence that their sole concern is not money-grubbing, and that when properly appealed to they can rise to higher planes. It is also creditable to the University that its record is such that it can appeal to all creeds and classes in Canada without offering an apology or proffering an excuse. The work it has done, the liberality it has displayed, and its fortitude in bearing up under the most discouraging circumstances were such as to commend it to the admiration and gratitude of all who can appreciate honest effort and plucky endeavour. Its history has been one of the widest religious tolerance, and of sound conscientious teaching. Consequently when it appealed to the people the response was so generous as to be almost surprising. But while all this success is creditable alike to the people and to the past management of Queen's, it is doubly creditable to Principal Grant. It was our pleasure last Autumn to write some words of welcome to Dr. Grant expressing gratification at his appointment and a hope that he would do great things for the University over which he was called to preside, but that he should so suddenly achieve what he has already done, it never entered into our mind to conceive. His success has been really marvellous, and it would scarce be an exaggeration of words to say that his labours have been herculean. He has laboured with indomitable energy and tireless assiduity, under the strain of

which a less well-balanced organization would have collapsed. He might perhaps be fittingly described as the Big Push of the Queen's Party, for he is full of push, full of work and winsome ways which are calculated to steal the purses of the tightest fist ed curmudgeon. To him we tender the grateful thanks of our Alma Mater, not forgetting to acknowledge the loyal generosity of her graduates and her many friends among the general public. Queen's now breathes easily; and with an honorable past and a sunshiny future, is inclined to feel friendly with all the world.

FROM the day of its introduction we have been opposed to the present system of fall examinations for undergraduates; and the more we think over it the less we esteem it. It makes the course too easy, and so lowers the value of degrees in proportion. Thirteen subjects in four sessions is easy enough work for any ordinary student without the aid of "consolation" examinations. If a student cannot prepare a little more than an average of three subjects in each session sufficiently well to pass on them in the spring, let him be plucked: he deserves no second chance in the fall. Under the present system, all our lazy-minded student needs do is to attend his three classes in the session, and if seven months prove too short to acquaint himself with all the subjects, he has merely to pass on two of them, and devote the remaining five months to the mastery of the third. It is even easier than this: if he is uncertain what he is best prepared to attempt at the spring examination and what he should leave for the fall, he simply makes a bold charge at all three, and the Senate kindly informs him in a few days that, after careful deliberation, they would advise him to reserve his knowledge in a certain one of these departments for the present, to nourish and cherish it during the dog-days, and to present it again for ap-

proval in the fall, when the magic effects of attention to one thing at a time will probably secure its acceptance.

It may be pleaded that if a student prepares the work prescribed and passes on it, no more is to be expected of him: and that if he studies during the summer for these fall examinations, he will probably take away with him more knowledge than one who does not. We think it very unlikely: a mind that cannot compass three subjects in a session will probably not outshine that of the ordinary student. But even admitting this plea: to turn out *learned* men is not the object of University training; to turn out *educated* men is. A degree was never meant to say "We certify that the bearer has a capital of so many orthodox facts." The development of mind which so trains a man that he can grapple with a new subject and readily acquire the mastery of it is true education: and it is this which should chiefly distinguish a Graduate from a Philistine. Nor will any one who has been so educated ever disgrace his *Alma Mater* by a lack of learning. Education in this sense is certainly not an acquirement of the student who, after a long session's work, finds himself powerless to cope with three or four examination papers.

We by no means imply that there are any students among us whose hopes of graduating would vanish with these examinations. We think there are none. If so, it is all the more a pity needlessly to lower the standard. QUEEN'S has always required of her graduates, qualifications at least as high as have other Universities of theirs, and in the spirit of these days she should be eager to raise, rather than to lower them.

MR. Gladstone, the intellectual Boanerges of Britain, has contributed an article to the September number of the "North American Review," entitled "Kin beyond

Sea." The object of the article is, ostensibly, to draw some comparisons between the progress and prosperity of England and the United States, very much to the disadvantage of the former, and to enlighten the Americans upon the salient points of the British Constitution, particularly its defects. Without a word of proof, without a single fact or figure to support his statement, the ex-premier makes the sweeping assertion that by the year 1880 the United States will be the wealthiest of nations, and that in moral and material progress she is at present passing the motherland at a canter; this, too, when Mr. Gladstone is an ardent admirer of British free trade, and the United States tariff is protection gone crazy. We who know the Americans are aware that they live not by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the flatterer. The voice of their current periodicals, indeed of their literature of all kinds, of their statesmen and orators, swells forth in a universal pæan of self-praise. If Mr. Gladstone desired the good will of the people of the United States he had a right by all means to gratify their national vanity. But why he should take so invidious a method of doing it as to make the odious and wholly unfounded comparison between the Republic and his own native country, or why he should treat them to such a rich morsel of servile adulation, we are at a loss to divine. The *Times* administers the castigation which the effusion so richly deserves, and, while laying the lash on the Englishman, contrives to deal the national conceit of the Americans a few blows with stinging severity. Here are a few short extracts:

"Their (the Southern States') votes for the Presidency are determined, not by their own wishes, or even by their own actions, but are subjected to what Mr. Gladstone terms 'mysterious manipulations.' In other words, some of them voted one way and

their vote was counted in another way ; and this, which is no isolated case, Mr. Gladstone dignifies by the name of an enjoyment of the franchises. * * * Nor need we urge only that whether we pay much or little of our debt, at all events we confess to the whole of it, and have not proposed any currency puzzle to scale away either principal or interest. * * * As for the way in which the huge armies of the United States have * * * melted into the mass of peaceful citizens, we may find an instance to the same effect without being driven back to Cincinnatus. Cromwell's army did the same, and the disbanding of Cromwell's Ironsides was not followed by such events as the late Pennsylvania riots."

SCRIBNER'S Monthly, one of the best of American magazines, contained an article recently on "College Journalism," in which the writer gave some interesting particulars about the progress of this branch of literature in the United States, and the principal College papers which have made their appearance in the world, from the beginning of the century to the present time. The first journal of this kind published in America was the Dartmouth "Gazette" among whose contributors was Daniel Webster, or "Icarus" as he then styled himself. The next upon the scene was the Yale "Literary Cabinet," an eight-paged fortnightly whose first number appeared in 1806. The "Cabinet" died in less than a year, and was succeeded by the "Athenæum," "Palladium," "Student's Companion," and "Gridiron," all of which met with a corresponding fate. In 1836, however, the "Yale Literary Magazine," which is now the oldest living, was established. Among its founders was Secretary Evarts. Besides this magazine the students of Yale now publish two fortnightly papers, the "Courant" and "Record." The writer of the article thinks

that Harvard's papers have indicated greater literary talent, and have had greater influence upon college opinion, than Yale's. The "Harvard Lyceum" appeared in 1810 with Edward Everett as one of a number of editors, but it was numbered among the dead before the close of the year. The "Register" succeeded in 1817, but success was not a marked feature of its history. "As in the case of its predecessor, the financial and literary remissness of the students digged for it an early grave." In 1830 appeared the "Collegian," among whose contributors was Oliver Wendell Holmes. Like its predecessors it also sank into oblivion within a short time. So did the "Harvardiana," whose pages were brightened by the wit and wisdom of James Russell Lowell, and the "Harvard Magazine" which survived a decade. In 1866 appeared the "Advocate" which has been doing good work up to the present time. Harvard also publishes two papers called the "Lampoon" and "Crimson," whose editors, to repeat an old joke, would need to be deep read. College journalism has been spreading and extending rapidly in late years, till now about 200 periodicals devoted to academic interests are published on this continent. "The pur-poses," truly says the writer in Scribner's, "which the college paper accomplishes in American life are numerous and important. It is, in the first place, a mirror of undergraduate sentiment, and is either scholarly or vulgar, frivolous or dignified, as are the students who edit and publish it. * * * To the college officers, also, it is an indicator of the pulse of College opinion. * * * The College Journal is, indeed, as a distinguished Professor recently said of the paper of his College, 'the outstanding member of the College Faculty.'" He then goes on to consider the influence of these Journals in promoting inter-collegiate friendship, and in serving the ends of higher education by ex-

hibiting diverse methods of instruction and government; the interest in *Alma Mater* which it keeps alive in the breasts of graduates; and the opportunities it affords as a training school for journalism. We agree with him that "College life is fertile, in comparison with business or professional life, in the ludicrous," but, as far as we ourselves are concerned, we find that although there are always numerous good things flying around the halls, yet few take the trouble to throttle them and hand them over to the editor. As for the evils mentioned in Scribner's, we do not observe any remarkable exhaustion of energy on the part of our students, resulting from journalistic duties, but we know many a fellow that would be glad if he had that dignified excuse for neglecting his Greek or Mathematics.

THE FRESHMEN'S PETITION.

O H gallant Freshies! is that story true
About your unsophisticated crew?
Did you indeed petition, as they say,
To have your work begin without delay?

Did you in truth the Senate grave implore
To open class e'er well exams were o'er?
'Twere all a Junior's life were worth to fly
Such daring projects in the College eye.

E'en the bold Senior well might hesitate
(If ever such a thought engaged his pate)
Before departing from the beaten track
To pray his classes forward *vice* back.

And did you not the August Presence dread?
Trembled no knees? Shook no desponding head?
Did no vague, shadowy, awful phantoms rise?
Came visions none to dim your ardent eyes?

And could you think thus Remus-like t' o'erleap
The ancient wall of custom, yet to keep
Safe from the wrath of those who placed it there
And built it up with many a fervent prayer,

Answered or fruitless, to have work arranged,
Lectures postponed, Examinations changed;
But never, since the crust of Tellus froze,
To start thus hastily—though oft to close.

Oh, may your woundrous, all-astounding cheek
Shield you from ill when Sophs and Seniors seek
To place you 'neath that dread Tribunal's heel
From whose decision there is no appeal;

Whose doings all are veiled in Stygian night;
Whose dark proscriptions never saw the light;
Whose juries act not until all are sworn
No verdict of acquittal to return!

MEETINGS.

ÆSCULAPIAN SOCIETY.

THE first meeting for this session was held on Saturday evening at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, the President, Dr. K. N. Fenwick, in the chair. After a few remarks from the retiring President, and the usual routine business, the election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with. The following were elected:

President—K. N. Fenwick, M. A., M. D., (re-elected).

1st Vice-President—R. N. Horton, Demonstrator of Anatomy.

2nd Vice-President—Wm. F. Cleaver.

Secretary—Henry H. Chown, B.A.

Treasurer—John Galbraith.

Assistant Secretary—David H. Rogers.

Librarian—Wm. A. Lavell.

Critic—J. C. Cleaver.

Assistant Critic—Wm. Wallace.

Committee—Messrs. Abbott, Kilborn, Odum, Herrington and Alexander.

The subject for debate at the next meeting was chosen, "*Resolved*, That the practice of vivisection is not antagonistic to the principles of humanity, and is necessary for the advancement of physiological science." Mr. John Galbraith will lead in the affirmative and Mr. John Odum in the negative.

UNIVERSITY GAMES.

ON Wednesday afternoon these games were held in the City Park, and the students were favoured with a large attendance of townspeople. The weather, even for a bright October day, was delightful, and the excellent music of the "A" Battery Band added much to the enjoyment.

Prof. Williamson, Lt.-Col. Hewitt and Mayor McIntyre kindly acted as judges. The arrangements of the Committee were much more complete than in former years, and less time was wasted in taking entries and starting. These games were not held last year,

and we thought they had been dropped entirely ; but we are glad to see so good a thing revived. After the lecture in the evening, the prizes, which were worth in all about Eighty-Five Dollars, and consisted of well-chosen articles of "bigotry and virtue," were distributed to the successful heroes. The following is a list of the myrtle-crowned :—

Standing long jump, 1st Daly, 2nd Young.
Hop, step and jump, 1st Young, 2nd Brown.
Quarter mile race, 1st Spankie, 2nd Hay.
Throwing heavy hammer, 1st Young, 2nd McMillan.

Putting heavy stone, 1st Meikle, 2nd Young.
Putting light stone, 1st Meikle, 2nd Young.
Mile walk, 1st Duff, 2nd Elliott, 3rd McArthur.
Running high jump, 1st Daley, 2nd Mowat.
100 yards dash, 1st Mowat, 2nd Davis, 3rd Young.

Mile race, 1st Hutcheson, 2nd Spankie, 3rd Duff.

Graduates' race, 1st Macdonald, 2nd Glassford, 3rd Givens.

Three-legged race, 1st McMillan and J. McArthur.

Throwing cricket ball, Daly and Young, equal—two prizes.

At the close of the milder sports, a tug of war was waged between the Medical and Arts students. The exciting contest ended in a victory for the Meds, though the Arts maintain that it was a *draw* game !

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZE NOMINATIONS.

1. Montreal, \$60—Robert Moir, Huron Co., with honour of Leitch Memorial (1) and Mowat.

2. Leitch Memorial, (1) \$57—Herman M. Froiland, Kingston, with honour of Tassie and Redden Prizes.

3. NacNab and Horton, \$50—John Young, Colborne.

4. Watkins, \$80—Richard A. Lavell, Kingston.

5. Tassie Prize, \$25—Archibald McLaren, Lakeside.

6. Mowat Scholarship, \$50—John Hay, Pinkerton.

7. Redden Prize, \$20—Wm. J. Butler, Mill Point.

8. Cross Prize nomination—Wm. Spankie, Kingston.

9. Hugh McLennan nomination—James Brown, Beaverton.

10.—McDougall nomination—Joshua R. Johnston, Chesterville.

11. Mitchell nomination—Herbert B. Rathbun, Mill Point.

The Scholarships have Endowment Nominations connected with them, securing exemption from class fees for one session. The *Prize* Nominations entitle to a full course in Arts free of class fees.

OPENING ADDRESS.

ON the evening of University Day Professor N. F. Dupuis delivered the opening lecture on the subject of recent inventions and discoveries, in Convocation Hall. The Hall was crowded, and the audience, as it generally is at these lectures, was select. We are glad to be able to favour our readers with the lecture in full, which was as follows :—

We live in the nineteenth century, and as its passing years come in, each is fraught with its burden of new invention and new discovery. Like strangers to our land, each of these claims for a while a portion of our wonder or our interest, but finally acquires a permanent position as a grateful addition to our civilization, or passes out of view, and even out of memory, as being of but secondary, or even of trivial importance. In the first of these divisions may be put such an invention as that of the spectroscope, which has become a standard astronomical and chemical instrument of the highest utility. In the second, that of such a machine as the velocipede, which in the form of tricycle or bicycle, or unicycle, set all the world agog a few years ago, but is now looked upon as a fit accompaniment only for small boys or unfortunate cripples. Hundreds of such inventions loom up for a while and pass away with the passing time, leaving as little a mark upon the long century as a rolling wave leaves upon the great ocean. Hundreds of little discoveries, like little ripples which merge their existence into some larger wave, let, lose their individuality in some greater one, or spring into notoriety only when effectively contributing to the achievement of a nobler one. Hundreds of these we have with us, but very few shall descend to posterity. As a conse-

quence, the comparative greatness of the nineteenth century is a very common subject. Scarcely one who touches upon the theme but finds the present age incomparably greater than all that have preceded it. Our forefathers, says one, were well enough in their way; they were simple minded and honest, and truthful, and religious, things very highly commendable; but only think of what they endured in their ignorance. Only think of the lumbering stage-coach, and the slow and uncertain mail, and the almost unendurable ocean passage. Only think of their crude belief in witches and hobgoblins and fairies; think of their crude theories of phlogiston and caloric, of falling stars and burning worlds and inhabited suns; think of the poverty of their discoveries and the clumsiness of their inventions, and then turn to the age in which we live. We, *i. e.* the enlightened nations of this portion of the nineteenth century, are truly a wonderful people. Have we not built the railroad and harnessed the steam, and brought the ends of the earth together? Have we not learned to hatch lightning in our battery cells and by it to annihilate time in the transmission of our thoughts? Have we not measured the great ocean and marked our lines of position upon its wayward and everchanging surface? All this we have done and much more; and as a consequence we live in the enjoyment of many things of which our ancestors had not the least conception, as well as in that of many others which they, in some form, predicted for their descendants. But he who thinks that all the good things are solely due to *our* industry and ingenuity, and intellectual greatness, certainly falls into a very grave error. It is true that we believe this century to be more advanced scientifically and intellectually than any that preceded it, but there is nothing remarkable in this since progression, and not retrogression, seems to be the order of nature. Our forefathers have bequeathed to us a noble structure, and we are but adding on a few courses, that it may approach nearer heaven before we leave it to our descendants. Many of our most wonderful inventions, of our greatest discoveries, and of our soundest theories, had their foundation laid by minds that thought and hands that worked in years which have long been numbered. To us does not belong the honor of first having solved the problem of the solar system, of having weighed the planets, and reduced their apparent irregularities to law; for Copernicus and Kepler, and Newton, were not children of the present century. We did not invent the telescope, for Galileo lived 300 years ago, and Sir W. Herschell saw with his 40 foot reflector what but few observers have seen since. The Euclid of our colleges has come down to us from the third century; and the atomic theory, so prominently brought forward in the teaching of modern chemistry, is not very distantly related to that which formed a part of the system of more than one of the ancient Greek schools. Dr. Edward Jenner, just previous to the close of the last century, firmly established the life-saving, and misery-saving, and beauty-saving process of vaccination, and Harvey, who was born just 300 years ago, reasoned out, although he never saw, the circulation of the blood within our veins. We are a great people, but not less in our heritage than in our achievements. Intellectually speaking then, we do not differ from previous generations so much in quality as in quantity; that is to say, our scientific men are really no greater than Plato and Aristotle, and Lord Bacon, and many others, but we have more of them; we have better appliances, more wealth and more leisure, and the experience of our predecessors, and hence we should be able to see beyond the horizon which bounded their view. The age in which we live is probably characterized by more accurate knowledge and less empty speculation than many of those which are gone. Like Mr. Meagles in the story of Little Dorritt, we are practical folks; but it must not be hence assumed that we are without theories

and hypotheses; but these are formed for the purpose of explaining what is, rather than for that of telling us what should be. In their discussion the final appeal is to facts of observation, and not to protracted logomachies and logical quibbles. The inventions of the present century are alone sufficient to distinguish it from all those that preceded it, and yet many of those are but the result of the application of well-known and often long-known principles to the common purposes of life. But it must not be assumed that our age includes all the great inventions or their ingenious inventors, for the Marquis of Worcester and his "century of inventions" would be fatal to such an assumption. We fail, however, to see the practical utility in the invention of a ball which, when put into an individual's mouth, would forthwith shoot out so many bars and bolts that the unfortunate victim could neither withdraw the ball nor close his mouth, unless indeed it might be turned to account as a remedy for excessive garrulity. It is well known to all persons acquainted with science and its applications, that our ability to find the longitude at sea depends, among other things, upon the presence of a correct and reliable time-piece, one in fact that will show Greenwich time with some accuracy when carried from place to place, and subjected to the various motions of a ship. It thus appears that our power of giving accuracy to the rate of a time-piece measures, to a certain extent, our capabilities in navigation, and it hence becomes a matter of considerable importance to reduce the errors of our standard clocks and chronometers to the smallest practicable amount. The beginning of this accuracy, so to speak, was the invention of the compensated pendulum by Harrison in the year 1735, for which he received in all the magnificent reward of more than £20,000 from the British parliament. Harrison's successors have been many, and one degree of accuracy has succeeded to another in both fixed and portable time-pieces, until perfection has almost been reached; for the former, in the gravity escapement of Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison, now Sir Edmund Beckett, invented a few years ago. Here we have a case which may illustrate many others, where it required more than a century to bring an invention to its present state of perfection, or rather where the final invention is but one of a long series of such all looking in the same direction. Before Harrison's time, people could not be certain of the longitude to within 18 miles. We can determine it to within a mile at most upon the sea, and to within less than 100 feet upon land. But all this increase in our powers is not due alone to the increased perfection of time-pieces, for that is but one auxiliary in the extension of our capabilities. A more thorough knowledge of the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies must be acquired, and this necessitates better instruments. For this latter, a superior handicraft is essential, a superior quality of material, and especially of glass, and last, but not least, a class of observers with steadier hands and clearer eyes and a better supply of that peculiar power over the interpretation of physical phenomena which flows from a competent knowledge of the higher mathematics. It is thus that the great features in our progress are not simple but extremely complex, and not a single invention or discovery is made at the present day which does not depend to a greater or less extent upon many which have been made before. Let us not forget then, while in our palatial steamers we float down the broad and placid river, that its waters have been collected from the high lands of some distant region, through numerous streams and rivulets, which in their broken and sinuous courses are fit highways only for the frail boat of the explorer, or the birch-bark canoe of the savage.

I purpose now to offer for your consideration a few remarks in regard to the most important inventions and discoveries of the last few years. So numerous have these been, and in some cases so unique in their character, that

it is quite impossible in the time at my disposal to do much more than to indicate their salient points.

The electric telegraph was employed in the last century by Watson, LeSage, Betancourt, Cavallo and others. These telegraphs were operated by frictional electricity, and were not very trustworthy in their action owing to the very careful insulation required, and which was capable of being interfered with in so many ways. The discovery by Oersted that a wire conveying a current of electricity is capable of affecting a magnetic needle, such as a compass needle, and hence of making temporary magnets was soon followed by the invention of the needle telegraph, which is still used on some lines in Britain; and this was soon afterwards succeeded by the Morse telegraph, the invention of the late Prof. Morse. The latter instrument is fast superseding the former one on account of its simplicity, its reliability, and far better, its capability of being read by sound instead of by sight, and it leaves at the present time very little to be desired in the way of telegraphy except an increased speed of transmission. Expertness in manipulating might remedy this to some extent, but the rapidity could in this way by no means be tripled or even doubled. The only way of effecting such an increase was by multiplying the whole machinery, and we consequently find some Telegraph Companies running a number of wires along the same line.

The problem then which presented itself to Electricians was to find some means of increasing the transmitting capacity of a single wire so as to make it serve, if possible, the purpose of two or more wires.

For a long time this problem offered great difficulties and many were the failures experienced in attempting to solve it. New discoveries in regard to the action of that something called electricity soon furnished, however, the means to its solution, and within the last few years, by a number of most beautiful inventions the problem has been successfully attacked; and it is now practicable to make the same wire, not only convey two messages in opposite directions at the same time, but also to carry six or eight, or more messages at once, without having one conflict with another.

Thus has been solved the great problem of multiple telegraphy.

Some 4 or 5 years ago a few persons, of whom I was one, assembled in our City Hall to witness the performance of a Speaking Machine. This was actuated by a bellows to supply the necessary current of air, keys to open the airways and a variety of contrivances for the purpose of modifying the sound so as to produce the elementary sounds of the human voice. In short the whole machine might be described as an artificial reproduction of the organs of speech in which the work of the different muscles was done by cords and levers actuated by the keys. By combining the different elements by means of these keys a crude sort of articulation was produced. This instrument would speak some simple words with considerable distinctness, but only at the expense of much labor could it be made to articulate any complex word. This machine was very complicated, consisted of a great number of moving parts, cost years of study in its invention, and large sums of money in its construction, and was after all little more than an ingenious toy, not capable of being applied to any practical purpose.

The Phonograph of Mr. Edison, pronounced to be the most wonderful invention of the present age, will do all that this Speaking Machine could do, and more, and yet it consists essentially of only a revolving cylinder coated in a certain way with tin-foil, and a vibrating plate of iron carrying a tracing point. Unlike the majority of listeners, when you speak to the Phonograph it treasures up every word. Its memory being purely mechanical, it never forgets. Conscientious in its utterances, it never bears false

testimony, but invariably speaks verbatim the speech which you put into its mouth. But better still, not being possessed with a penchant for tattling, it never reveals the secrets communicated to it from finding them too difficult to keep; but will preserve them for any length of time unless wrung from it by the turning of a handle. In short, the Phonograph is a machine which records the words which are properly uttered in its presence, and which may, when required, be made to repeat these with an intonation approximating to that of the voice by which they were originally spoken. Kingstonians had an opportunity during the past summer of becoming acquainted with this remarkable invention, and those who availed themselves of this opportunity have a better idea of what it can do than I could convey to them in words. In spite of the marvellous feats of this instrument we are told by the French Journals that some doubt exists as to Mr. Edison receiving any reward for it from the Paris Exhibition. The reason alleged being, that the jury of the class of instruments of precision declared that the Phonograph could not be considered as at all an instrument of precision, but merely a toy; consequently they sent it to the class of telegraphy to be rewarded. But the telegraphists replied that it was of no use whatever in telegraphy and refused to examine it. It is difficult to understand the official formalism which would upon petty technical grounds set aside the claims of what is certainly one of the greatest inventions, if not the greatest invention of the age, even if it were wholly useless from a practical point of view. But this is not the case. The Phonograph is unique in its character and its work, and for that reason cannot be classified, but it is being scientifically used even now in unraveling the complexity of the vowel sounds of the human voice. With the superior powers which I think we are justified in expecting in the Phonograph of the future, there can be no doubt that many practical applications will be found for it. To speculate upon these would possibly be premature at the present time, but it would be *something* new to hear a man's voice, after he had been dead some months, rehearse his own will in some contested will-case.

Another instrument, a child of the last few years, which has aroused an unusual amount of interest in both scientific and unscientific circles, is the telephone of Prof. Graham Bell. In the literal sense the telephone *i.e.*, the far-sounder or instrument for transmitting sounds to a great distance, is not a very recent invention. It was constructed at least 20 years ago, although in this its first form it was too complicated or too indefinite in its action to come into general use. These early instruments, as well as the first invented ones of Prof. Bell, were worked by means of a galvanic battery. In the final instrument, however, no such aid is required, and the great advantages possessed by this instrument over other forms of telephone seems to be due, partly at least, to this dispensing with the aid of the battery. A small bar magnet, a length of insulated wire, and a thin iron plate such as those used by photographers under the name of ferrotype plates, are the only essential portions in the latter instrument of Prof. Bell. And yet with these few and simple parts, this wonderful little contrivance surpasses all previously constructed telephones in the fact that it transmits not only sounds but words, and thus becomes really a far-speaker as the Germans have recently named it. In spite of its advantages the modern telephone has not answered all the expectations formed in regard to it. It was at one time thought that it might completely supersede the telegraph, but such a thing seems at present to be wholly improbable. It does not answer for long distances, for in such cases the articulation becomes lost in confusion, and its excessive sensibility is prone to interfere with its reliability even for moderate distances. Nevertheless there are many cases to which it is particularly adapted and in

which it could not be profitably replaced by any other known instrument. It is not only in the commoner walks of life that the telephone has found its applications, it is also a scientific instrument of some importance; and De Parville has quite recently shown that when made of a particular form it can be successfully employed in finding the magnetic meridian, and hence the variation of the compass. The telephone also enters as the principal element in the construction of another, and in its operation a still more wonderful instrument soon to be mentioned.

I once read a story of two men, one of whom, according to his own telling, was blessed with a very extraordinary sense of vision, the other with an equally wonderful sense of hearing. Being both somewhat given to boasting, the man of sight in illustration of his powers of vision said to his friend, "Now I can see a fly upon yonder tree, can you?" After having fixed his attention upon the indicated tree for some little time the man of sensitive ears replied: "No, but I can hear him walk." Ridiculous as it appears, we can even outdo this latter man and his wonderful hearing. We are to-day in possession of the means by which it is possible to hear the tramp of a fly, not on a tree probably a few yards away, but at a distance of many miles. The instrument which augments in such a remarkable manner our power of hearing is called a microphone and is the invention of Prof. Hughes. The microphone may be looked upon as a higher development of the telephone, and consequently it is nearly related to the latter instrument as its ancestor. If then we can understand the working of the telephone it is not at all difficult to comprehend the extension which leads us to the microphone. You are all aware that if you speak in front of some thin elastic plate such as a sheet of paper your voice will cause it to vibrate, and this is true whatever the plate be made of. If it be an iron one, placed in front of a steel magnet which is wound with covered wire, then each vibration produces a corresponding current of electricity in the wire, and this may be led to any reasonable distance, without becoming very much weakened. We see then that the first function of the telephone is to transform sounds, or the vibrations producing them, into currents of electricity, which in their aggregate are faithful representatives of the sounds to which they are due. But we cannot hear electric currents, so that it becomes necessary to transform these into sound again. This is done by the second or receiving telephone. The second function of this instrument is thus to change electrical disturbances into sound. Thus the telephone is somewhat like an exchange broker who changes Canadian into American currency or *vice versa* as may be desired—and like the exchange broker it always takes good care to deduct its fee while making the exchange. This fee, however, is very high—in other words you cannot change sound into electric currents without a great loss of energy, and you will experience a similar loss when making the counter exchange. For this reason sounds transmitted by the telephone become very much enfeebled, and a person speaking with a strong voice in one instrument can be heard but faintly from a second instrument placed a few hundred yards away. Now, then, if by any means you can reinforce these electric currents while passing from one telephone to the other, you have the microphone. Somebody has discovered the means. Prof. Hughes and Mr. Edison both lay claim to the discovery, but certainly Prof. Hughes was the first to make a practicable application of it. The means employed have been considerably varied, but are in all cases of the most homely kind. We have first a telephone as a transmitting instrument, then a simple battery with which to reinforce the currents produced by the telephone, then, third, what forms the true invention, or discovery, for it is partly both, the means of causing this reinforcement to take place in the proper manner and at the right time, and lastly, a

second telephone as a receiving instrument. With properly arranged pieces of coke, or with iron or other metallic nails, or even with metal filings, as a regulator of the reinforcement, the electric currents become very much intensified and the transmitted sound correspondingly augmented. According to Mr. Blyth, causing the electric currents in their journey to pass through a jar filled with gas-house carbon gives very satisfactory results. In the words of Mr. Preece who experimented with Prof. Hughes in the construction of the microphone, "though the sounds produced are very great they do not interfere with each other. . . . Two or three persons can talk to each other without impediment or confusion. Another point is that the articulation is absolutely perfect. One of the great difficulties in both the telephone and the phonograph is getting the sibilant sounds reproduced, such as 's' and 'c' and 'sh.' . . . Thus if through the telephone you ask a person to 'waltz' it will come out 'walk,' and names like my own with the sound of 's' in it would come out 'Pree' and not 'Preece.' . . . In the transmitter, one of its chief peculiarities is that all sounds are faithfully reproduced." This instrument is as yet in a state of transition, becoming more simplified with almost every new improvement in it. Its uses will undoubtedly be many, and already the disciples of Æsculapius have found a valuable application of it in detecting hard bodies wherever they can be touched by an instrument in any part of the human frame. You will notice that the three instruments, the telephone, the microphone and the phonograph are acoustic instruments, *i. e.* they pertain to sound. These correspond to three optical instruments, viz: the telephone to the telescope, and just as the latter instrument is for the purpose of enabling us to see clearly at great distances, so the former supplies the means of hearing through great distances. The microphone which enables us to hear sounds which without it must forever remain inaudible, corresponds to the microscope which brings within the range of vision objects which without its aid could never have become known. And the phonograph which writes down the sounds committed to it in such a manner that they may at any time be reproduced for our pleasure or instruction, answers to the photographic camera and its accessories through which the luminiferous rays are made to paint the picture with which we are all familiar under the name of the photograph.

(Concluded in Next Number.)

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

WE congratulate the students of Victoria College on the first appearance of *Acta Victoriana*. A college paper is a good thing, Vic. We hope you can make it pay.

THE gymnasium at Harvard which is soon to be completed, and which will cost \$50,000, will be the finest in the country. It will beat ours anyway.

PRINCETON is going to show some respect for the degree of M.A. by granting it only after a special post-graduate course. We wish QUEEN'S would adopt the same rule.

No McGill-Harvard football match this year; but Harvard plays in Montreal against a team picked from the University and two city clubs. But for an international thing, you know, Harvard, sculling is our strong point.

ONLY five American Colleges have anything like a satisfactory endowment; these are, Columbia, with \$5,000,000; John Hopkins University, with \$3,000,000; Harvard, \$2,500,000; Cornell, \$2,000,000; Princeton, \$1,000,000. Less than half a dozen others have even tolerable-sized

endowments; Tufts, \$750,000; Brown, \$720,000; Lafayette, \$600,000; Yale \$500,000. So far as we can ascertain, no other College has an endowment exceeding \$450,000.—*Acta Columbiana*.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE Freshmen were so eager for the fray that they couldn't be restrained from laying violent hands on Homer and Todhunter; so they had their classwork commence before University Day. The Profs fondly hope to see the doctrine of the "Perseverance of the Saints" beautifully illustrated in this class, but we are inclined to think the other doctrine will have the best of it.

A LITTLE Principal and a young Professor of Classics are among the additions to the College Endowment this summer. The two new Professorships already filled!

THE Trustees have sent circulars to the leading architects of Ontario and Quebec for plans for the new buildings. The ball at last is rolling, and Principal Grant is not the man to give it any rest.

WE are glad to see Professor Mackerras back again, looking very much improved and able to resume his classes. He is assisted by Rev. A. B. Nicholson, B.A., '67, who took his place last year, and who has since been appointed classical master in the Collegiate Institute here.

WE believe that Professor Williamson, when he was in Paris, made some very advantageous purchases of apparatus for his department. We hope to speak of them more fully hereafter.

THE *Weekly Globe* of Sept. 13th, contained an excellent portrait of Dr. Grant, with a flattering biographical sketch which made us still prouder of our new Principal.

THE Vice-Principal would like graduates to remember the College in their wills as well as in their prayers. "Prayer and potatoes," you know, grads.

SCENE, Medical den.—Meds discussing the question of a library. "Well, boys, if I was going to start a library and hadn't much money, the first book I would get would be Gray's Anatomy. Now that's the best wearing book I know of—just the thing for a library. You can read it through two or three times and then start at the beginning again, just as fresh as if you never knew anything about it!"

FROM the reports in other columns, the various College Societies seem to be alive and thriving. The *Concursus Iniquitatis* has already sat upon the too daring Freshman—sat in judgment, of course, we mean.

TWENTY-FIVE Freshmen in Arts this year; twelve in Medicine.

PERSONAL.

REV. Robert Campbell, M.A. '67, Renfrew, was in the city last week on a visit to his friends. Having always paid his subscription to the JOURNAL, he is looking well and happy.

REV. Alex. MacGillivray paid a short but important visit to Kingston in the summer. When he left, Kingston was the poorer by the loss of Miss Glassup. May their shadows never grow less! May they increase!

J. B. DOW, B.A., '75, is now an attorney-at-law, having passed his examination in May.

JOHN PRINGLE, B.A., '75, has completed his theological course at Morin College, and is now visiting in the West. If he preaches as well as he used to kick football, he'll do. He had a beautiful foot for that latter.

JOHN HERALD, B.A., '75, was another star on the foot-

ball field. He is now hiding his light in a Toronto law office.

GEO. R. WEBSTER, B.A., another of the noble class of '75, had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism in the spring which has kept him from going up for his final examination. He is now at home, taking care of himself—or, at least, he should be.

P. A. MACDONALD, B.A., '76, is putting in a few months in a law office in Kingston. He will return to a new office in Toronto at Christmas. Look out for the swing of his *Tibia* on the football field!

GEO. CLAXTON, B.A., '76, has gone to Toronto to enlighten the Judges there on any nice points of law that may trouble them. It's not often George makes an entirely spontaneous move like that.

C. V. PRICE, L.L.B., '63, has been appointed Judge of the County Court of Frontenac. We give him our hearty congratulations.

THE medical partnership of Yates and Fenwick has been dissolved by the withdrawal of the latter, who has taken a new partner. A silent partnership is not always advisable; but of course it has its advantages. We wish all prosperity to the new firm of Fenwick *et ux*.

D. P. LYNCH, M.D. '78, has taken up his abode in Almonte, to wait the proverbial five years for his patients.

W. B. KENNEDY, M.D. '78, has settled at Cheltenham. We can wish him nothing better than that he may be as successful a doctor as he was a student.

GEO. CLINTON, M.D. '78, now holds the position in Dr. Yates's Office which was vacated by Dr. Fenwick.

H. A. CRAIG, M.D. '78, has chosen Wellington for his scene of action. We give fair notice to the young ladies of Wellington that they have no chance for our good-looking graduate. Magnetically speaking he is "out of the field of attraction."

H. A. EVANS, M.D. '78, was supposed to have gone into the back-woods; but unless our geology is at fault, Harry has "struck oil" at Yarker.

T. W. BEEMAN, M.D. '78, is practising in partnership with his brother at Centreville. Tom will soon learn now what it was his greatest anxiety to know—the charge for a good case of peritonitis, lithotomy or dystocia.

THIS is a good record for '78 men.

SOME other personal notices are crowded out.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *Acta Columbiana* is happy in the result of the Henley Race. The *Acta* is our best exchange, and nearest to our ideal of a College paper. In improving our appearance for the present new series we have borrowed from it much that is valuable, and for which we return our kindest thanks. If the *Acta* would like to copy our original poetry or anything, it's heartily welcome.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is highly creditable to the College; in its printing as well as in its matter. It has a very neat appearance, and is always a welcome visitor.

The *Canada School Journal* is another very neat paper. In an article on "A Little False Syntax" it forbids us to say "rise up," since it would be absurd to say "rise down." If the *Journal* had only said so a few hundred years sooner, it might have had some effect; but now "rise up" is a recognized idiom, and the *Journal's* comment is not only needless but wrong.

THE rest of our exchange notices are crowded out.

Ashley's Shirt, Collar and Cuff Factory and Gent's Furnishing Store, Princess Street, Kingston.

Students, you should patronize those who patronize you.

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Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc.
King Street, Kingston.

ROBERT SHAW,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, &c. Office, Princess Street, over Dr. Skinner's Drug Store, Kingston.

MACDONNELL & MUDIE,

Barristers, etc., Princess Street, Kingston.

G. M. MACDONNELL, B.A.

JOHN MUDIE, B.A.

MOWAT, MACLENNAN & DOWNEY,

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Toronto, Canada.

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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VOL. I. No. 2.

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OLD SERIES,
VOL. VI. No. 2.

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Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

OWING to a mistake at the paper-mills our own paper did not arrive in time for the last number of the JOURNAL, and our Printers had to use what they happened to have in stock. Part of that issue was therefore printed on white paper and part on tinted ; but now the whole stock of paper needed for the session has been received and we have nothing to do but to fill it.

A CHANGE in the Matriculation work in Classics is announced in another column. The change has been made in order to conform to the work laid down for High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, and it is a step in the right direction. The *Herald* advocates a similar change in the English department since the College would probably get more students from the High Schools if the work in these schools formed the subjects for Matriculation. Besides this, such a plan would save the trouble and confusion

of special classes in training for the Matriculation work, and thus be of advantage to both parties.

SOME of the American College papers have lately been uttering rather faint remonstrances against a custom called the cane-rush. They evidently see the foolishness of the practice ; but that strange halo that surrounds the thing which is and has been seems to hinder a free discussion of the question. That Sophomores should deem it a grave offence in Freshmen to carry canes is in itself quite unobjectionable ; and especially if the usage is of some antiquity, for when a custom is harmless its mere existence is a sufficient reason for letting who will support it ; and if it is kept up in a dignified way and as one to which some importance attaches, it gains all the greater claim to respect. But the practice in cane-rushes of descending to a wrestling, tugging, pulling, scratching, scrambling, clothes-destroying scuffle is a most disgraceful thing for students, of all persons, to indulge in. In comparison with this a Greek address of remonstrance to the Freshmen would hardly appear ludicrous, and a square and honest fight would look refined. One's sense of the becoming must be very remarkable indeed when, after grovelling in the ignoble scrimmage, he considers himself a hero because he has to make his way home in a toilet of half a pair of pants and a coat which lacks both tail and sleeves. Of course the value of several-score suits of clothes thus destroyed is a comparatively small matter, but then might not these garments have (to use an

Americanism) "realized considerable" and the proceeds done much for the cause of Higher Education ?

WHAT a lucky man is our Freshman ! and how thankful he should be that he lives under a dispensation in which his person is respected and cane-rushes and such things are unknown ! He has to undergo no mysterious initiation ; he suffers not from the violence of his seniors. He is pre-eminently fortunate ; the gods smile upon him, yet he sees it not. True, he is not allowed to wear very good clothes ; neither must he be seen on the street with ladies ; and the tendency to think much of his own opinion is discouraged ; but then he should bear in mind that all these restrictions are for his good ; that they are based on sound educational principles (for it is well known that the three great hindrances to the pursuit of knowledge are love for dress, love for the fair sex and love for one's own opinion) ; and the judicious way in which these lessons are inculcated upon him is, from an educational point of view, worth perhaps fully as much as an extra session at College. Yet he grumbles and complains like a spoiled child when the chastening hand is laid lightly on him in love ; but when he comes to face the cold world he will sigh with regret as he thinks of the happy days when the tender but firm hand of the Court of Iniquity guided him in the path of duty and regulated all his doings. Look at the broad silver lining, dear Freshies, and bless your stars.

THE editor of Scribner's Monthly has been rusticating in Canada during the past summer, and in the October number of the magazine he takes the opportunity of giving his impressions of the country and the social and political life of the people. The article contains a few things which are creditable to Canadians, and many more which will administer comfort to the patriotism of

Americans, but as truth is a gem of rare value, we will do well to grasp it when we can, however unpleasant may be the occasion of doing so. The first glance at this northern country seems to have rather pleased the American sojourner, and it remained for further observation and more judicious second thought to discover to his view defects and weaknesses in our national character which are for the most part attributed to our peculiar position as a quasi-independent appendage of the English Crown. This leads to a comparison of Canadian with American history, and the difference is pointed out between "those tremendous epochs" in the history of the republic "from which great reputations have come forth," and the dead level which presents itself when we take a retrospect of the past of these provinces. In reply to an imaginary Canadian, who points out that the Dominion is but ten years old, and just arrived where the States were a hundred years ago, the writer exclaims, "A hundred years ago ! and for Washington they have the intrepid commander who repulsed the Fenian invasion at Pigeon Hill ; for Jefferson, a Provincial statesman, supposed to bear a personal resemblance to the author of 'Lothair.'" He then descants upon our want of social unity, our need of the "inspiring reinforcement of an undivided national consciousness," the discipline we would derive by fighting our Indians, the French problem, and the abundance of literary material to be found here, which latter, we are kindly told, will find artistic expression some day ; and besides all this, after watching "the resolute face of the Indian pilot of the rapids, he sees some hope for us in the future by the possibility of the traits of those finer types of red men being preserved by infusion into other races." Regard for the memory of Washington might have caused the American to find some other parallel for him in Canadian an-

nals than the intrepid commander at Pigeon Hill. Of him it may at least be said that he did his duty, and that Washington himself could not have done more. No, if we must have comparisons we need not go back a hundred years to find an American hero to place beside our Pigeon Hill man. The General, for instance, at the glorious fight of "Bull's Run" would do, but there was some difference as to the conduct of their respective troops. The Americans having arrived at a "tremendous epoch" rose to the occasion, and gave the "universe" a display of Godlike virtues, such as is afforded us at rare intervals. Canadians, we fear, even a hundred years from now will lack that discretion and unconquerable determination to return to the bosom of absent families, which led the brave 4th Pennsylvanians and their comrades, after firing a few rounds at a safe distance, to suddenly remember that their three months were up and that they hadn't time to stay. "Home, sweet home" was the popular air in that army. A little reading however might have discovered to the writer that a few occasions had occurred to Canadians of trying their mettle, and that reputations had come forth from those occasions by no means inglorious. Passing over the battle of Quebec which was fought between the French and the British, we may find something in the war of 1812 which will prove edifying in the present connection. In that war General Brock with 600 Indians, 300 English and 400 Canadians took Detroit from General Hull, a revolutionary hero, who, without firing a shot, surrendered the fort garrisoned with 2,500 men, besides 2,500 stand of arms, 33 cannon, 3 months' provisions and a vessel of war. Had the effect of this and succeeding events been to give success to a revolution and to found a separate nation there is no doubt that Brock would have been a name of as world-wide fame as Washington. As for our national

spirit, even a superficial observer might have noticed the enthusiastic love which every Canadian bears to Canada. In language and character there may be dissimilarities, less we imagine than between the New Englander and the Southerner. But in patriotism we are one. And why not? Does the downeaster feel that his love for New England is diminished by the regard he feels for the small margin of the United States which lies outside that favoured spot? Not he. The very sentiment which inspires his faith in the Eastern States is that which makes him proud of his country. The feelings are not conflicting but the same. Town love is patriotism in miniature. If this be so, why should it impair our devotion to Canada, to reflect that whatever height of glory it may reach in the future, though it should rival England herself in power and greatness, it will still be a link in that majestic empire whose evening drum beats around the world? We have a national life strong and distinct, and, thank God, no Canadian patriot can come forward like Parkman and describe the public life and institutions of his country as quarters "where the real tyrant is organized ignorance, led by unscrupulous craft, and marching, amid the applause of fools, under the flag of equal rights," and Demos as a million-headed oppressive king who "smokes his pipe in a filthy ward-room among blackguards like himself." There are many things more we would like to say, but are prevented by want of space. However if Americans have any further national comparisons to make, let them be stated—Canadians have no reason to be the first to cry "Hold, enough!"

OUR next number will be adorned with a large portrait of Principal Grant, now being executed for us by the Toronto Engraving Company, which will be accompanied by a biographical sketch.

THETA'S REVENGE.

WHEN Alpha's little sister θ
 Saw α always near to β ,
 And α , with might and main
 Had run back to his ω n,
 She went to see a girl she ν ,
 A little girl who was a Jew.
 This little girl's first name was \mathfrak{D}
 (Perhaps your sister's is the same),
 And though she knew that every day
 She in the meadow raked the \mathfrak{H} ,
 Yet since she came home every \mathfrak{J} ,
 And certainly would grant her boon—
 And do it without any \mathfrak{D} —
 She went to meet her on the way.
 And when the little girl drew nigh,
 Poor θ heaved a heavy \mathfrak{E} ,
 And told her friend how α β ,
 How very badly she did treat her,
 And ruled her with a rod of \mathfrak{Y} ,
 Till her poor little friend got \mathfrak{E} ing,
 And said to θ : You're a \mathfrak{D} ;
 Why, I would never stand one-half !
 I'll go and help you, and we'll β
 Just as she has done to you, poor θ .
 Then both together forth they ' ν ,
 And met Miss Alpha on the ρ d.
 And then at once they both begin ;
 They knock her down and kick her \mathfrak{W} ;
 They pulled and pinched and beat and
 lamed her,
 And bit and tore and cut and \mathfrak{D} d her,
 Until at last she said to θ
 She thought it didn't \mathfrak{D} to β .—*Ex.*

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WE confess to a strong admiration and love for Longfellow's poetry, and such sentiments, we believe, are general among all classes of readers, in the motherland and Canada as well as in the poet's native country. The causes of Longfellow's popularity and power are not far to seek. Not only are his numbers singularly harmonious and his subjects coloured by a rich and elegant imagination, but there shines through all his works a lofty vein of religion, an abiding faith, a robust, moral healthfulness which at once engages our attention and lays holds on our conscience. With

Canadians the noble hexameters of "Evangeline" have a special claim to regard, since "the Acadian land" has become part of our own Dominion ; and as Parkman is at present our national historian, so his countryman has produced our chief national poem. The vigorous manhood which characterizes the efforts of Longfellow's genius is embodied most powerfully in the "Psalm of Life." Youth's impetuous ardour, the sanguine spirit which "hopeth all things," and the lofty idealisation of duty which breathes throughout the piece, have awakened responsive echoes in many a manly heart. There is not a verse of this celebrated poem which is not enshrined in the hearts of thousands ; not a line which does not preach an impressive sermon. In the whole range of the English language we know not where to look for a finer comparison than that contained in the lines :

" Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave."

We make these remarks, not for the purpose of disclosing any new view of the genius of the great poet of America, for what we have said is trite enough, but rather to insinuate that in the suggestions we are about to offer we by no means resemble that species of insect, Carlyle's critic-fly, which can detect the most insignificant flaw in the cornice of a noble piece of architecture without being able to comprehend the harmonious proportions of the whole. We shall attempt then to draw attention to some discrepancies which make their appearance in this poem, and which usually pass without being observed. The piece is headed, "What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist," and in conformity with this the opening lines take the form of an address : "Tell me not in mournful numbers, &c." But further on we have some instructive moralising which we cannot believe to have been intended for

the edification of the inspired writer. For instance, the sixth verse reads thus :

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

We can only say that if the heart of the young man meant to tell King David to act in the "living present" it was an unpardonable waste of good advice, which might have been inculcated with far greater chances of success on sinners whose experience of the world came a few thousand years later. Passing over some minor points which offer themselves, we will give a little consideration to the metaphors used in the celebrated lines :

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time ;

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Our readers will observe the sharp distinction preserved between Life and Time. One forms no part of the other. If there is any meaning in the lines at all, they must mean that life is a sea, and time a sandy plain or sort of Sahara, over which journey successive bands of pilgrims. But besides this, the desert must be on the shore of the sea. To enter the one you must leave the other. There is no reason in the world, that we are aware of, why the poet should not change his metaphor and make the comparisons above alluded to, provided he kept them perfectly distinct. But we fancy there is some objection to one who is "sailing o'er life's solemn main" seeing those footprints. Evidently the traveller who made the mysterious marks must have ceased to sail o'er life's solemn main before he made them, and evidently the forlorn brother will have to do the same thing before he can see them. For, if we must have life the sea, and time the sandy shore, we know very well that

there is a fog eternally hanging about that sand bank which is impervious to mortal vision, and which even Mr. Weller's "patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power" couldn't pierce. But conceding the ability of the "shipwrecked brother," "sailing o'er life's solemn main" to see the footprints, it is to be observed that he must have been wrecked on the sands. If so, why should this modern Crusoe be encouraged at the sight? And what possible object could there be in his taking heart again, if not to go out for another sail? Unfortunately, vulgar prejudices will not allow him to take that advantage from his adventure. Finally, do not the sands of time run through a glass?

R. W. S.

LETTERS.

THE DEGREE OF M. A.

To the Editor of the Journal.

IN your last issue you remark "Princeton is going to show some respect for the degree of M.A., by granting it only after a special post-graduate course. We wish Queen's would adopt the same rule." If you ransack the archives of Alma Mater you will discover that such an order of things did once obtain in QUEEN'S, though why it was departed from deponent knoweth not. Subjoined you will find the subjects in which candidates had to undergo "a searching examination," at one period in the history of the College, before they could append the coveted initials to their names; and you will agree with the writer, that preparation for the degree in those days cost the consumption of no small quantity of midnight oil—that is, metaphorically speaking, for as yet coal oil was a thing known only to a few scientific experts, and tallow dips had to do service in illuminating the pages of the ancients, whose thoughts the diligent student strove to fathom.

Yours Truly, M. A.

Latin : Horatii opera ; Ciceronis quatuor orationes in Catilinam et oratio pro Archia Poeta.

Greek : Homeri Iliados, I. II. III. IV. V. VI. ; Sophocles Œdipus Coloneus et Antigone ; Platonis Apologia Socratis.

Mathematics : Geometry ; Algebra ; Analytical Plane and Spherical Trigonometry ; Differential and Integral Calculus ; Whewell's Conic Sections.

Natural Philosophy : Statics ; Dynamics ; Hydrodynamics.

Logic : Faith an instrument of reasoning ; Principles of Socratic Logic, Aristotelian Logic.

Rhetoric : Characteristics of a good style.

Mental and Moral Philosophy : General arguments for the immortality of the soul ; the Passions, especially the Benevolent, as unfolding the great principles of morals ; Evidences of Christianity.

MEETINGS.

GLEE CLUB.

THE annual meeting of the College Glee Club was held on Tuesday, October 22, in the Ethics class-room. The minutes of the last annual meeting having been read, the election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with and resulted as follows :

Honorary President—F. C. Heath, B.A.

President—W. W. Daly.

Vice-President—S. Johnson.

Secretary-Treasurer—H. M. Froiland.

The club bids fair to rival that of any previous year, having received valuable acquisitions from the Freshman class and at the same time retaining most of the old warblers.

FOOT BALL CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the Foot Ball Club held on Monday, Oct. 21st, the following officers were elected :

Honorary President—J. A. Grant, B.A.

Captain—H. R. Duff, (unanimously.)

Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Hutcheson.

The Captain, the Secretary and Messrs. Daly, Bissonnette, O'Reilly and Lavell were appointed a committee to draught a constitution.

If any team is unfortunate enough to come in contact with ours this year, they will be likely to find "foemen worthy of their steel."

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The Elocution Association will give the

first of their public entertainments for this year in St. Andrew's Hall on Friday evening next. The readers are Messrs. Lavell, Linton, McCallum, Macarthur and Mowat. Music will be supplied by the now indispensable Glee Club.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

THE Matriculation Examination in Classics for the next three sessions will be on the following work :

1879—Xenophon, Anabasis, Bk. II ; Homer, Iliad, Bk. VI ; Cicero, pro Archia ; Virgil, Eclogues I, IV, VI, VII ; Ovid, Fasti, Bk. I vv. 1-300.

1880.—Xenophon, Anabasis, Bk. II ; Homer, Iliad, Bk. IV ; Cicero in Catilinam, II, III ; Virgil, Eclogues I, IV, VI, VII ; Ovid, Fasti, Bk. I, vv. 1-300.

1881.—Xenophon, Anabasis, Bk. V ; Homer, Iliad, Bk. IV. ; Cicero in Catilinam, II, III. ; Ovid, Fasti, Bk. I., vv. 1-300 ; Virgil, Æneid, Bk. I., vv. 1-304.

Also for every session, translation from English into Latin Prose.

OPENING ADDRESS.

CONCLUSION OF PROF. DUPUIS'S LECTURE.

NOW, although I have spoken of the optical and acoustic instruments as corresponding to each other, you are not to suppose that they act upon the same principle or discharge their corresponding functions in the same way—they are analogous but not homologous. The telescope and microscope act by merely bending in a proper manner the rays of light. Such a principle applied to sound can produce no practical effect, and in the telephone and microphone, unlike the corresponding optical instruments, it becomes necessary to call in a new variety of energy in the form of a current of electricity. In the use of the telescope the energy called light passes from the most distant object seen to our eye ; whereas in that of the telephone the energy must be twice transmuted, first from sound into electricity, in which form it is carried to the distant station, and then from electricity back again into sound. Hence the invention of the telephone is not merely an application to sound of the principles involved in the telescope, but an independent invention, involving different principles and necessitating a more complex series of operations. And this probably accounts for the fact that our optical instruments have been known so much longer and are so much further advanced than our acoustic ones.

Speaking of this transmutation of energy from one form to another, such as from sound to electricity and back again, leads us to the consideration of a machine, which,

although not very recent in its invention, has received great improvements in late years, and which is becoming an important factor in human progress, and is destined to become still more important. Some of you will undoubtedly remember the consternation produced in Britain some years ago by the predicted failure of the British coal fields by John Stuart Mill. Later investigations have shown that Mr. Mill's estimate of the quantity of coal in the British Isles was very much too low, and that it may possibly last for some centuries yet. Nevertheless if we consider the increasing rate at which coal is being consumed for various purposes from year to year—if we consider the increase in the number of consumers from the increase in the world's population—if we bear in mind that our metallurgical and chemical operations cannot be carried on without the consumption of wood or coal—if we remember that our wood is fast disappearing and that our coal supply is not inexhaustible and that it is not being replaced to any practicable extent, it becomes an important question as to how we may at least husband our supply of coal. We have windpower it is true, but he who erected a windmill in these days of steam would be looked upon as a curious fossil from some past age. We have our water powers, but such are frequently distributed very irregularly throughout a country, or, being most naturally, in broken and hilly tracts, they become almost useless from their inaccessibility, and where this objection does not apply, soon the available space in the vicinity of the fall is dotted over with workshops which in their aggregate represent but a small portion of the energy contained in the mass of falling water. "When," says Dr. Siemens in one of his addresses, "I visited the great falls of Niagara I was particularly struck with the extraordinary amount of force which is lost as far as the useful purposes of man are concerned. 100,000,000 of tons of water fall there every hour from a vertical height of 150 feet, which represent an aggregate of 16,800,000 horse-power producing as their effect no other result than to raise the temperature of the water at the foot of the fall one-fifth degree Fahrenheit. In order to reproduce the power of 16,800,000 horses it would require an annual expenditure of not less than 266,000,000 tons of coal, which amount is equivalent to the total coal consumption of the world." It appears then from these calculations of Dr. Siemens's that if the power of the falls of Niagara were completely utilized it would save all the coal that is now being consumed in the world. Nevertheless we have continued to consume the coal, and to let this vast amount of energy run to waste, simply because we could not conveniently employ it. The invention of which I spoke is the magneto-electric machine invented by Faraday, improved by Saxton, Page, Holmes, Wilde and others, and perfected, to the best of our present knowledge by Gramme. To attempt a description of this instrument at the present time would be quite useless: suffice it to say that it is a machine constructed for the primary purpose of transforming work into electric currents. With this object in view it has a revolving portion which upon being revolved generates an electric current; or more correctly it takes the work which is being spent in revolving the moving part and gives it out as electricity. If a man for instance is set to work in turning the machine, the harder he works the more rapidly the machine revolves and the stronger is the current of electricity produced. In this way the strength of the current is, within certain limits, very nearly proportional to the amount of work expended in turning the machine. Now let us endeavour to get some idea of the applications of this machine. Almost everyone here knows what is meant by the electric light. If a powerful current of electricity be passed between the points of two rods made of gas-carbon or coke, the carbon is volatilized by the intense heat produced and we have a light rivaling the sun in brilliancy.

At first there was great difficulty experienced in keeping the carbon rods at a proper distance from each other, but this was overcome some years ago, and in an inexpensive manner, by a Serrin's lamp; and within the last two years in a very cheap manner by what is called a Jablockoff candle, invented by a Russian scientist bearing that euphonious name. By means then of a Serrin's lamp or a Jablockoff candle to burn, a Gramme machine to furnish the electricity, and a steam engine to supply the power to be transmuted we can produce, if necessary, a light which makes our workshops and factories brighter by night than they are usually by day, and which casts a shadow even in the clearest sunshine. Now let us suppose that the steam engine employed upon this occasion burns bituminous coal; then we know that from this coal we might make a certain amount of gas, which, burned from a proper jet, could also be made to light our workshops. The question naturally arises whether would it be most profitable to employ the coal in making gas, and then to use the gas for illumination, or to transmute the coal through the steam engine into power, then through the gramme-machine into electricity, and finally through the Jablockoff candle into light? According to Dr. Siemens, one of our best authorities, a light equal to 500,000 candles would, if produced by the first method, *i. e.* by gas, require an hourly consumption of about 15 tons of coal; whereas about 15 cwt. would be sufficient if produced by the second method. Hence it appears that it is about 20 times more profitable to make the transmutations referred to than to resort to the direct method of illumination by gas. I hope the members of our Aldermanic Board who, in their anxiety to curtail expenses, talk about shutting off our gas and leaving us to the unwelcome gloom of moonless and starless nights, will be glad to hear that there is a means of illumination which, when properly evolved, will be, if not cheaper than daylight, at least cheaper than gaslight. I have said that if the revolving portion in a gramme-machine be set in motion, a current of electricity will be generated; or that the machine is an engine for transmuting power into electric currents. Now, *vice versa*, if a current of electricity be passed through a gramme machine, it will commence and then continue to revolve so long as the current is continued; hence it is also an engine for transmuting electric currents into power. In other words it is what we call a reversible engine. Let us suppose then that we employ a steam engine or a water wheel or any other source of power to drive a gramme machine, and that we lead off the electricity generated and pass it through a second gramme machine, then this second machine may be connected with any required machinery and be made to do work. But you may ask, would it not be more profitable to employ the steam engine or water wheel to drive the machinery directly instead of going through all this circuit? Most assuredly it would, but such a course is not always practicable. To illustrate: suppose through some scarcely accessible mountain gorge a rapid stream of water rushes headlong down a precipice into the abyss below. Here is so much power going to waste which might be employed in husbanding our consumption of fuel. To plant manufactories in its vicinity is wholly unpracticable. But it is practicable to employ this water-fall in driving one or more gramme machines, and conveying its power under the metamorphosed form of electricity, through many miles to the required position, to reproduce it as light to illuminate our streets and houses, or power to drive the machinery of our workshops and factories. In the case supposed you will notice that the transmutation into electricity serves a similar purpose to what it does in the telephone already described. Here, as in the former instance, the exchange broker exacts his fee; for no transmutation can be made without loss, but it has been experimentally proved that nearly one-half

of the original power can thus be made available. Were the power which is now being lost at Kingston Mills transferred in this manner to this city it would light our streets more brilliantly than they are lighted by gas, or it might be made to drive the machinery of our largest workshops. In these days of steam we are prone to despise our natural sources of power, and to forget that our coal supply is not inexhaustible, while the sources of nature practically are. As long as the sun shines upon this earth and day succeeds to night and night to day; as long as watery vapour is raised from the sea and showered in rain drops upon the hills; so long will winds and ocean tides and mountain streams continue; and the great work so nobly begun in the present age of compelling these to minister to the welfare of humanity, will undoubtedly be continued and more nearly perfected in the ages yet to come.

This latter portion of the nineteenth century has been distinguished by many other inventions besides those now considered, and in some cases inventions unique in their character and purpose, while a vast number have aimed at improvements upon machines or processes before employed.

Leaving here the inventions, let us go on to consider some of the most recent discoveries, and especially those in the domains of physical and experimental science. Probably one of the most noted of these, until very recently, and certainly one of the most unexpected, was the discovery by Prof. Hall, of the satellites of Mars. This discovery may be looked upon as the first fruits of the great American national telescope. This instrument, which is the largest refracting telescope in the world, was made a few years ago by the celebrated Alvan Clark and Son of Cambridgeport, for the American Government and was set up at the Washington Naval Observatory. What is singular, after the discovery of these very minute objects by Prof. Hall, they were seen in many telescopes, although quite invisible before; a remarkable illustration of the necessity of fixing the attention upon the object for which you are looking if it be small and you expect to find it. Nor is this fact applicable to astronomy alone, for in even any of the walks of life, the mind which has no fixed object in view will naturally be attracted by those in the light and the foreground, while those in the distance and the shadow will remain unrecognized and unknown. Several conditions seem to have conspired to render these small satellites visible. There was first a favourable atmosphere at a convenient season of the year, then a mammoth telescope, and finally a greater proximity of Mars to this earth at the phase of opposition than can take place again in very many years. So recent is the discovery and so small these objects that nothing is certainly known in regard to their real size; and speculation in its fancies has made them of all sizes from a diameter of two miles to that of 60. One thing about them is, as far as known, unique in the solar system; the inner satellite, although really moving, like our own moon, appears to rise in the west and set in the east. This peculiarity is due to the fact that this satellite moves in its orbit from west to east more rapidly than the planet revolves in the same direction; the time of one revolution required by the planet being about twenty-four and a half hours, that by the satellite only seven and a half hours. This peculiarity has been advanced as an argument against the nebular hypothesis of LaPlace; but as far as I can see, if we leave out of consideration the presumptive evidence for the hypothesis drawn from the direction of the satellite's motion, it proves nothing whatever in reference to that hypothesis. Unlike the Martian satellites, our own moon is one of the most conspicuous objects in the heavens and has probably been studied more carefully and more successfully than any other astronomical subject. Until quite recently it was supposed that its surface had settled down into a state of

perpetual rest; but observations with the superior telescopes of the present day have detected at least two visible changes in that almost stereotyped disc. Some years ago a remarkable change took place in what is known as the crater Linne, by which it became almost obliterated, and very recently a celebrated selenographer by the name of Klein has discovered a new crater where none was supposed to exist some few months ago. The significance of these changes is at present an open question, which can be finally answered, if at all, only by long and careful study of the lunar surface. The world's late master in Astronomy, Leverrier, in his learned researches into the planetary system, discovered irregularities in the motion of the planet Mercury for which he was unable to account upon the generally received constitution of the solar system. He accordingly hazarded the opinion that there must be an intra-mercurial planet, which, without being actually discovered, was named, very appropriately, Vulcan. From time to time we have heard accounts of this elusive denizen of the solar glare, but until very recently such accounts have not been trustworthy. The reason of this can be readily understood. Being continuously in close proximity to the sun all search for it under ordinary circumstances would be quite in vain. Some favourable condition of things other than the ordinary must be waited for. Two such are available, the transit of the planet across the sun's disc, a phenomenon which must occur seldom, and which might easily escape detection; and a total solar eclipse when, if the planet happened to be in a favourable position, it might be seen. After repeated negative results and uncertainties, success seems to have crowned the observations of astronomers at the total solar eclipse of the 29th of July last. During the period of totality, Prof. Watson of Ann Arbor and some others, saw near the sun a star having a sensible disc when viewed through the telescope, and which was certainly none of the known planets, and in all probability not a fixed star. The discovery, if such, evidently needs ratification, but in the mean time we may look upon this body as an important addition to our solar system, and upon its discovery as another pillar to support the Newtonian edifice, the theory of universal gravitation. But it is not only new planets but new suns which take rank under the discoveries of the last few years. A very unusual sight has been vouchsafed to astronomers of late, no less than that of an insignificant star springing up in brightness to be for a time a conspicuous one, and then to gradually fade away into obscurity. Such is the star Nova Cygni. A great amount of theorizing, which cannot all be true, but may all be wrong, has centred around this peculiar phenomenon. To lead you through the maze of speculation or to give you even an approximate idea of it, is beyond my present purpose, and may be taken up at some future time, but it is interesting to note that the most feasible explanation is one which also casts a gleam of light upon a much agitated question in regard to our own solar system and its central luminary. Coming down from the heavens to this earth and dealing with mundane things, we have a long list of discoveries in other departments of physical science than astronomy. The swiftly passing time, however, reminds me that in order not to overtax your patience I must limit myself to a mere indication of a few of the most noteworthy. Chemists have given to their science, and to the knowledge of the world, at least two and possibly three or more new elements; and thus the composition of the material universe, instead of being simplified, has a tendency to become more complex. Out of the black, filthy coal tar of the gas works they have evolved a long series of the most gorgeous colors, from the sombre aniline-black to the lovely alizarine of the madder; and quite recently, after a long series of experiments they have succeeded in the artificial production of indigo. To-

wards the close of the past year, the news came, I believe to most people very unexpectedly, that the hitherto so-called permanent gases had been liquefied. Now this can scarcely be called an invention, unless you refer to the machinery by which it was effected; nor was it a discovery since chemists and physicists had such confidence in the possibility of its being done that they carried it as a constant assumption throughout their special courses of reasoning. The illustrious Faraday, amongst others, gave a large amount of experimental work to the liquefaction of the gases, and under his control, many of them assumed the liquid state. Six, however, remained which resisted his utmost endeavors, and those of his successors, until near the close of the year 1877, when two French experimenters, Cailletet and Pictet, succeeded quite independently of each other, and about the same time, in reducing these six refractory gases to the state of liquids, and some of these even to that of a solid. The very air that we breathe which is so thin and invisible as almost to escape our crude means of detection, has under the influence of intense cold and great pressure been made to flow in liquid drops. Practically this feat is of very little importance since I don't think it will ever be possible for a traveller to carry about with him liquefied oxygen, in his water-flask; but theoretically the case is very different. The reduction to the liquid state of these six gases has brought all matter under a common law. And although the dream of many a theorist that all kinds of matter will yet be reduced to mere modifications of one and the same kind, seems even farther from being realized than it was some years ago, yet the work of Messieurs Cailletet and Pictet has gone far to show that one law of constitution prevails throughout the material universe.

And now in conclusion I would say a few words to the students in particular. If you have followed me in my somewhat rambling discourse you must have come to the conclusion that the scientific workers of to-day are not empty idlers but men who feel that to them is entrusted the noble duty of assisting to work out the mysteries of the universe. If you would enter their ranks and cast in your lot with them, there is but one way of access, and over the entrance is written the word *work*. Wealth may be inherited, but knowledge does not come to him who folds his hands in idleness and quietly waits for some happy combination of circumstances to transform his ignorance into wisdom. Some of you have entered a University as students for the first time. Do not expect your residence here to be a life of ease or idleness or youthful jollification. Like Stanley you are entering upon the exploration of an unknown world, but unlike his "dark continent" there is no bordering coast upon the farther side. The wonders of nature are illimitable and inexhaustible so that no man can say there is nothing left for him. You will possibly experience cases in which it will be necessary for you to change your preconceived opinions for something quite different. In order that these may not come as a shock to your self-esteem, I would advise you not to be too wise in the beginning, and you will be all the wiser in the end. Form your opinions from reasonable convictions and adhere to them with a consistent tenacity; but avoid, on the one hand, the dogmatism that shows a man to be wise in his own conceit, and on the other, the servile dependency upon the opinions of others which betrays a want of independent thought. Beware of entering upon a senseless tirade against honest thinkers who have been led to adopt views different from your own; the charity of literature should be broad enough to cover all such differences. Finally, keep your minds open to the reception of truth whatever be its origin or nature, for truth should be the end and aim of all our education.

The Students' version of "Excelsior" is crowded out.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HAMILTON College, near Clinton, N. Y., is among the fortunate. Houghton Seminary, devoted to the higher education of women, is situated near the same place and the *Hamilton Literary Monthly* for November gives a list of some twenty-seven couples who seem to have been educated at their respective colleges in something more than book-learning. No wonder the *Ham. Lit.* seems to have a yearning for co-education.

The Faculty of Yale have notified the Sophomores that any man caught hazing Freshmen or offering them any indignities, will be immediately dropped into the Freshman class without regard to stand. The Sophs have gone into mourning.

The *Columbia Spectator* rather "sits on" the Sophomores in connection with the "cane rush" at that college some time ago. It is time for the Sophs to rebel.

The Societies in connection with Richmond College seem to be in a flourishing condition. They have been decorating their hall with busts of Demosthenes and Cicero, in order, we suppose, to inspire the "verdant Fresh," and "cheeky Soph," with visions of the future (a long way in the future) when they shall become orators likewise.

We notice that the students and alumni of Roanoke College have decided to have a Triennial Re-union, the first one being in 1881. This is a good idea, and deserves to be well attended to by all.

The new Science Course at Dalhousie College offers great advantages to the "Ceruleo-Nasals," of which we hope they will strive to reap the benefit. Dalhousie seems to keep up with the times.

A youth at the Kingston Military College who has experienced the fickleness of the fair, sighs:

"The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform."

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WE have got a new version of the old saw and feel surprised that it was never thought of before, to wit: A fool can read as much in an hour as a wise man can write in a fortnight. This is intended for the man who said disdainfully that he could read the *JOURNAL* through in an hour.

PROF. O. S. FOWLER in a recent lecture in the City Hall said that the true time for work in a man's life was after sixty. He has a good many practical followers among ourselves.

The Principal was at home for a few days this week but is off again prosecuting the canvass.

THE classes are now fairly at work, and the busy student sighs as he thinks of the bright summer days and marvels how it could ever have been his only trouble to find something to do. It is rather strange.

THE Elocution Association has adopted a good plan in singing a glee or two at the regular meetings by way of variety. Under the disguise of reading poetry we have frequently heard *solos* at these meetings, but it is much better for all to join and make it an out-and-out affair.

THE Alma Mater Society intends having papers read once in each four weeks instead of the usual debate. This is a good idea, and it is to be hoped the plan will succeed. Mr. J. B. MacLaren, M.A., will read a paper to-night on "Words and their Inner Lives."

THE *Materia Medica* Professor illustrates:—"Now I want you to understand what is meant by the 'revulsive' effects of a medicine. You have frequently noticed

some member of the class particularly noisy ; but as soon as I apply a 'grind' on yesterday's lecture, he lapses into profound silence. The same cause (ignorance) produces his loquacity in the one case and his reticence in the other ; but it is the 'grind' that makes the difference ; that is, a 'grind' is a revulsive medicine." Beautiful ! beautiful !

THE Divinity Students, like the bears, are beginning to leave the back country and come into town—a sure sign of a hard winter.

PERSONAL.

REV. A. H. Cameron has gone out to Keewatin as Missionary to the men on Section 15 of the Pacific Railway. He is in a very rough part of the country, but he is an enthusiastic worker and will succeed there if any one can. Mr. Cameron was one of the pioneers of the JOURNAL and we have no doubt that his heart is made to sing at its fortnightly visits.

REV. R. J. Craig, M.A., '71, has gone to be a Benedict.

REV. A. H. Scott, M.A., '75, our able Managing Editor of last year, has been inducted as colleague of Rev. Mr. Morrison, Owen Sound. He has our best wishes. May he never be pressed for "copy" !

R. CRAWFORD, B.A., Prince of Wales Prizeman of '69, has been graduated in another faculty, and with great *eclat*. We wish them long life and felicity.

W. A. DONALD, B.A., '73, and James J. Craig, B.A., '74, have passed their second intermediate examination in Law.

MESSRS. Macdonald, Ritchie, Ballagh, Bell and Currie, all of '78, have given themselves to the "lawless science." May their judgment never be reversed !

MESSRS. Givens and Heath, also of '78, have received appointments in the Kingston Collegiate Institute, where, we believe, they are well liked. Mr. Givens was the Prince of Wales Prizeman of his year.

JOHN CREEGGAN, B.A., '78, has gone to Trinity to enter the theological hall there.

ANDREW LOVE, B.A., '78, was unable to continue his mission work this summer on account of illness, and has returned for new energy to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

JAS. A. GRANT, B.A., '78, has gone to McGill to study medicine.

F. A. DRUMMOND, B.A., '77, is also at McGill studying civil engineering.

H. J. SAUNDERS, M.D., '69, has returned to practise in Kingston, and Geo. Clinton, M.D., '78, goes to Mill Point as Dr. Saunders's successor.

DR. H. U. BAIN, B.A., '71, is surgeon on one of the largest vessels of the Royal Mail Line between Montreal and Liverpool. Dr. Bain is another of our Prince of Wales Prizemen.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *Columbia Spectator* is a well edited and well printed paper, devoted entirely to College news and College interests. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether a College paper should contain anything but matters of local interest or not. In our opinion, the *Spectator* would be improved, did it have more articles of interest to Gentiles.

The *Richmond College Messenger* contains a well written article on the connection of Southern Youth with the General Government, a subject of no mean importance at the present time. But the Editor's note annexed is not

calculated to inspire outsiders with an idea of their contentment with the present state of affairs. We would like to intimate to the author of the article on "Work" that he had better follow his own advice till he gets rid of something abler.

The *Roanoke Collegian* is among the best of our exchanges. The October number contains several excellent articles, and plenty of College news. By-the-way, before we forget, does the *Collegian*, by saying that its managing Editor is an *alumni*, mean that he is a whole team ?

The *Oracle* is at hand, looking as fresh as the writers of its articles ; for the article on "Youth" is only saved from being devoted to the lowest depths of skim-milkiness, because the one on "Vacation" has to take a lower place. Its exchange column is the liveliest part of the paper.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* for October still keeps up its reputation. Its first article strives to explain the difference between the old and new civilisations as typified by an ancient and modern battle. We read it attentively, and though rather bewildered by the time we finished, came to the conclusion that the difference is that "noble self-sacrificing women" are around now while they seem to have been absent in ancient days. We would think that an editor of the Hamilton College paper would be more struck with the difference between ancient and modern Colleges as far as that line is concerned. Its other literary articles are well worth reading, and the "Editor's Table" is well conducted.

To those of our students who are going to follow Ruskin's advice and take to farming after graduating, we cannot do better than recommend the *Nova Scotia Agricultural Journal*, the November number of which we now welcome. It is well worth the attention of all who are at all interested in agriculture, and those who are not could glean a large amount of interesting information from its columns. The present number is filled with reports of the fairs now being held in all parts of the Province.

The *Collegiate Institute Herald* is out again after a long vacation, looking well. It has a short biographical sketch of Professor Nicholson, which we would like to copy if we had room.

The *Presbyterian Record* is very neatly got up and ably managed. In every number we notice in one connection or another the names of old graduates and *alumni*.

The *Hamilton Lit.* begins its locals with "Where's your cap and gown ?" On the other hand we notice in an American note to Smith's Mercantile Law : "There are a class of cases." Swap, brothers.

THE *McGill Gazette* makes a very neat appearance, in a dress somewhat resembling the JOURNAL'S.

THE *Canadian Spectator* is to be congratulated on its progress. The last number we received was a solid one of 16 pages.

Students, you should patronize those who patronize you.

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TORONTO.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES,
VOL. I. No. 3.

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OLD SERIES,
VOL. VI. No. 3.

The Queen's College Journal

Is issued FORTNIGHTLY during the Session by the ALMA MATER SOCIETY of the University.

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Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

THE portrait of Principal Grant which was to appear in this number has not yet been finished by the engravers. As it could not be done in time without an amount of hurry quite unbecoming an artist, we thought better to leave it till the next number and insure its being a good one.

A NEW Literary Course of three years is being substituted for the regular Arts course in the case of men who are studying for the Church, and the change is causing a good deal of discussion among the students. Of course no degree is given to these men, and so that important jewel in the University diadem will not lose any of its lustre; but it seems a very questionable thing that the General Assembly should allow anything more illiterate than a graduate to be invested with the honour of the gown and bands. However, we are only a layman and would

like to hear the opinions of others, either for or against the innovation.

IT would be a highly interesting thing to have a dictionary of college slang, and the book could be made instructive and entertaining as well. If some one who has a taste for the subject would make a careful collection of all the slang words and phrases to be found in the different Universities throughout the world, with sketches of their origin and use, his work would be one of the greatest value and interest to both the student and the philologist, besides furnishing Mr. Spencer with a number of important data for his Sociological Tables.

ONE great disadvantage of having the classes scattered through the whole day instead of following each other in close succession from nine o'clock to one, as formerly, is this: Students are not brought together and made acquainted with one another as they used to be, and so the spirit of unity and the bond of close fellowship which ought to exist between them are notably much weaker than they were under the old system. Of course the present arrangement has unquestionable arguments in its favour, but yet the loss of the old *esprit du corps* is a thing to be regretted and, if possible, to be remedied. The College Societies are certainly a means of preventing the total isolation of each class from the others, but as a bond of union they are very imperfect. Some plan ought to be tried for reviving the fast-ebbing spirit, and we will be glad to hear any suggestions from students as to a practicable way of doing so. In "ye old tyme"

when every hour of classwork was followed by five minutes of indiscriminate mingling in the narrow hall upstairs where the *Nosce Teipsum* Senior was jostled perforce by the flippant Freshman and even the unapproachable Sophomore could not gather his garments closely enough about him to escape the unhallowed touch of the Barbarian, the tie of the Students' Brotherhood was something which it would be worth our while to try and regain.

HITHERTO, as far as we know, the "Law Society of Ontario" has avoided showing more favour or affection towards one University than towards another,—has held an even course seeking no concessions and giving none. Now, however, it would appear as if this evenhanded justice is to be changed, and an attempt made to build up the University of Toronto at the expense of her poorer, but not less vigorous or able, sisters. At present the youth desirous of beginning the study of the law must, before entering the charmed circle of the Law Society, pass an examination on subjects that have been prescribed by the learned Benchers. These examinations have been held four times a year within the sacred precincts of Osgoode Hall, (that noble temple of Justice), under the eyes of legal gentlemen. But after next February this is to be changed, and "the subjects for the Matriculation examination of students-at-law are to be the same as those prescribed for each year by the University of Toronto for the Pass examination at the Junior Matriculation of students in the Faculty of Arts": and again, the Society intends in the future to hold but two examinations in each year — one in November, the other in February,—while the embryo Cokes, Bacons and Mansfields who desire to pass their primary examinations in May or August must submit themselves to the tender mer-

cies of the Matriculation examiners of the University of Toronto.

We protest against this right to examine being given to the authorities of the University of Toronto, unless the same privilege be allowed to Trinity, Victoria and Queen's. If the "gentlemen of the long robe" are too busy to conduct all their own examinations, and if some students are to be admitted through a side door *via* the University of Toronto, let others, if they choose, enter through the portals of Queen's, Victoria and Trinity. Let the Benchers extend the right and we will be content, for "equality is equity." Otherwise we would entreat those of that body who have any regard for the smaller Colleges to support the motion that Mr. Read intends bringing up next term, "that it is inexpedient that students should be admitted to the Law Society on the Matriculation certificate of any University."

THE lines below were accurately copied by one of our students from a tombstone in Morefield Burying-Ground, New Brunswick :

Beneath this clod laid down to rest
Till the tremendous day,
Is Janet, wife of Jno. McLeod
Who in Glenelg did stay.
His heart disconsolate and grave
To part his loving spouse
But while the mandate bid him live
He had no will to choose.
Connubial bands their hands did join
In July Eighty-seven,
November cool on the ninth day
Eighteen Hundred and Eleven
Did death's fell aims by Heaven's command
Fulfil their vows then given.
While they enjoyed each other's charms
On this terrestrial globe
She brought twelve pledges to his arms
A present from their God.
The number of the female sex
Was stipulated five,
And seven males all likely boys
Six did herself survive.
She died the age of 39
We trust she's gone to glory
And to all those she left behind,
She speaks *Memento Mori*.

The poet must have been a rare master of

his art; for the plasticity of his verse and the perfect control he seems to exercise over it are no less amazing than beautiful; while that truly poetic instinct for minuteness of detail which he plainly possessed, would have made him famous in any other walk of life—as a cobbler, for instance. But, like Milton, he was “born an age too late”—perhaps more.

MEETINGS, &c.

ELOCUTION ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the above Society was held on Friday evening, Nov. 8th, Mr. D. A. Givens, B.A., Vice-President for the past year in the chair. The reports of the retiring Secretary and Treasurer, which were read and adopted, showed that the Society is in a flourishing condition financially and otherwise. The principal business transacted was the election of officers for the ensuing year. Prof. Mackerras, on account of the delicate state of his health, tendered his resignation as President, which was reluctantly received by the Society. We are glad, however, that the connection between the Professor and the Association has not yet been severed, for, by the unanimous voice of the Society he was elected Honorary President for the coming year. The officers then elected consist of the following gentlemen:

- Honorary President—Prof. Mackerras.
- President—Prof. Watson.
- Vice-President—J. B. MacLaren.
- Secretary—Adam Linton.
- Treasurer—H. M. Mowat.
- Committee—Joseph White, W. Daly, A. B. McCallum, J. O'Reilly, J. Young.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

AT the regular meeting of this Society held last Saturday evening, after some preliminary discussion concerning the duties of the various officers of the JOURNAL, which

questions were referred to a Committee of themselves, the Government which was formed three weeks ago, brought in their bill, the substance of which was intended to effect the abolishing of all party processions, under which term was included processions of all religious and national societies. The Bill was introduced by Hon. R. Shaw, Minister of Finance, who was ably supported by the other members of the Government and the members for North Brutes, Lambs-town, and other equally well-known men. The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. R. Lavell, was supported by an array of talent, including Mr. Arch. McKenzie, member for Botany Bay, and also the member for Pigstoe, and others, which in spite of the forcible speech of Hon. H. R. Duff, Premier, caused the complete overthrow of the Government, as by a large vote the House decided that Party Processions should not be abolished by law.

The subject of debate for this evening is: “Whether should the Degree of M. A. be given by a Thesis or Post-graduate Examination.” Mr. A. McKenzie, B. A., B. Sc., for Post-graduate Examination. Mr. R. Shaw, B. A., for Thesis.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting of the above Association was held in Divinity Hall, on the morning of the 9th inst. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President, John Ferguson M. A., took the Chair. The usual devotional exercises were followed by the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting. The minutes were sustained, and on motion the suspension of the regular procedure of business was carried. Opportunity was then given to all students, who desired to become members, to comply with the rules of the Society. The regular order of business being resumed, reports from the various retiring officers were heard. The Recording

Secretary, in a very carefully prepared report gave a brief history of the Association from its origin in 1850 up to the closing year. The progress made seemed almost incredible. The practical work of the Society had increased—in proportion to the settlement of the country—so had its members increased. During the past summer a larger number of workers had gone forth into the Lord's vineyard than ever before in the history of the Association. Nineteen occupied stations in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, eight had gone to the Maritime Provinces, and six had completed their theological course and were engaged in general work until settled. Altogether 33 members had gone forth at the close of last session, to labour within the bounds of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The Treasurer gave an account of the important trust which the Society had committed to his charge, showing in a very satisfactory manner the receipts and disbursements. The Librarian, or Tract Distributer, being unavoidably absent, was excused from making his report. The meeting proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year which resulted as follows :—

President.—John Ferguson, M.A.

Vice-President.—G. C. Patterson, B.A.

Corresponding Secretary.—M. Stewart Oxley, B.A.

Recording Secretary.—Robert Nairn.

Treasurer.—Wm. Meikle.

Librarian.—Mr. Langel.

Committee.—Messrs. Cameron, Thompson, McArthur and McMillan.

Partial arrangements were then made to satisfy the immediate demands of Mission Stations, under the care of the Association. The meeting was closed with the benediction.

READING ROOM.

A MEETING for the appointment of Curators of the Reading Room, was held on the 11th inst., Mr. A. A. McKenzie B.A., in the

Chair. The report of the Secretary-Treasurer for the past year showing that some twenty journals had been provided for the benefit of Students, and that financially the institution was in a sound condition, was received and adopted. The following gentlemen were appointed to act as Curators for the present year, viz : Messrs. M. S. Oxley, B. A., R. Nairn, J. Smith, H. B. Rathbun and A. B. McCallum, Secretary-Treasurer.

ELOCUTION ENTERTAINMENT.

A SELECT audience assembled in St. Andrew's Hall, on Friday evening, the 15th inst., to enjoy the first entertainment given by the above society. The chair was occupied by the President, Professor Watson, who opened proceedings by introducing the Glee Club, who sang "Moustache," much to the amusement of the audience. Mr. A. R. Linton gave an amusing selection, which he rendered in good taste. Mr. John McArthur followed by giving the "Old Clock on the Stairs." H. M. Mowat gave a selection in his usual happy way. The Glee Club came again to the front, and performed their duty so nobly that they were thought worthy of an encore. Mr. M. S. Oxley followed, reading "Mark Anthony's Oration at the Funeral of Cæsar" remarkably well, showing good elocutionary powers. Mr. Lavell closed the literary part, by reading in good style a humorous selection. The singing of the National Anthem, participated in by the audience, brought the meeting to a close.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

ON Saturday, Nov. 9th, a match was played between the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto, and the College Club, which resulted in favour of the former by one goal. As the Toronto Club had to play another match in the afternoon, the time was limited to an hour and ten minutes. At the end of about an hour the ball went through our goal

without any attempt on the part of the goal-keeper to stop it, although it passed within easy reach of his prehensile organs. He looked like the men in the story of "The Captain" who sailed boldly up to the French ship and then refused to fight :

" Mute, with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired."

He seemed to be in league with the enemy ; but the true cause was that the ball came so directly in the path of the sunlight as to be invisible to him until after it had passed the bourne from which no footballer returns—save only for a fresh kick-off. The winning of the goal was purely a stroke of luck ; the " forward " couldn't kick the ball in that parabola again if he tried ; and, even if he did get the parabola, the right conjunction of the two heavenly bodies, the Football and the Sun, might not occur again in a lifetime. The *Globe's* report of the match has it thus :—

" Since the wind and the slope of the ground favoured the Kingston team, the ball was in close proximity to the Q. O. R. goal, but after half-time the Toronto men seemed to work to advantage, and after 20 minutes of keen playing the ball was sent through their adversaries' goal."

This is a very charming way of putting it : that which was a mere accident of wind and slope when in our favour, meant " working to advantage " when our opponents had it. The fact is, not only was the ball kept constantly near the other goal during the first half of the game, but even after ends were changed, and the wind and slope thus in favour of our opponents, the ball was kept close to their goal still. Our men played splendidly and it is a great pity that they were so unfortunate as to lose their first goal. Their play was evidently far superior to that of our visitors, but Atropos nipped the thread of the game too soon to let the best play tell. One or two of the Queen's Own were really first-class players, and we were sorry the Club could not stay longer with us and become better acquainted.

A match has since been arranged with the Carlton Club, to be played here on Thanksgiving Day.

FACULTY OF THEOLOGY.

AT the examinations in this department which commenced on the 5th inst., the following gentlemen matriculated, viz : Messrs. John Chisholm, B.A., Donald McCannel, B.A., James Mason, B.A., Malcolm S. Oxley, B.A., James Ross, B.A. and George M. Thomson, B.A. Besides these, Messrs. Stewart and Kellog are attending lectures in the Hall.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

At the same examination the following Scholarships were gained :

FIRST YEAR.

- 1.—David Strathern Dow, \$100.—James Ross.
- 2.—Honour of Dominion, \$80.—Donald McCannel, who retains the Hardy Memorial raised to the value of the Dominion.
- 3.—Dominion, \$80.—James W. Mason.
- 4.—Buchan, (2) \$80.—John Chisholm.
- 5.—Honour of the Church of Scotland, \$60. George M. Thomson, who retains Toronto, \$60.

SECOND YEAR.

- 1.—Leitch Memorial, (2) \$80.—Archibald A. Mackenzie retains it.

THIRD YEAR.

- 1.—Church of Scotland, (2) \$60.—George McMillan, B.A.

MEDICAL STUDENTS' SUPPER.

ON the evening of November 8th, the Annual Supper of the Students of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons took place in the British American Hotel, and, as was really anticipated, it was a very social, enjoyable and satisfactory event. The attendance was large. Including the members of the Faculty and guests, there must

have been about a hundred present, all of whom proved the most agreeable company. The Chair and Vice-Chair were occupied by the House Surgeons of the Kingston General Hospital, Messrs. W. H. Henderson and A. R. Leonard. The Faculty was represented by Drs. Lavell, Dupuis, Sullivan, K. N. Fenwick, M.A., and A. S. Oliver. There were also representatives of the Press.

After a few introductory remarks by the Chairman, the Secretary read the apologies of those who found it inconvenient to be present. These included, Sir John A. Macdonald, Principal Grant, Lt.-Col. Hewitt, the Mayor, Drs. Fowler, Dickson, Yates and Campbell, the latter being the President of the Medical Council.

Then followed in order the following toasts—"The Queen," "The Governor General," "Active Militia of Canada," "Mayor and Corporation," "Medical Council," "Queen's University," &c. God Save the Queen was sung and the affair came to an end.

AFTER THE SUPPER.

THE clouds of snow were falling fast,
As up the silent street there passed
A youth, who longed to reach his room,
For he was stumbling in the gloom;
Ec—(hic) selshor!

His brow was hot, his cheek was flushed,
His hat down on his forehead crushed,
But loud rang through the startled air
A voice no negus could impair,
Ec—(hic) selshor!

"O stay," the peeler said, "with me,
To-night you'll get your lodgings free!"
"Aw, Bobby, wha're (hic) ye giv'n's (hic) now?
Take that," he laid him in the snow,
Ec—(hic) selshor!

At break of day, the housemaid found
A stulent prostrate on the ground,
And from those lips, though cold as ice,
She heard distinctly murmured twice,
Ec—(hic) selshor!

Three comrades soon that prone one took,
That boy they mercilessly shook,
They dragged him in, and at his head
Hurled chairs and things, whene'er he said
"Ec—(hic) selshor!"

R.W.S.

THE PRINCIPAL'S DIARY.

THE following interesting account of Principal Grant's canvass for the Endowment Fund is from the last number of the *Presbyterian Record*:

It would weary the readers of the *Record* were I to go over in detail all the places visited, the sermons preached, the meetings addressed, the questions asked and answered, the difficulties overcome, and the encouragements received in the course of a four months' canvass. But notes of one month's work may be acceptable, and let these stand for all the rest—for what is to be as well as for what has been—unless such a general demand should arise for a continuation of the diary that I may be induced to publish a volume entitled "How we raised the \$150,000."

September 2nd. Had our meeting in Guelph this evening, and having addressed three of our congregations yesterday, expected a fair attendance. There was more than a corporal's guard. Rev. Dr. Wardrope presided, and capital addresses were made by Revds. Messrs. Torrance and Ball. A letter was read from Rev. J. C. Smith, promising a subscription of \$200. The list was opened, well headed, and next day it reached \$1900. On the 4th and 5th, Rev. R. Campbell, of Montreal, took it up and left it at \$2800. Of course the local committee, and Mr. J. Davidson, the local treasurer, will see to it that Guelph comes up to at least \$3,000. Had it not been for the "peculiar circumstances" that always afflict every congregation and every locality, Guelph would have been good for a CHAIR.

Sept. 4th. Fergus, of blessed memory! I always think of Fergus, as an Indian must think of a happy hunting ground. The meeting here was "a great success"; and how could it be otherwise, for Rev. J. B. Mullan presided! Brother Macdonnell, from Toronto, spoke, and he always speaks well in Fergus. It was the evening for the union prayer meeting, so the Methodists came out, and to return the compliment, we protracted the meeting to a very late hour. Next day, the Fergus list mounted to \$1,600, and the day after Messrs. Macdonnell and Campbell brought it up to \$2,000. Fergus has no idea of taking a back seat when any good work is to be done.

Sept. 6th. Took train to Walkerton. Called on resident graduates, magnates, and others, and found that with scarcely an exception, they were away at election meetings far and near. By the few who had remained in the town, I was looked upon as a great curiosity. A man could talk "College" and "Endowment" when a general election was impending! He must be a wandering Jew, dead to all merely mundane matters. Dr. Bell presided at the meeting, and gave an address that I hope to see yet in the *QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL*. Left the Walkerton list at nearly \$600, half of that amount being Dr. and Mrs. Bell's subscription. By this time I have little doubt that the list foots up to \$1,000. Robert Sutherland's example should stimulate others, and, to better the example, by doing it while living. It was expected that he would leave something for the town; but the College is in greater need than the thriving and beautiful town which has sprung full-grown from the forest. The church in Walkerton is a gem.

Sept. 8th. Preached on Sunday in two of the Galt churches. On Monday evening, Rev. R. Campbell and self addressed a good meeting in Knox Church. Revds. J. K. Smith, and Masson also spoke, and then headed the subscription list, which two days hard work brought up to \$1600. We had expected a little more, but the old "peculiar circumstances" came in to baffle us.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS.

(Written for the Journal).

I.

BREAK dull November skies, and make
A sunshine over wood and lake,
And fill your cells of frosty air
With thousand, thousand welcomes to the Princely pair.
The land and the sea are alight for them,
The wrinkled face of old winter is bright for them ;
The honour and pride of a race
Secure in their dwelling place,
Steadfast and stern as the rocks that guard her,
Tremble and thrill and leap in their veins,
As the blood of one man through the beacon-lit border !
Like a fire, like a flame,
At the sound of her name,
As the smoky-throated cannon mutter it,
As the smiling lips of a nation utter it,
And a hundred rock-lights write it in fire !
Daughter of Empires, the Lady of Lorne,
Back through the mists of dim centuries borne,
None nobler, none gentler that brave name have worn ;
Shrilled by storm-bugles, and rolled by the seas,
Louise !
Our Princess, our Empress, our Lady of Lorne !

II.

And the wild, white horses with flying manes
Wind-tost, the riderless steeds of the sea,
Neigh to her, call to her, dreadless and free,
" Fear not to follow us ; these thy domains ;
Welcome, welcome, our Lady and Queen !
O Princess, oh daughter of kingliest sire !
Under its frost girdle throbbing and keen,
A new realm awaits thee, loyal and true !"
And the round-cheeked Tritons, with fillets of blue
Binding their sea-green and scintillant hair,
Blow thee a welcome ; their brawny arms bear
Thy keel through the waves like a bird through the air.

III.

Shoreward the shoal of mighty shoulders lean
Through the long swell of waves,
Reaching beyond the sunset and the hollow caves,
And the ice-girdled peaks that hold serene
Each its own star, far out at sea to mark
Thy westward way, O Princess, through the dark.
The rose-red sunset dies into the dusk,
The silver dusk of the long twilight hour,
And opal lights come out, and fiery gleams
Of flame-red beacons, like the ash-gray-husk
Torn from some tropic blossom bursting into flower.
Making the sea bloom red with ruddy beams.

IV.

Still nearer and nearer it comes, the swift sharp prow
Of the ship above, and the shadow-ship below,
With the mighty arms of the Tritons under,
All bowed one way like a field of wind-blown ears ;
Still nearer and nearer, and now
It touches the strand, and 'o,

With the length of her bright hair backward flowing
Around her head like an aureole.
Like a candle flame in the wind's breath blowing,
Stands she fair and still as a disembodied soul,
With hands outstretched, and eyes that shine through tears
And tremulous smiles.
Then the trumpets, and the guns, and the great drums roll,
And the long fiords and the forelands shake with the
thunder
Of the shout of welcome to the daughter of the Isles !

V.

Bring her, oh people, on the shoulders of her vassals
Throned like a queen to her palace on the height,
Up the castled steeps where the fir-tree tassels
Nod to her, and touch her with a subtle, vague delight,
Like a whisper of home, like a greeting and a smile
From the fir-tree walks and gardens, the wood-embowered
castles
In the north among the clansmen of Argyle.
Now the sullen plunge of waves for many a mile
Along the roaring Ottawa is heard,
And the cry of some wood bird,
Wild and sudden and sweet,
Scared from its perch by the rush and trample of feet,
And the red glare of the torches in the night.
And now the long facade gay with many a twinkling light
Reaches hands of welcome, and the bells peal, and the
guns,
And the hoarse blare of the trumpets, and the throbbing
of the drums
Fill the air like shaken music, and the very waves rejoice
In the gladness, and the greeting, and the triumph of their
voice.

VI.

Under triumphal arches, blazoned with banners and
scrolls,
And the sound of a People's exulting, still gathering as it
rolls,
Enter the gates of the city, and take the waiting throne,
And make the heart of a Nation, O Royal Pair, your own.
Sons of the old race, we, and heirs of the old and the new ;
Our hands are bold and strong, and our hearts are faithful
and true ;
Saxon and Norman and Celt, one race of the mingled
blood
Who fought, built cities and ships, and stemm'd the un-
known flood
In the grand historic days that made our England great,
When Britain's sons were steadfast to meet or to conquer
fate.
Our sires were the minster builders, who wrought, them-
selves unknown,
The thought divine within them, till it blossomed into
stone ;
Forgers of swords and of ploughshares, reapers of men and
of grain,
Their bones and their names forgotten on many a battle
plain ;
For faith and love and loyalty were living and sacred
things,
When our sires were those who wrought, and yours were
the leaders and kings.

VII.

For, since the deeds that live in Arthur's rhyme,
Who left the stainless flower of knighthood for all time,
Down to our Blameless Prince, wise, gentle, just,
Whom the world mourns, not by your English dust
More holy held, more sacredly enshrined,
Than in each loyal breast of all mankind,
Men bare the head in homage to the good.
And she who wears the crown of womanhood,
August, not less than that of Empress, reigns
The crowned Victoria of the world's domains.
North, South, East, West, O Princess fair behold
In this new world the daughter of the old,
Where ribs of iron bar the Atlantic's breast,
Where sunset mountains slope into the west,
Unfathomed wildernesses, valleys sweet,
And tawny stubble lands of corn and wheat,
And all the hills and lakes and forests dun,
Between the rising and the setting sun,
Where rolling rivers run with sands of gold,
And the locked treasures of the mine unfold
Un dreamed of riches and the hearts of men,
Held close to nature, have grown pure again.
Like that exalted Pair, beloved, revered,
For princely grace, and truth and love endeared,
Here build your Empire in the growing West,
And fix your throne in each Canadian breast,
Till West and East strike hands across the main,
Knit by a stronger, more enduring chain,
And one vast Empire become one again!

KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

Kingston, Nov. 23rd, 1878.

WORDS AND THEIR INNER LIVES.

ON Saturday evening, Nov. 9th, Mr. J. B. MacLaren read a paper on this subject before a large meeting of the Alma Mater Society. This was the first of a series of papers to be read before the Society every month by different members, and we hope the interest in them will be kept up, for the plan is an excellent one and cannot be otherwise than beneficial in its results.

The reader began by showing what slight attention we are wont to give to our daily words beyond what is positively needed for a bare knowledge of their meaning, and contrasting this with the real information and beauty which often lie hidden within them and which would amply repay the closest study of their origin and use. As the geologist "sees miracles on the high road and reads chronicles in every ditch," so the student of Language finds chronicles beneath her surface and records in every word. As a striking instance of this the word "arctic" was taken. Its history was shown at some length to have an interesting connection with the Greek and Roman mythologies, and its derivation was traced up and found to be due to an erroneous usage in the Sanscrit. The writer very impressively put his reflections thus: "And so the history of a single word carries us far off into Central Asia, away back through the shadowy, mythical ages of the past to a time when, perhaps, Israel was wandering in the wilderness, or the pyramids, in the innocent light-heartedness of their youth gambolled about the banks of the Nile!

A number of similar cases were cited and their beauties unfolded, and then the reader proceeded to show how that in studying the etymologies of words we often come upon the most unexpected discoveries—beliefs that have long since been relinquished, or customs that have become obsolete, whole chapters of history embodied in a few letters, or that wherewith to "point a moral or adorn

a tale" compressed into the compass of a monosyllable. For instance, "stipulate," from "stipulus," tells us of the Roman custom of breaking a *straw* as the symbol that a bargain was concluded. The impress of the same early stage of civilization is to be seen in "calculate," from "calculus," *pebbles* being the earliest instruments of computation. In the same way, the corresponding Greek word is from their word for "a pebble;" but as the Greeks were quicker to perceive, as our schoolboys do, the value of such a recognized standard as the five fingers, and as they generally kept these articles *on hand* and ready for use, this system of semi-decimal arithmetic soon became popular, and we find that they had another word meaning "to compute" derived from their word for "five."

A great many of the commonest words were then dealt with, and their derivation and history shown to be wonderfully instructive and often very amusing. The reader pointed out that we should be careful on the one hand, not to decide too hastily against the connection of words with one another, on account of any dissimilarity in sound or spelling, and, on the other hand, not to be too ready to connect words with one another on account of any such resemblance, "Osculum" a kiss, is not from "os" the mouth, and "colo" I cultivate, however pleasant it may be to think so. "Announce" and "news" seem to be entire strangers to one another, but they are really near of kin, for they are both derived from "novus." Again, "sorrow" and "sorry" appeared to be closely related, but they can prove no consanguinity. "Sorrow" is A. S. "sorh," but "sorry" is A. S. "sarig," from "sar" a sore; and indeed its resemblance to, and supposed connection with "sorrow," are the only causes which give it its present meaning. Strictly, it only means "sore," or "full of sores," as in the expression "a sorry beast."

After pointing out many interesting cases in which, not only had opinions influenced words, but words had even controlled opinions, the reader went on to say: It has been said that language was given to man to conceal his meaning, and no doubt, as being a merely mechanical means of conveying ideas it is and ever must be imperfect, and the statement must continue to hold good that

"Words, like nature, half reveal,
And half conceal the soul within."

But any other system of communication than that of language (as, for instance, the ability to read one another's thoughts at a glance) would, with greater perfection, draw greater defects in its train, and bring upon us evils still greater than "the ills we have." "For," says Isaac Taylor with much truth, "the actual peace and purity of the world are perhaps as much attributable to the shutting in of the horrid secrets of the worst hearts as to the diffusion of the benign sentiments and happy affections of the best. What would human society presently become if those mysteries of malice and impurity that are located within some few bosoms, were divulged to all, so that all might and must catch the infection of blasphemy, hatred and corruption!"

It is rather to be wondered at that we are able to convey to each other, with such accuracy as we do, our almost infinitely varied thoughts and imaginings. And though we sometimes are at a loss for language to express what we think, it much more frequently happens that our conceptions are defined, and our thoughts made clearer by reducing them to words. All their dim associations and hidden connections and unsuspected bearings are brought to view and impressed upon our minds when we make them visible by wrapping around them the cloak of speech, even though they are only "given in outline and no more."

After tendering Mr. MacLaren a hearty vote of thanks for his excellent essay, the meeting adjourned.

Sept. 12th. An excellent meeting in Brantford, in spite of a rain-storm. Rev. Dr. Cochrane and Rev. Mr. Lowry spoke. Had not expected much from our Brantford people, because of the exertions they have been obliged to make on behalf of their Ladies' College, which is a credit to the place and to the church; but we were agreeably disappointed. \$800 were subscribed in a shorter time than in almost any other place.

Sept. 14th. Meeting in the afternoon in St. Andrew's Church, North Easthope. Rich farms, good buildings, first-rate stock, evidences of prosperity on every hand. The minister subscribed \$200, and the people \$280 more. By this time, of course, the North Easthope list is a long way beyond the point at which I left it.

Sept. 15th—17th. Preached twice in St. Andrew's Church, Stratford. On Monday Rev. Thomas MacPherson and Rev. E. Waits, called with me on the people, and our reception was most cordial. The two brethren aforesaid headed the list, and the people followed, asking few, and in some cases, no questions; and in a short time, and without a meeting, it had reached the totally unexpected figure of \$1,700.

Sept. 18th. A good meeting at Sarnia, the circumstances of the day considered. A very hearty resolution was moved by a graduate—Mr. James A. McDowal—and seconded by the Hon. Senator Vidal; and next day the Sarnia list was rolled up to over \$1,100 in two or three hours. There is no more thoroughly Canadian town in all Canada than Sarnia, though it is divided only by the St. Clair river from the United States.

Sept. 20th. Kippen, another country congregation, and such beautiful farms! Enough to make an eastern farmer's mouth water. A furious rain-storm prevented most of the people from coming to the meeting; but I preached and lectured for three hours to those who came, greatly aided by Rev. E. D. MacLaren, B. D., who had been with me at Sarnia also. Left the list at \$300, quite sure that the Rev. H. Cameron will not let it stick at that figure.

Sept. 22nd. Goderich. Such a blessed place! It is equal to Fergus. The Kirk and Free Congregations have blended into one indivisible congregation, and no one could now tell which was which. However, I would not advise congregations elsewhere to imitate Goderich, unless their ministers are exactly like Dr. Ure and Mr. Sieveright, and unless there are no "unreasonable and wicked men" in either congregation. See 2. Thes. 3-2. The result of the fusion has been church extension all round Goderich. I did not expect any money at Goderich, for the salt wells are abandoned, and other "peculiar circumstances" are heavy and incontrovertible; but we had a grand meeting, and the list went up to \$1,800 in a wonderfully short time. The graduates who spoke, Dr. McLean and Mr. Kay, made touching and beautiful references to Dr. Snodgrass and Professor Mackerras.

Sept. 24th. Kincardine. The Presbytery was in Session, and Dr. Cochrane had come from Brantford to see the Court, on Home Mission thoughts intent; it had been arranged that he was to address a joint meeting of the two Kincardine congregations in the evening on Home Missions, and that I was to follow him and talk Queen's College. When the meeting commenced, the Presbytery kindly adjourned from the session-room to the basement to hear us. The presence of so very reverend and distinguished an audience made us speak our best for two hours; but the production of the subscription list at the close reminded the fathers and brethren of their unfinished business in the session-room, and they rose in a body to attend to it. The rest of the audience mistook the movement, and rose also. I never saw a basement with so many doors; and in a moment they were all crowded, and I was left standing beside my subscription list, supported only by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Murray and a little knot

of sympathisers. As Mr. Murray remarked, "after such a display of oratorical fire-works, it was fitting that there should be a grand dissolving view." That was the only meeting that was brought to a close without the benediction. Next day, however, the Kincardine list was brought up to \$630, and all blame for the meeting's sudden dissolution was thrown on the Presbytery, although the Presbytery had none but thoughts of kindness towards us. None of us are likely to forget soon the moving scene that took place in Knox Church, Kincardine.

Sept. 26th. Last night Mr. John Mordy, who had been licensed yesterday by the Presbytery to preach the everlasting Gospel, drove me to Pinkerton, twenty-four miles distant. After driving eight miles, a thunderstorm overtook us. We drove on through the dub and mire, the pitchy darkness of the night being ever and anon turned into noon-day glare by the lightning with which the heavens were almost continuously aflame. This evening, took Mr. Mordy's prayer-meeting. The attendance was good, but not as large as it would have been but for the Paisley fair being held in the neighbourhood. Each month has its own obstacles. A little while ago it was the election. Now it is the ever recurring fair or show. After preaching, a Pinkerton list was opened and between two and three hundred dollars were subscribed.

Sept. 27th. This morning drove nine miles to Paisley, and arrived in time to take Mr. Straith's morning service, preparatory to the Communion. Preached again in the evening, and addressed the people at the College.

Sept. 28th. To-day was introduced to a number of the Paisley people by Mr. Straith, and by the local treasurer, Mr. Bain, nephew of the Rev. Dr. Bain, of Perth, and as warm a friend of Queen's College as I had found on my travels. Left the Paisley list in his hands, marking \$200; and took the mid-day train for Port Elgin, where, the Rev. Mr. Gourlay being absent in the country, Dr. Douglas, a graduate of Queen's, entertained me hospitably, put his name down for a \$100 nomination, drove me to Southampton, and thence to Owen Sound.

Sept. 29th and 30th. Preached on Sunday in Division St. and Knox Churches, and on Monday morning had a meeting at an endowment. \$600 were subscribed, and a canvass during the rest of the day brought this up to \$1,250. This subscription, excellent as it is, will be considerably increased, as the local committee includes earnest and energetic graduates. Well done, Owen Sound!

October 1st. Held a meeting in the town hall, Mount Forest; and at the close \$550 were subscribed. As I had to leave for Toronto, Dr. Yeomans and Dr. Jones undertook to canvass the town. This they did at once, and with such earnestness that they very soon increased the amount to nearly \$900.

Total amount subscribed from September 2nd to October 2nd, about \$17,000. A good month's work, all things considered! The success is due to the zeal of the graduates more than to any other cause. I find some of them wherever I go, and so far have not found one ungrateful or disloyal to his Alma Mater.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

THE number of Freshmen entered this year at Cambridge University is 711, for this term; this number includes 567 at Trinity, 111 at St. John, 64 at Jesus, 49 at Trinity Hall, and 46 non-Collegiates.

THE *Undergraduates' Journal* calls our attention to the fact that in the inter-Collegiate Race at Henley last summer, where the Columbia crew carried off the honours, the crew against which they rowed were the crews of the separate Colleges—not a University crew.

STUDENTS at Columbia do not seem to like the way in

which Scholarships are paid. This is what the *Acta* says about it, "S. P. Q. R., as applied to our Trustees ought to be construed to mean—Scholarships Paid Quite Reluctantly."

PRINCETON appears to be forward in Football this season, some of the other Colleges such as Harvard, Yale and Columbia, seem to have not yet worn out boating.

TWENTY-SIX ladies graduated at the last Commencement of the New York Medical College for Women.

IN Victoria the Halls in which were the Students' rooms, seem to be being metamorphosed into something perhaps more useful and beautiful, but around which so many pleasant memories will not cling, as they did around those old dens.

THE Hamilton Collegiate Institute has a Football Club. We wish it success.

THE Students of the Collegiate Institute here have succeeded, by their own push and the liberality of some of their friends, in erecting a gymnasium. We hope they will make good use of it and guard against accidents, for a few more broken arms would, we are afraid, cause its stoppage.

AT present Eton College has 907 Students. They include 1 Marquis, 1 Earl, 1 Viscount, 2 Counts (foreign), 13 Lords, 38 Honourables, and 3 Baronets,—we think this is enough to break most establishments.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

LAST Monday was one of those mensiversaries which students cherish more than the apples of both eyes—a monthly holiday. The medicals weep over the greater blessings of the Arts, while the poor Law-student thinks of the Saturdays they both enjoy, and sighs, "How happy could I be with either!"

THE annual meeting of the Alma Mater Society will be held on Friday, December 6th, at 7:30 p.m.

DR. BELL is now lecturing in Divinity Hall on the relation of Science to Religion.

THE correct thing for Holidays, whist and dinner parties, will be the Vanity Fair Cigarettes, with your monogram.

WE welcome to the Hall Messrs. Stewart and Kellog, who have come to take an extra session at Queen's.

ONE day last week the Veteran Professor was so deeply absorbed in contemplating the beauties of the Higher Mathematics that he didn't hear the Janitor turn the key as he left the buildings. The consequence was that he had a few hours of quiet, peaceful solitude such as is rarely enjoyed in the Natural Philosophy class-room.

THE nomination of officers for the Alma Mater Society takes place to-night, two weeks before the annual meeting.

THE Divinity students are getting down to work.

THE foot-ball match two weeks ago, although it resulted in our defeat, showed that we had a first-class team. The Carlton club of Toronto is coming here to play us on Thanksgiving Day.

THE Medical students' dinner was a great success.

THE *Acta Columbiana* suggests that each graduating class should leave a memorial window in the college buildings. We are somewhat ahead of *Columbia* in this matter. Last year one of our Senior Theologues left a very nice memorial window at the corner of Princess and

Barrie streets. It was put in at his own private expense and cost about fifteen dollars. An old window had to be taken out to make room for the new one, but as the Theologue's horse ran away near there one day this part of the memorial work was accomplished at a very slight cost.

THE Professor of Natural Philosophy once gave the class a problem to think of during the night and answer the next day. The question was this: "If a hole were bored through the centre of the earth from side to side and a ball dropped into it, what motions would the ball pass through and where would it come to a state of rest?" Next morning the Prof. called up a student and asked him what answer he had to give to the question. "Well, really," replied the student, "I have not thought of the main question, Professor, but of a preliminary one: How are you going to get that hole bored through?" "Ah!" said the Prof., "I see you have a wonderfully original and enquiring mind. Will you bring me an essay next Monday on Newton's *Principia*?"

ONE of our medicals calls his girl Sal Volatile, but the true love of the law student is 'Phemie.

PERSONAL.

JAMES MACARTHUR, B.A., M.D. '75, is practising in London, in partnership with Dr. Edwards. He says he is highly pleased with the JOURNAL and can offer it a very favourable prognosis. He has kindly promised to get us some new subscribers: all our graduates should follow his good example and the College Paper would be more prosperous than ever.

JOHN STRANGE, B.A. '77, successfully passed his first intermediate examination in Law last week. He is now a recognized member of the Brotherhood whose motto is said by the ill-natured to be *Sic utere alieno ut non tuum laedas*.

HUGH MCINTOSH, of '80, who entered his College career under very auspicious omens—but was, from sickness, obliged to discontinue his studies last session—is at home in Pictou, N.S. We hope for his reinstatement.

JOHN HAMILTON, B.A. of '77, is now Assistant Master of Orillia High School.

REV. HUGH TAYLOR, a Theological Graduate of '78, was ordained and inducted into the pastorate of the joint Presbyterian charges, Morrisburgh and Iroquois. The Iroquois section has a neat brick church. The Morrisburgh people are well under way in building a very tasty one of modern architecture.

REV. W. A. LANG, M.A., who settled in Lunenburg last spring, has had his church refitted inside. This is one of the results which come from such happy settlements. We were struck with the harmony which manifested itself in the efforts of his people to liquidate the small remainder of debt, and thus relieve their pastor and themselves of protracted anxiety. They have also a very fine organ.

GEORGE MACMILLAN, B.A., who, from ill health, was prevented last year from returning to Divinity Hall, is now a member of the graduating class in Theology. He is looking hale and hearty.

DUNCAN MACARTHUR, B.A. of '78, is at home in Ailsa Craig, demonstrating practically the great advantage of a Collegiate training to a farmer.

F. I. BAMFORD, of '80, has laid down the rod of correction and returned to the Hall for further instruction.

J. R. POLLOCK, of '81, has been obliged to quit his classes and go home. The cause is a severe cold which he neglected.

REV. T. S. Glassford, B.A. of '75, is supplying Eganville at present.

REV. John Murdy, B.A. of '75, is doing Mission work in Pinkerton. He has offered himself for Foreign Mission work.

GEORGE BELL, of '73, passed his first intermediate examination in Law, with flying colours.

ROBERT NAIRN, once a member of '78, is now a member of '79. He has returned with good health and in good spirits.

MESSRS. P. A. Macdonald and J. B. McLaren, both of '76, and J. R. Lavell, B.A., '77, with a young lawyer from Toronto, have made themselves famous by taking a trip of 550 miles in birch-bark canoes. They went from Georgian Bay up French river, and thence through to the Ottawa, which they struck two hundred miles above the Capital. They descended the Ottawa, running all the rapids, except a few of the largest, in their small canoes. From Ottawa they came indirectly to Kingston by the Rideau Canal and Gananoque river. The expedition was planned by Messrs. Macdonald and McLaren in their last year's ramble, and was a great success. The strong point of it is that they made the whole distance without a guide, and having no previous acquaintance with the country. French river is known as the most intricate river in America, and is said never before to have been ascended without a guide. Yet the adventurers say they never were very much lost—they could generally find their tent!

REV. Jas Cormack, B.A., '72, has resigned his charge at Harrowsmith and is now visiting Scotland. He is feeling much better in health, and is at present attending Prof. Flint's lectures.

N. B. GILLIES, M.D. of '71, who practised a short time in Chesly, Ont., is now pursuing a special course in St. Thomas' Hospital, London. He is distinguishing himself.

It is our sorrowful duty to chronicle the death of an esteemed graduate, in the person of Robert Sutherland, B.A. of '52. He settled in Walkerton, Ont., where he practised the profession of Law until his decease. He prospered in his practice and, departing, has left behind him a lasting expression of love towards his "Alma Mater." Its tangible form is \$5,000, and a very valuable Library.

OUR EXCHANGES.

STUNG by our conscience, which reminds us of the vials of wrath that will be poured on our devoted head by the Managing Editor, if we do not supply our requisite amount of "copy," we have at last gathered our Exchanges together and now proceed to mete out the justice of a Reviewer.

THE first one that falls into our Editorial clutches is one weighty, both in quantity and quality, and which is an exceedingly welcome visitor, the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal*. It is thoroughly English in form and matter and none the less likeable for that, though as far as form is concerned it is a little more troublesome, for we have to cut the leaves; when cut, however, we find the reading matter repays our trouble. The present number contains among its editorials, one concerning Freshmen on "Caller Oubits" and another advocating

the erection of a Theatre in Cambridge, both of which though somewhat local in their interest, can be profitably read by at least any one interested in College life. Among the contributions, some College humour peeps out in the article on Virgil, the sentiments of which we endorse. One way in which this Journal differs from our other exchanges is, that it contains reports of sermons from University pulpits.

THE next to come to the surface is the *Canadian Monthly and National Review*, published by the enterprising Rose-Belford Publishing Company. The present number fully sustains the reputation of the magazine, and well repays a close inspection of its contents. Where all are so good it is hard to mention any in particular, but we might recommend the perusal of the article on "Ancient War Gallies", by L. C. Allison, and one on "Wilkie Collins," by J. L. Stewart. "Round the Table" and "Current Literature" still keep up their well-earned reputation.

OUR next victim is *The Quarterly* published by the Literary Society of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and which contains matter deserving of being printed on better paper. The first article has a most attractive name, viz:—"The Philosophy of a Kiss." The subject seemed to be treated in almost too philosophical a style for us, perhaps however, our natures are more impressible than that of the author. Concerning the poem with which the article closes it might be as well to give the name of the author; the way it is now might give the impression to those unacquainted with it that it was original. Among other contributions worthy of praise we might mention a poem on Hamilton, which we suppose is an illustration of the fact that the metre of "Jacques Cartier" may be adopted to any style of words. At least this is the only reason we could see for inserting it. Its other articles are very readable and altogether we look on *The Quarterly* as a success.

THE *Columbia Spectator*, in its present issue is principally devoted to an account of its sports, a tone of regret prevailing on account of Columbia's late misfortunes in that line, being all the more prominent when contrasted with its success at Henley. We can only hope that their men may have more power to their elbow.

THE *Canadian Spectator* we again welcome, and if anyone will take the trouble of cutting the leaves—for in common with some English papers it is seemingly troubled with an abortive attempt at secrecy—they may find something to their advantage. We think that few readers will imagine that the Editor is a bosom friend of Mr. Talmage. In our opinion some remarks concerning him are rather unseemly.

THIS number of the *Tyro* from Woodstock Literary Institute is given up to the memory of the late Dr. Fyfe, a man loved and lamented by all who knew him, and mourned by many others.

THE *Acta Columbiana* is devoted to College news and is a good local paper, and must be very acceptable to all friends of the College.

THE *Collegiate Institute Herald* is about the size and has the appearance of last year's JOURNAL, and is very creditable in its get-up. Its editors must be congratulated also on its matter.

WE must agree with the *Port Hope Guide* when it says that Kingston merchants do not seem alive to the value of the JOURNAL as an advertising medium. The *Guide* does not seem to be troubled in that way.

WE are sorry that we have not more time and space at our disposal, to devote to the *Canada School Journal*, the

present number of which is, we think, an improvement on the preceding one. If those that will follow this, maintain an equal standard, we can recommend it to all who teach as being a real help.

Want of space prevents us from mentioning our exchanges further.

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

A SUNDAY School boy out west was asked by the Superintendent if his father was a Christian. "Yes Sir," he replied, "but he is not working at it much."

A LEGAL Tender.—A Lawyer minding his baby.

"Is that a funeral?" "Yes Sir." "Who is it that died." "The gentleman in the coffin, Sir."

It is remarked that "our ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the high branches."

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
When it's a little too warm for whiskey,
And a little too cool for beer.

Two Japanese girls are at Vassar. It is a beautiful and affecting sight to see the American girls teaching them to slide down the banisters.

A CONTEMPORARY says that "America has one physician to every 800 inhabitants. That is, they begin on that basis, but after that there are not so many inhabitants."

"CAPTAIN," said an old lady, as a ship was nearing port in stormy weather, "have you an almanac on board?" "No madam," replied the captain. "Well, then," said the old lady, with a resigned air, "I suppose we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

A BOSOM friend—The baby.

Two tramps stopped at the house of a lone widow, and one went in to beg. Very soon he came out with a black eye. "Well, did you get anything, Jack?" asked the other. "Yes," growled the poor sufferer, "I got the widow's might."

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other week to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh no, I am not married," said the lady blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We respectfully solicit those who are in ARREARS to remit us the amount of their Subscription to the JOURNAL for the past Session 1877-78. Your prompt attention to this matter is kindly requested, since we are entering upon a new era of our existence and will be obliged before the next issue to erase from our list of Subscribers the names of all who continue in ARREARS; if any of our friends have any doubt as to whether they are in this state or not, we shall be most happy to afford them the desired information. We might also add to our readers in general, that the undersigned will be most happy to hear from them. Send all Subscriptions and Communications to

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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VOL. I. No. 4.

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OLD SERIES,
VOL. VI. No. 4.



REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D. D.
Principal of Queen's University and Primarius Professor of Divinity.

THE REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D.

(From the Weekly Globe, Sept. 13th.)

BEFORE assuming the Principal's chair of Queen's College, the late minister of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, was less widely known than now to the public of Canada. He enjoyed a reputation as the pastor of the leading congregation in the Maritime Provinces, as one who took an active part in the union movement which led to the formation of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and as a man whose record of labours, done in every benevolent cause, was one to be proud of. But so many honours have been crowded upon him since the end of last year that to day he stands before the country as one of its prominent men. In the course of about eight months he has passed from the rank and file of the clergy to be the Principal of a College; and the University of Glasgow, his own *alma mater*, has recognized his appointment by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The unanimity of his choice by the trustees of the College, his cordial reception by the students of the various Faculties, and the warm welcome accorded to him by the citizens of Kingston, are evidence of his high standing as a scholar and a man. But Dr. Grant had no sooner entered upon his new duties than he saw that something must be done to place his College upon a more solid basis. This was a task for which he was well fitted, both by nature and experience. Constitutionally, he is one who adds to the weight of moral conviction an indomitable purpose and dauntless courage in undertaking what seems to him a necessary end. He appears to take every one into his confidence and to gain him over as a friend and advocate of his views, so that all feel and say that when Grant takes a thing in hand it must be done. By experience also he was prepared for the special work now to be accomplished, for it is doubtful whether any single minister in Canada ever succeeded as Mr. Grant did while in Halifax in raising money for such objects as education, religion, and general benevolence. He collected large sums for the Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, for Dalhousie College, for the Theological Seminary, and for every benevolent scheme of general or local importance. As an instance of his catholicity in regard to benevolence, Mr. Grant raised the entire amount required for the magnificent Dispensary at Halifax, and that the first two subscriptions of five hundred dollars received were from a Roman Catholic and a Presbyterian. The fortnight before leaving Halifax he obtained \$2,000 for a club-house for a temperance organization that had been singularly successful in rescuing the most hopeless cases of drunkenness, the Anglican Bishop and the Roman Catholic Archbishop heading the list of subscribers. Thus fitted for the task, it seems the natural and proper thing that Principal Grant should, since the inception of his scheme for endowment and improved buildings some three months ago, have secured the large amount of over \$100,000—\$41,000 of which come from Kingston alone, and the balance from but a few subscribers in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, and several smaller towns and country districts. The entire amount required—\$150,000—will without doubt be reached ere long, and we feel certain that the honour of this success will not rank even second in the estimation of Mr. Grant to the titles of Very Rev., and Principal, and Doctor, which have so recently been heaped upon him.

By those who are not well acquainted with Principal Grant it may be thought that, while he is so intensely energetic and earnest, there may be wanting in him the special qualities of a professor. But his entire course from schoolboy days to the close of his pastorate in Halifax shows a happy combination in him of the practical and

the scholarly, of the man of action and the votary of the midnight oil. While attending the Academy of Pictou, N.S., his native place, and afterwards the West River Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, he was the leader in all games and sports, his energy never seeming to exhaust itself. At the same time, he was the distinguished scholar, carrying off every prize that came within reach. Having been elected by the Committee of the Bursary Fund of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, in the year 1852, he proceeded to Glasgow University, and then and there commenced an eight years' course of study, which proved to be to its very close a highly distinguished and successful career.

At the time of commencing his studies at the University of Glasgow he was scarcely seventeen years of age. Although a Canadian, he seemed at home the moment he put his foot on the College pavement. There was a settled confidence about him that said, I am here for a purpose; but it was not that over-confidence which spurns the idea of learning from others. He was a diligent and successful student in all the classes—in many, taking first prizes, in few, if any, coming out without distinction, taking highest honours in philosophy in his examination for the degree of M.A.; and while attending the divinity classes not only obtaining some of their best prizes, but carrying off, along with several other of the University prizes, the Lord Rector's prize of thirty guineas for the best essay upon "Hindoo Literature and Philosophy." But the remarkable thing about him was that he had always time for a game at football. In the elections of Lord Rector, Grant was a leader. All this time he was doing the work of private tutor in some of the influential families of the city; so that at the end of his course he could look proudly on the fact that he had not only supported himself at College, but was able to return any money he had drawn from the Bursary Fund.

In the year 1861 we find the subject of this sketch no longer a boy, but a man—an ordained minister, returning with buoyant hopefulness to serve his beloved native land. Had he remained in Scotland, comfort and distinction were in store for him. But he remembered that he had been sent to study for the Church in Canada; and while there was no obligation binding him to return, the claims of his own land stirred his soul. For the first two years he filled with much success two missionary appointments, the one in Pictou county and the other in Prince Edward Island. In May, 1863, commenced the long pastorate of Mr. Grant in Halifax, which was only broken last year by his appointment to his present position. During these fifteen years he displayed the two-fold qualities to which we have referred, and with a success which was proportioned to the largeness of his trust, Director of Dalhousie College, Trustee of the Theological Seminary, member of the various committees of Presbytery, Synod and Assembly, a zealous advocate of Union, chairman, secretary, or member of every benevolent society, the friend of education—these and many similar positions we might name bespeak for him the quality of intense activity with which we have credited him.

If spared, the future of Principal Grant is bright with promise. His sympathies with young men in their studies and sports, his own excellent character, his piety and worth, the energy that will not fall short of success in any noble undertaking, his love of learning and culture, his conservative tendencies as a divine and philosopher, his consecration to his high profession as a minister of the Gospel—all are pointing to a career as the Principal of Queen's College which will stimulate his own growth, and contribute to the development of many young men, and their preparation for occupying high places in the professions and in the country.

The Queen's College Journal

Is issued FORTNIGHTLY during the Session by the ALMA MATER SOCIETY of the University.

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Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

THEY who can, and will not help themselves, demand and receive but little sympathy from others, in this direction. This will apply to the careless and indifferent student from his entrance into College until his going out, and through life. But, while we thus reason, the prayers of a nation are now before the Most High, for our Colleges. Here we have a glorious exception to the particular and practical dealings of men. Yet personal effort is essential, or else this exception, fraught with encouragement, must lose its virtue, and those footprints which have given heart to so many, be as though they were not.

THE Registrar of the University Council desires us to remind the free and independent electors of that body, that to entitle them to vote at the next election of Councillors they must each pay the annual fee of One Dollar, to the Registrar, on or before the First day of January next. We trust that the Alumni of Queen's will forthwith delage Her Majesty's Post Offices with registered letters, for the Council is a body in which all should take an interest; it has already done much good by sowing the good seed which has produced the \$135,000 al-

ready collected for the endowment fund; and if properly looked after may be made to do still better work in the future. Let it be kept a live body, full of the energy, push and vim of this nineteenth century.

WHILE speaking of the University Council, as it has the ordering of Convocation, we would suggest that several alterations might well be made in the proceedings of that important meeting. We think, that neither the members of the University nor the general public would regret very much if the reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting of Convocation, and of the proceedings of the Senate, was dispensed with. We also imagine that it would be an improvement if the *Sponsio Academica* was read to the graduating class, by the proper officer, and they signified their unfeigned assent and consent thereto, instead of repeating the words after the Reverend Secretary like an infant class learning "How doth the little busy bee." The way we suggest is the one in which oaths are administered by Courts of Justice. The farce of electing "fellows" might easily be dispensed with. *Verbum sat.*

TOO much prose with no poetry or romance in life, causes monotony; and monotony is most dreary, wherever found. So far, we agree with the "Hamilton Lit." Our voluntary productions, be they prose or poetry, are so rare, that they are to our columns, most acceptable.

"He who will not, when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay."

This must surely be verified in the future of students who are wont to launch forth upon the literary tide, but who neglect the exercise of their talents in literary efforts, while at College. These are the golden hours, for impartial and just criticism is wont to prune in the College nursery—while beyond, in the great field, in which all must be trans-

planted, sooner or later, partial and unjust criticism is too apt to be exercised, and that, to the production of much insipid fruit. Hence the grand object in view when literary organs are established in Colleges, is to a great extent based upon the support of the students, and according as they yield this support, do they and their literary organ wax strong.

IT must impress outsiders with a high opinion of the ingenuity and resources of Collegians, when they read the names of different American College papers. The modest Journal, Herald, or Advocate is in the minority, while the eye is caught by such high sounding titles as Acta-iana, Orient, Campus, Index, Courant, Oracle, Era, Beacon, and most unique of all, Crimson. We ourselves were thinking of compelling the admiration of our readers, and the envy of contemporaries, by calling ourselves the Acta Reginiana or something of that sort, but the native hue of the resolution got sicklied o'er, and more moderate counsels prevailed. How great also must be the awful and reverential feelings of the Philistine when he hears of such Societies as the Mu, Nu, Rho, Kappa, Gamma, Chi, Philologian, Critosophian, Philathlean, etc.! It is not our intention or business to lift the classic veil which darkly hangs about the doings and acquirements of students, or to be guilty of the crime of exposing academic *arcana* to the profane gaze of the vulgar, but certainly we, who are initiated, never encounter these prodigiously learned appellations without being reminded of the memorable saying of Crassus: "Mirari se quod haruspex haruspicem sine risu adspicere posset."

WHEN glancing through the pages of our Exchanges from English and American Colleges, we have sometimes secretly mourned that we in Queen's are not

so situated as to be able, while the session lasts, to take the same advantage of our beautiful bay and river, as is taken of similarly convenient bodies of water, by other Colleges. To this feeling we can no longer plead guilty. Boating is a splendid exercise and recreation, when indulged in only as such. But when a crew is more of a positive necessity to a college, seemingly, than proficiency in Mathematics, or Classics, then it ceases to be an advantage, mental training is subordinated to the Physical, and even Physical training is so lost sight of in the competition for cups, and championships, that the constitution is apt to be permanently injured. In Queen's, foot ball has largely taken the place of all other games, and, a few years ago, bid fair to engross the greater part of the attention of the majority of the students; instead of this being the case at present, however, many complain that the late change in the routine of class work, by distributing classes, which it is necessary for all to attend throughout the whole day, has destroyed all interest in the game, and now hardly enough students turn out to give the team practice. This is going to an opposite extreme, recreation is positively needful to the student, and foot ball gives the easiest and most pleasant mode of obtaining it.

The Foot Ball Club should be well sustained, not so much for the purpose of keeping up a "crack team," but as supplying an interesting and profitable means of employing a few leisure hours.

HOW often have the words "Fold up your papers," struck bland disappointment into the hearts of students, who were competing for position among their fellows, at the regular monthly examination. We never could understand why these examinations are usually made so lengthy, as that it is impossible for a student who writes only with moderate rapidity, to answer all the

questions, even if he knows them quite well. Great speed in writing is a mechanical accomplishment of a like nature with running and jumping, and many hands are utterly incapable of any great degree of facility in it. It has been said in our hearing, that a long examination in a short space of time, is as fair for one member of the class as it is for another; but we humbly submit that it is *not* just to the man whose fingers have been stiffened by manual labour, to make him compete with one, who has been trained all his life, to wield the pen of the ready writer, and that in an examination in which the latter has barely time to get over it all. If, indeed, the examination be considered by the examiners to be merely a test of mechanical dexterity,—such as the University games,—we have nothing further to urge on the subject; let those, whose training and physical powers fit them for the contest, enter it and conquer. But, if the examination is held to be a test of the mental ability of those who are examined, and its results are understood to represent the faithful application of the students who succeed well in it, the slowest writer in the class should have ample time to answer all the questions given. This does not place any student at a disadvantage, for he, who has the ability to get over the work in less than the specified time, may profitably spend the surplus portion in reviewing his papers. We do not know of any single end which can be gained by such lengthy examinations as we have mentioned. It might be supposed that a long paper gives the examiner a better opportunity of judging the respective merits of candidates. This is true, if sufficient time has been given for *all* those under examination, to give a full answer to every point, but otherwise it affords no just standard of judgment, at all. For, in a case where only one or two of the swiftest writers have time to go over the whole paper thoroughly, a person whose knowledge of the

subject is only general, may be able to give a partial answer to every question, while a slow writer, whose knowledge may be systematic and thorough, has not time to do anything more; and thus these two are placed on an equality by the examination, while their intellectual position is very different. If these gentlemen were examined on a paper which would allow the slower penman time to bring forward his store of information, his superior attainments would immediately appear. We can understand why a limited time should be given in such a subject as Mathematics, because proficiency in that department implies a certain facility in working its problems; but in cases where the examination work consists of writing words only, the same rule does not hold good. Why should a man, who can write four thousand words in an hour, be held to be a better metaphysician, or more thoroughly skilled in Classic lore, than one who can write only two thousand? We do not mean to affirm that examiners are bound to gauge themselves by the number of pages sent in; but if every candidate has not had sufficient time to frame his answers, the case practically resolves itself into this:

When a student knows beforehand that he will get more questions at an examination than he will have time to answer, it has a tendency to make him careless in his preparation of that particular subject. Why should he spend time in carefully preparing himself for the examination, when he will not have time to set down what he does know, and will thus get no credit for it? If he study the subject from a sense of duty, or out of pure devotion to it, then what is the use of the examination? Such a method of examination has a tendency to produce careless habits of composition, and an almost illegible style of penmanship, which has made the hand-writing of University graduates a by-word all over the earth. Yet we have heard

examiners sarcastically criticise the penmanship which appeared on examination papers, even when the writer had been compelled to leave questions untouched. Those, who are bound to maintain their position at all hazards, and who are conscious of a lack of that lightning speed in wrist and fingers, which ensures success, instead of calmly studying the subject in all its bearings, confine their attention to a superficial analysis of the principal lines of thought which have been treated, and this analysis, in the form of firstly, secondly and thirdly, they are prepared to dash upon paper at the shortest notice whenever a question comes up, which bears upon the general outline in any degree. It is our opinion that if more time were given at these examinations, they would be much better tests of the relative attainments of the various candidates, and would be much easier, physically, upon both the examined and the examiner.

MEETINGS. &c.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

A LARGELY attended meeting of the above Society was held last Saturday evening (30th). The President, A. P. Knight, M.A., occupied the chair. The principal business transacted was the nomination of officers for the ensuing year. A more full report of the election will be given in our next issue. In the mean time we give the names of those elected by acclamation :

Non-resident Vice-President—D. B. MacLennan, M.A., Q.C., Cornwall, Ont.

Secretary—A. B. McCallum, of '80.

Treasurer—H. H. T. Shibley, of '81.

Immediately following, J. B. MacLaren, M.A., tendered his resignation of the position of Editor-in-Chief on the JOURNAL staff. This he was obliged to do, as he had received a situation in a law office in Toronto, where he may the better prosecute his legal studies.

The Society accepted his resignation and expressed by the following resolution their appreciation of his past services :

Resolved,—That while we accept Mr. MacLaren's resignation, we do so with feelings of regret, and take this opportunity of recording our high appreciation of his services, and the efficient manner in which he discharged his duties ; and we do now accompany him with our best wishes to his new home, where, we are confident, his gentlemanly deportment and intellectual attainments will win him many friends.

DIVINITY HALL.

IT has been the good fortune, and pleasure of the Theological Students to receive a Course of Scientific Lectures from the Rev. Dr. Bell. The lectures were of a nature, highly interesting, not only to Theological Students, but to all thinking persons who read the discussions continually going on between Science, Philosophy and Revelation. The Doctor in taking his leave, "having finished his course," expressed the hope, that the lectures might have, at least, the effect of stimulating energy in the direction of scientific research, which, at the present time, appears to be of greater importance to Ministers, than at any other time in the world's history. We hope for a continuation of these lectures next session.

LEAVING HOME.

TIME'S ceaseless tread with wonted speed,
Childhood's race and youth's has run :
As bud and blossom, fruit precede,
Proud manhood's journey has begun.

Those tender eyes that watched o'er youth,
Those willing hands that wants supplied,
By age made dim and feeble, both,
No more to care should be allied.

Those chains that held my youth are broke,
Like bird let loose from cage I'm free ;
Before me, cares and joys unspoke
Lie 'neath the waves of life's rough sea.

On thy threshold, dear home, I pause,
Scene of life's careless, happiest years,
Place of my birth, most sacred cause
For serious thoughts, for hope, for tears.

Loath to leave thy hallowed walls,
Where, spite of self, love reigns supreme,
Fearful to face life's sterner calls,
Lest they should prove not that they seem.

Where 'er on this wide world a home,
My wandering footsteps yet may find;
O'er lands, o'er seas my heart shall roam,
To thee, dear home, I've left behind.

Though half the world between us lie,
Though I should ne'er return to thee;
Fond recollections ne'er shall die,
Nor friends and home forgotten be.

Adieu! dear parents, fond adieu!
Adieu to all I love so well!
Nor time, nor space shall ties undo,
Farewell, my own dear home, farewell!

—DISCIPULUS, Q. C. K.

THE LECTURE NUISANCE.

THE amusements of our town, a friend informed us the other day, consist of public lectures and funerals, "Nature provides the latter," we rejoined, "but how do you manage to secure the former?" "Why," he said, "the programme gets filled up somehow; there is always a new clergyman of some denomination coming to the town, and he has to give one; other clergymen go to visit exhibitions, or the Holy Land, or the continent, and they on their return must tell the people all about their trip; a country brother can be sandwiched between these; sometimes a vice-chancellor, a promising barrister, a budding politician, or retired banker is secured; the programme, as a whole, is something of a *pot-pourri*, but it's cheap, and our people are not fastidious." Our friend's description will apply to more towns than one, but there are signs that the end of the cheap and trashy state of things is approaching. Lectures are being voted a nuisance; lecturers refuse invitations; and people refuse to come to be lectured. Our innumerable societies find ever-increasing difficulty in getting their programmes filled with the men of their choice, and when success crowns their efforts they receive but scanty thanks. Their friends refuse to buy tickets, and tell them that lectures are a bore, and when the lecturers survey the half-filled benches the conviction dawns on them that they made a mistake in leaving home. What is the cause of this apparent breaking down of the old system? Are lectures necessarily stale, flat and unprofitable? Or has their day gone by forever? No; good lectures are still good and bad lectures, like everything else, bad things, to be avoided or, if forced upon you, things to be cast out and trodden under foot of man. The real cause is that lecturers and lectured have not had fair play; they have not been allowed to occupy their own niche nor to stand on their own merits, nor have they been paid for when good in current coin of the realm, as every other good thing is paid for. They have been made stalking horses for all other objects, have been put to base uses and have been forced upon unwilling recipients. The first principles of political economy have been ignored in the treatment of them. Lectures will always serve an important place in the economy of society. Had there been no legitimate place and use for them the reaction against them that is now setting in would have happened long ago. Abuse must be followed by abstinence. One bad extreme leads to another extreme equally bad. A gentleman who receives an annual average of twenty or thirty invitations to lecture, told us the other day that he was about to compile a model form of invitation out of the last three or four letters he had received, and that it would run somewhat as follows:—"Dear Sir, The young men and the ladies of ——— have been considering how best to elevate the moral tone of the community and to advance at the same time the financial in-

terests of the congregation. They believe that the influence of the church on outsiders would be greatly improved if they could only add window blinds to the church, a carpet to the pulpit, and a new coalscuttle to the basement. It has never occurred to them to pay for these out of their own pockets. They believe that, if you could be induced to come and give one of your popular lectures, all the ends might be attained at once; they are sure that you will not decline this reasonable request. Please state the exact amount of your travelling expenses. One of the ladies has suggested that if you made a donation to the cause, of your travelling expenses, such generosity would be highly appreciated. Hoping for an answer by return of post, we remain, yours, ———. N. B.—We have fixed December 24th as the night of the lecture, believing that we can get the largest crowd on such an evening, and that any family engagements you may have for that night will be cheerfully postponed for the sake of the cause." The above form is doubtless exaggerated; it must be remembered that it comes from one who had smarted for years under such impertinences and been silent. Such is the evil. What is the cure? In the first place, lectures must be sought for, not as an adjunct to something else, not as a means of getting strangers to pay our own debts. This means that, if distinguished men are invited from a distance, a society that represents the general culture and intelligence of the place should invite them directly or through a Bureau. At present every congregation in every town has its Young Men's Association; then there are the Orange and Good Templar Lodges, Literary and Debating Clubs, Y. M. C. Associations, and a whole host of kindred bodies. Each thinks that it is entitled to go *in forma pauperis* to every man of repute it has ever heard of and beg for a lecture as a sort of genteel alms. All this must be put an end to. It should never be resorted to where self respect exists. Secondly, if people desire lectures let them be prepared to pay for them. This is the one practical test of whether their desire is real or not. Would they ask distinguished lawyers or doctors to travel hundreds of miles for them and offer them their travelling expenses as a remuneration? Thirdly, lecturers should refuse every invitation unless their regular rate is as a matter of course provided. Such a rule will winnow invitations and save a great deal of trouble in answering letters. Men will not continue to bestow labour on what they are not paid for. Good lecturers would come to be known—lectures would be carefully prepared. It is with lectures as with periodicals. A periodical that does not pay its contributors cannot live. It can succeed only when put on a proper commercial basis. Last session we heard Principal Grant remark that he had received about forty invitations to lecture, and that thereafter he intended to put in practice a rule which he had observed during his last years in Halifax, viz.: not to lecture anywhere for less than \$50 and expenses, and to charge large cities \$100, the proceeds to go to the Bursary and Library Funds, or other purposes equally good. If all lecturers adopted some such rule the beneficial effects would soon be apparent. A writer in the "Old Cabinet" of the October *Scribner*, gave as an instance of general intellectual apathy among Canadians, that the American Lyceum system stopped at the boundary line between the two countries. He was not very far wrong. We are glad to note, however, that a society now exists in Toronto that invites distinguished lecturers. We are sure that they do not get men like Wendell Phillips, or Joseph Cook, or Henry Ward Beecher, without paying for them.—JUVENIS.

Yes, it's a nice boarding-house, but there is one objection; they won't shingle the cow,—water will persist in getting into the milk."—*Transcript*.

ABOUT GEORGE ELIOT.

SO little accurate information has been given of George Eliot, and the order in which her works were published, that the facts of her life and labor are not without interest. It seems that she was born in Warwickshire, a little more than fifty-eight years ago. Before she had published a novel or gained any general reputation, she was well-known in London, whither she went in her seventeenth or eighteenth year, as a writer for the periodical press. She contributed largely to the "Westminster," and was at one time its editor—a remarkable circumstance, considering that she was then only twenty-three, and the "Review" the ablest in Great Britain. Her first sustained effort was the translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," (1846) speedily followed by the second, an English version of Fourbach's "Essence of Christianity." Eleven years later, a series of sketches appeared in Blackwood under the title of "Scenes of Clerical Life," supposed to have been based on her own experience in the home of a Church of England clergyman, who had substantially adopted her. They at once attracted attention by their freshness and vigor of treatment, and brought her pen-name, then used for the first time, into a prominence which has since steadily increased. The year following she published "Adam Bede"—she was thirty-eight at this time—and took rank as one of the first of living novelists. "Adam Bede" introduced her to the literary world at large, to the readers of this country as well as to those of Europe. Although her signature was generally thought to be fictitious, very few outside of her immediate circle—a very narrow one—had any notion of her personality. "Who is George Eliot?" was widely discussed in London, most persons feeling confident that her sex was masculine. "Adam Bede" it was positively asserted by numberless wisecracks, could not have been written by a woman; every line of it was a demonstration of manhood. It is not often that a famous novelist has written his or her first novel so late in life. But she had been evidently storing her mind for the task, and had stored it richly. Her second novel, "The Mill on the Floss," was published in 1859, and amply sustained her fame. "Silas Marner," regarded by many as the best of her books, came in two years after, and in another year "Romola," which, though the most artistic of her stories, has never had the wide acceptance of the others. By this time she was everywhere known to be Marian Evans, albeit no such avowal had been, or ever has been, made. "Felix Holt" was published in 1866, "Middlemarch" in 1872, and "Daniel Deronda" in 1876. She has issued several volumes of poetry, but they have not increased her fame being wholly inferior to her compositions in prose. Up to the present, "Middlemarch" is ranked by the mass of her readers and critics as her masterpiece.—*Sel.*

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HAMILTON.—The Students here are advocating a dancing school, and seem to deplore the fact that there are some Students who, in hoping "to wear on a borrowed watch chain with no watch, that simple bit of gold whose only ornaments are three Greek letters, a hand, a few stars and their own name," seem "to forget that all important and thoroughly good time,—Senior Ball." After hearing this, if a dancing school is not established it will show a great want of *esprit de corps* among the Students.—The Freshman class numbers 29 men.

CORNELL.—Base Ball seems to prosper, especially in the hands of the Freshmen, who astonished the Seniors a short time ago by defeating them by a score of 20 to 7.—The University team in playing against the town, defeated them by a score of 13 to 1.—Prof. Goldwin Smith

has finished his course of six lectures, on English Constitutional History—Cornell is going to compete with Harvard for the honour of going to England as the Champion oarsmen of American Universities.

PRINCETON.—Foot Ball is prospering and the University team is victorious.—The degree of A.M. will be of some value henceforward at Princeton, it requires a special post-graduate course.—Lawn Tennis has been introduced as a mild substitute for shot guns and strange to say is becoming popular.—This is Princeton's 133rd year, her Freshman class numbers a few over 100.

YALE.—The Library has received a gift of 1300 volumes in Chinese, from Alumnus, Yang Wing, we hope they will be diligently perused.—Altogether there are about 114,000 books in the Library.—Yale received a bequest of \$175,000 during the past year.

HARVARD.—Freshmen carry off the honours at the Athletic Association.—Harvard will compete with Columbia and Cornell for the championship of American Universities in boating.—There are 233 Freshmen.

MCGILL.—The formation of a legal Glee Club is on the tapis.—Smoking has been prohibited in the lecture rooms of the Faculty of Law.—On dit, one of our younger Professors is soon to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

COLUMBIA.—Hall-rushes are now "the thing." The Freshmen are irrepressible.—Dean Stanley recently paid a visit to the University, and an informal reception was held, where many of the Faculty were presented to the Dean.—There are 74 men in the Senior class of the School of Mines.

HOBART has 19 Freshmen, the largest entering class since the war.—*Ex.*

AMHERST has a larger attendance this year than ever before. There are 90 Freshmen.—*Ex.*

The oldest college professor in actual service in America is the Rev. Dr. Lyman Coleman, of Lafayette. He is 83 years of age.—*Ex.*

ABOUT twenty students at Brown served as hotel waiters at Martha's Vineyard this summer.

FOUR hundred "Colleges" in the United States; three thousand seven hundred professors.

TWO hundred and thirty students at Monmouth have been ordered by the faculty to disband their secret societies or leave. By this action a bequest of \$20,000 is secured to the college.

VASSAR COLLEGE girls have a secret society, called "The Vassarians," and any member who forgets her dignity and slides down the stair-railing is fined thirty-one peanuts and a stick of gum.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

REV. Dr. Jardine is now lecturing to the students in Divinity Hall. The subject of his lectures, is the "Evidence and Defence of Christianity."

Go to Gage Bros. for Holiday presents.

DR. GRANT has recovered from his illness. He left the city on the 30th ult., to resume his "Endowment Scheme" work, in the Capital and vicinity.

G. R. WEBSTER, B.A., Attorney, &c. at Law, was in the city for a few days visiting his friends. He is looking extremely well after his Rheumatics.

REV. T. S. Glassford, B.A., was in the city over Sunday. He was on his way to Owen Sound, Ont.

Two months of foot ball practice has been ruinous to the *soles* of many of our students; we would recommend to them, A. Sutherland, or E. Rose, Princess Street.

THE boys are getting hilarious in the Hall—cause of said effect? Christmas is coming.

AND still they come! Two more Freshmen, Mr. McLeod, of Frich, and Mr. Pinkerton, of Walkerton, joined the classes this week.

ALMA MATER elections have engaged the students' attention this week. A deeper interest pervades the worthy Seniors' countenance.

COLLEGE ILLUMINATION.—A few honor men, who are wont to be seated in the Natural Philosophy Class Room about 5 P.M., listening to the Doctor, as he discourses eloquence and wisdom amid the silence and the gloom—rendered more awful by the flickering of a tallow candle—have become more charitable towards the "evolution idea" of the origin, in the monkey, of the thoughts of futurity.

MESSRS Woods and Henderson have a large variety of Xmas' and New Year's Cards of elegant design. This is the time, no more delay.

DR. BELL finishes his course of lectures on the 6th instant.

WHAT a serene and quiet joy must have reigned in the heart of that impatient Sophomore the other night, as he pensively gazed on his best felt, playfully disporting itself in the "middle mire" of Princess street. His blooming fair one had to calm *her* impatience, while he returned home, and, with a "sweet smile of contentment" put on the good old felt of former days.

CORRECT thing for Holidays, whist and dinner parties, is the Vanity Fair Cigarettes, with your monogram.

IF cleanliness be next to Godliness, "a fact unquestionable in our minds," it is to be feared Kingston is a very Godless city just at present.

How careless and destructive persons are naturally apt to be, with that, which has cost them nothing. This fact is strikingly illustrated in the College Reading Room. Take notice.

THE Foot Ball Team are in high glee over the prospects, of a play, with the Carletons of Toronto.

SUNDAY morning prayer meetings are better attended than in former sessions. But still there is room for more.

LATER.—Our expectations of seeing a game of football on Wednesday, were not realized. The Carletons wrote the Secretary of our Club on Tuesday, telling him it was not possible for them to muster a team fit to go to Kingston. This, they said, was owing to the fact of their best men belonging to the "Queen's Own," and their services were required on Thanksgiving Day. However, we have their word now for a match on the 14th inst. This we hope will be a sufficient apology to the friends who assembled on the Grounds, Wednesday afternoon.

PERSONAL.

JOHN B. DOW, B.A., '75, has passed his "Barrister-at-Law" examination. He launches forth upon the more stern realities of life in his native town, Whitby. He has our best wishes.

G. R. WEBSTER, B.A., of '75 has passed his examination for Attorney-at-Law, and according to the local papers

is gazetted to open an office in Brockville. May he as successfully surmount the difficulties in the way of life, towards prosperity, as he did those in the way of his examination.

JOHN SNODGRASS who is an alumnus of Queen's, is studying Theology in Edinburgh, Scotland.

REV. JOHN PRINGLE, B. A., of '75, is now, in all probability, settled as Minister of the Presbyterian congregations of Georgetown, and Limehouse, Ont. The call was all that could be desired.

JOS. ANDERSON, of '81, has fallen heir to a fortune.

JOHN B. MACLAREN, M. A., who has been our "Editor in-Chief," left for Torontolast week. He intends finishing his law course there. We wish him all success.

EX-PRINCIPAL JARDINE, M. A., B. D., of '66, formerly of Calcutta, India, has received a call from St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, N. B.

WM. JOHN GIBSON, B.A., of '74, Head Master of Renfrew High School, purposes returning after the holidays, to his Alma Mater, to enter the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

JOHN LINDSAY who is an alumnus of '76, is studying medicine, at McGill Medical College,

CHAS. McDOWELL, B. A., of '77, who has been Assistant Master in Orangeville High School during the past eighteen months, has secured the Head Mastership of Renfrew High School. Chas. is evidently faithful to the watchword of his Alma Mater, "onward and upward."

ALEX. MCLEAN, B.A., of '78, has been lying dangerously ill in Ross, Ont, but is now slowly recovering.

H. M. DYCKMAN, B. A., of '77, has resumed his studies in Union Theo'l Seminary, New York. He was obliged to suspend his studies at the Xmas holidays last session on account of weak eyes.

CORRECTION.—The amount of the late Mr. Sutherland's will, was \$15,000 instead of \$5,000 as stated in our last issue.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE particular "we" of the present writing is not metaphysically inclined, but he is nevertheless occasionally struck with the mysteries involved in the ideas of time and space. It is thus he is afflicted at present, and it is with these that he might inflict his readers, were he not struck with the beautiful adaptation of one to the other in the case now under consideration. His time is short, his space is small, the ideas fit and he is happy.

It is perhaps on account of our even frame of mind that we are persuaded to read through the *Oracle*. We are glad we did. The present number is as good an issue of it as we have seen. Some of the short articles are rather spicy, and those on the "Study of History" and the "Benefit of Newspaper Reading" are very readable.

WE are glad to welcome the *Cornell Review* for the present Session. Unlike the ordinary run of College papers, it contains a serial story translated from the Spanish. Its article on "Learning German in Germany," is both interesting and instructive, and the Editorial Department is well managed.

THE *McGill Gazette* has a good article on irresponsible voters.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.—This is a valuable addition to our exchange list, and one which we can recommend to all

classes of readers. The October number, among other first rate articles, has an article on "Imperialism," by Hon. R. Lowe, M.P., treating of the policy of the present Government in England. "A Chinese Romance," which is something new and attractive in the line of fiction, and an article by G. I. Romanes, interesting to Students of Science, on "The beginning of Nerves in the Animal Kingdom," also articles on "Charles Lamb," "Alexander Dumas," and a poem on "A Rigput Chief of the old School" by A. C. Lyall.

THE December number of the *Canadian Monthly*, issued from the same Publishing House, gives promise of being if anything above the usual standard.

WE also acknowledge *Canadian Spectator*, *Acta Columbiana*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Scottish American*, *Richmond College Messenger* and others.

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

A PHILOSOPHICAL Senior describes a student's moustache as "not a tangible entity, but a mental concept.—*Oberlin Review*.

Funus una curabat, "one funeral cured him."—*Ex*.

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
Until at last familiar with thy face
We first abhor, then pity, then embrace!"—*Era*.

SCHOOLMASTER: "What is the meaning of equinox?"
Pupil (who knows something of Latin derivations):
"Please, Sir, it's Latin for nightmare."

A STUDENT, soliloquizing as his eyes rested languidly on the Ladies' Academy, said: "A faint heart never won a fair lady. I wonder if it ever won a *brunette*."—*Argosy*.

A YOUNG man was married against the wishes of his parents, and in telling a friend how to break the news to them, said: "Tell them first that I am dead, and gently work up to the climax."—*Ex*.

A FLORIDA negro mistook a mule for a ghost, and poked it with a stick. The verdict decided that he came to his death by using too short a stick in probing the unknowable for evidence of a future existence.

"Don't you love her still?" asked the Judge of the man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her still better than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still."

A BOSTON man seeks a divorce from his wife because she won't move oftener than once a year. He just dotes on putting down carpets, and putting up stoves, and eating his supper on the head of a flour barrel.

A FACETIOUS brakeman on the Central Pacific Railroad cried out as the train was about entering a tunnel: "This tunnel is one mile long, and the train will be four minutes passing through it." The train dashed into daylight again in four seconds, and the scene within the car was a study for a painter. Seven young ladies were closely pressed by seven pairs of masculine arms, fourteen pairs of lips were glued together, and two dozen whiskey flasks flashed in the air.

TUTOR: "What can you say of the second law of thought?"
Student: "It can not both be and not be. For example, the door over there must be either shut or open; it cannot be both shut and open."
Tutor: "Give another illustration."
Student: "Well, take the case of another door

JOHN MCINTYRE, M. A.,

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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IT is perhaps of infinitesimal consequence but it may be of interest to collegians to know that of the whole thirteen Cabinet Ministers, it appears from the *Parliamentary Companion*, only one, the Hon. Senator Aikins is a University man, strictly so called, he being an Alumnus of Victoria College. For some reason or other, it would seem that University men do not take to Canadian public life, or taking to it, do not succeed in making their mark in politics.

IT is rumoured now that all irritating questions of precedence have been removed by the death of Chief Justice Harrison, that the Hon. Thomas Moss, Chief Justice of Ontario, will be bestowed the honor of Knighthood, conferred on the Chief Justice of Quebec, Sir A. A. Dorion, a couple of years since. The rumour is of interest to University men, owing to the fact that Chief Justice Moss is Vice-Chancellor of the

University of Toronto, the Chancellor of which, by the way, the Hon. Edward Blake declined a similar honour when proffered to him a year or two ago.

AS before remarked, above all the nauseating priggery which the very fresh Freshman is guilty of, the most nauseating is that which takes the shape of christening college societies with Greek letters. Where is the rhyme or reason, with an assumption of prodigious learning, of dubbing a society the Pi Beta Kappa, or the Mu Sigma Rho? It would be more appropriate to designate some of these Grecian Lodges the $\delta.o.v.\chi$. societies, or the $\gamma.\beta.\pi.$, as they seem to retain all their youthful love for those toothsome discs of paste and preserves.

THE question as to whether the system of a protective tariff is a wise one, or not, is of such vital importance to the material interests of the country that it deserves the most careful attention that can be bestowed upon it, and especially by the ripening intelligence of our young men. The more fully and scientifically the problem is discussed the more likelihood of the diffusion of correct views on the subject, though self-interest is so intricately bound up with its solution that the greed of the pocket is dangerously likely in many cases to triumph over the counsels of reason. With a view to the dissemination of impartial notions concerning this great trade controversy a gold medal was offered last Spring for competition among the Arts, Divinity and Medical students of Queen's, the tests being an

examination upon certain works in Political Economy, prescribed in the Calendar, and an essay on the practical results of the Free Trade and Protective systems in England and the United States respectively, the latter to be given in not later than the 8th of April next. As the subject lies somewhat out of the track of the usual University course, the matter is referred to here so that the possibility of its being overlooked may be avoided, and a spirited competition take place for the distinction of special knowledge on this living and absorbing question.

ONE of the most insidious shapes which protean Humbug assumes is the disguise of a big sounding phrase which makes an imposing noise, but which when seized hold of and examined signifieth little or nothing." Sometimes it is "the Church and State in danger," sometimes "a spirited foreign policy," or mayhap it is "the glorious traditions of our ancestors" with which the Tapers and Tadpoles, attempt to gull, and succeed in gulling thoughtless people with a weakness for sonorous catch-words. And it is not in politics alone that this type of Humbug is influential, for we have a recent instance in which it is shown to be invading the consideration of even University affairs where, one would fancy, only precise argument would rule. The *Toronto Mail* prints a dolorous wail from a graduate of Toronto University bemoaning the denationalization of that institution and wringing his hands at the alleged decay of "national" plans in its management. The editor catches up the mournful refrain, and in three-quarters of a column of a wonderful mash compounded of milk and water and bathos, also laments that Toronto University is not so "national" as it used to be, and asserts that "a wide-spread feeling of anxiety exists in the country in regard to the changes that are being wrought in it." This, of course, is supreme

nonsense, evolved out of the inner consciousness of one carried clean off his feet by the breeziness of the word "national." Without going into the merits of the question of affiliation, it may be safely asserted that there are not three score of people in the "country" who care a brass farthing whether Toronto University is "national" or not. Victoria is prospering famously; Queen's is about to double its capacities and multiply its usefulness; both of their degrees are as valuable as those given by the "national" University, save in the profound judgment of some youthful *eleve* of the last. It is pure bathos to chatter about being "national," as if there were some occult educational virtue in the phrase. There is no royal or "national" road to learning, any more than there is to a country's wealth; and while Queen's and Victoria continue to maintain or augment their already sufficient appliances for imparting a sound University education, to invent "a wide-spread anxiety throughout the country" on the "national" subject is a very puerile and thoughtless proceeding. What the country wants is not fine sounding talk about a "national" University, but, within the limits of prudence, to make a University education as accessible to its youth as possible. We concede that the word is a very grand one, dazzling to weak intellects, but University matters should not be regulated by rhetorical mouthfuls. England has no less than two "national" Universities, and yet a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge may not have drunk more deeply at the Pierian spring than say a Toronto University man. It may be affirmed with tolerable certainty that as far as University education goes, Germany is one of the best educated countries in the world, but Germans with their dozens of colleges do not stop to dally with the fine phrase of a "national University," thinking more of the education of their people than for glittering

ideas which when investigated amount to little more than the proverbial row of pins. So with Scotland ; so with the United States, where, however, the other extreme has in some cases been touched, by the multiplication of insufficiently endowed colleges. But better to have too many than too few, whatever the "nationalists" of Toronto, benevolently anxious to civilize outside barbarians and "elevate the standard," may be disposed to think. Without prejudice to the idea of affiliation, which might or might not be feasible, we cannot but indulge a laugh at the bathos of the *Mail* and its grand "national" notions of University affairs, as well as at the noble conceit of those Toronto men who fancy that a University education can be obtained in Ontario only within the walls of that self-satisfied and benign institution.

ONE of the benefactors of our Alma Mater—the Rev. Alexander Lewis, of Mono—has passed away at the ripe age of 90 years. Mr. Lewis was born and educated in the Province of Ulster, Ireland. Upwards of sixty years ago he emigrated to Nova Scotia, where he laboured indefatigably in the district of Sherbrooke. After a time, he pushed westward to Upper Canada, and settled in Mono, where he continued to reside until his death. His parish was at first almost the extent of an Episcopal Diocese. As years glided by, he had the pleasure of seeing one portion after another of its outlying sections set off by the Presbytery into large and self-sustaining congregations. Mr. Lewis was of genial, sprightly disposition—sound judgment, practical good sense, and in his pulpit ministrations oft showed himself to be "the old man eloquent." He had a pleasant smile for all and everybody had a kindly word for him. Some years ago he received a legacy from a relative, a dignitary (we believe) of the Episcopal Church in Ireland. This he resolved to tithe, and ac-

cordingly remitted \$400 to the Treasurer of Queen's College. This forms the foundation of the Lewis Prize.

CONTRIBUTED.

DEAR EDITOR,—Please insert this in your next issue, and oblige a Student.

A STUDENT'S DEBATING SOCIETY.

A Debating Society having been established by the Students of Morrin College, Quebec, a meeting was held in one of the classrooms on Friday evening, 6th inst. The following gentlemen were elected Officers for the ensuing year:—

Honorary President.—Dr. Cook.

President.—Prof. McQuarrie, B.A.

Vice-President.—J. T. Paterson.

Sec'y-Treas.—H. Hemming, Jr.

The programme for the evening consisted of a reading by Mr. McConachie, and a paper by Mr. Andrew Maxwell on "The Life and Poems of Lord Byron."

MEETINGS.

DIVINITY HALL.

REV. Dr. Jardine, who has been lecturing to the Students in Theology, closed his very interesting course on Friday morning, 13th inst. He expressed his pleasure in lecturing to the Students, and thanked them for the hearty manner in which his lectures were received.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING of the above Association was held in Divinity Hall, Saturday morning. The business of the meeting consisted in hearing and adopting reports of members who were engaged in the Mission work during the summer. Mr. McCannel, who had officiated as assistant to the Rev. D. Ross of Lancaster, gave a very interesting report of his field work and financial remuneration.

Mr. Thom, who laboured on Wolfe Island, feasted the members on a most excellent and carefully prepared report, which contained a brief history of the field for some years back, showing causes of weakness, in the support of the Church, in a financial way. At the present time, things are more encouraging, in the prospect of the Church being removed to the village. The Society expressed its approval of the reports, and especially the written report of Mr. Thom.

A motion was made and carried, to the effect that the movement, started last session, in regard to building, with the help of the Presbyterian Churches in the City, a Mission Church in the West End, be revived and carried into effect, if possible. A committee was appointed to meet with each session of the three Presbyterian churches, and devise ways and means to proceed with the scheme.

There being no further business demanding attention, the meeting closed in the regular way, to meet the first Saturday after the holidays.

ALMA MATER.

THE Annual Meeting of the Society took place on Friday evening, 6th inst. The usual interest attending the election of officers was manifested in the large assemblage of Theological, Arts, and Medical Students, also Graduates and Alumni, that occupied the forms of the Classical class-room. The President, A. P. Knight, M. A., occupied the Chair. The meeting was called to order at 7.30 p.m., and the minutes of the last regular meeting were read and sustained. The reports of retiring officers being in order, the Sec'y, Mr. George McArthur, responded to the time-honored custom, and gave a graphic and encouraging report of matters in general. Mr. McMillan followed with a report of the state of the Treasury,—which had suddenly become healthy, from the appearance of the table in front of the Treasurer.

The election of officers was now immediately proceeded with. The chief interest centered in the election of President, and next in order was the election of Vice-Presidents—two being elected annually. The anticipated contest in the election of President vanished on the resignation of Mr. R. Shaw, B.A., and in consequence the election of Prof. Dupuis was declared unanimous. The result of the election was :

President.—N. F. Dupuis, M. A. F. B. S., Edin.

Non-Resident Vice-President.—D. B. MacLennan, M.A., Q.C., Cornwall.

Resident Vice-Presidents.—M. McKay of '79, and Wm. Stewart of '79.

Secretary.—A. B. McCallum of '80.

Treasurer.—H. H. T. Shibley of '81.

Critic.—James Cumberland, B.A., of '77.

Executive Committee.—Messrs. Cameron, B.A., Wilson, B.A., and Rathbun.

A vote of thanks was carried, and tendered to the retiring officers, and, on motion the meeting adjourned.

ELOCUTION ASSOCIATION.

THE second Public Entertainment for the present session was given on Friday evening, 13th inst., the President, Prof. Watson, in the Chair. The programme was opened by the Glee Club rendering "Blue Bells," which they did in admirable style, showing considerable improvement as the result of their practice since the last entertainment. Mr. James Ross, B.A., read an extract from an Exeter Hall lecture, and by his elegant diction, claimed the attention of the audience to the ideas expressed. He was followed by Mr. J. G. Stuart, B.A., who gave "Jud Brown's Opinion of Rubenstein," in so natural a manner as to convulse the audience with laughter. Messrs. Heath and Daly were well received in their duet "Swallows, Happy Swallows," and were heartily encored.

Messrs. Taft and Davis were next on the programme for the well-known dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, but Cassius being confined by a severe cold, Mr. Taft, *solus*, gave "Wolsey's Soliloquy," from Henry VIII. The audience was next treated to "Scotch Words" by Mr. Robert Nairn, who appeared quite at home in their use, after which Mr. John Young made his first appearance reading "The True Gentleman," by Eliza Cook, and showed that his ability is not confined to the Football field alone. The Glee Club next contributed "Hetai Roi," and as an encore sang "Co-ca-che-lunk," as students often do. Mr. T. A. Elliott closed the programme by a serio-comic selection from Waller's "Spanish Duel," admirably rendered. After singing the National Anthem, the audience dispersed, and a number of the students proceeded to "make night hideous" by the customary serenade.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

ON Saturday evening, Dec. 14th, a largely attended meeting of the Alma Mater Society, was held. The newly-elected President, Prof. N. F. Dupuis, M.A., F.B.S., Edin. occupied the Chair. After the transaction of some minor business, the President delivered his 'Inaugural Address,' with a full report of which we are glad to be able to favor our readers, since it involves the discussion of a subject, which, at the present time, is engaging the attention of the supporters of higher education in Canada.

The address was as follows:

Gentlemen, Graduates and Students;

As is customary upon occasions like the present, I appear before you for the purpose of thanking you for your good will in tendering to me the position of President of the Alma Mater Society for the ensuing year, and of acknowledging my acceptance of that position. I must confess, however, that it was not without some feeling of solicitude upon my part that I allowed myself to be brought forward as a candidate for this the most honorable position in your gift. But having given my word, a sense of duty compels me to accept that which you have so kindly bestowed. In this Society the occupation of the President's chair by a member of the Senate is rather an unusual arrangement, although I believe it is not an

unprecedented one. Whether such a union of the powers that be, will be profitable to the Association or not is a question to be answered only by the results of the present experiment. For my own part I am no admirer of experimental failures, and will therefore do what in me lies to make the present one a success. I come before you not as a stranger but as an old member of the Alma Mater Society. About 15 years ago, possibly before some of the younger members here to-night had ever heard of a college, I paid my dollar and was enrolled a member of this Society. Fifteen years a member of it, circumstances conspired to prevent me from reaping any particular advantages from such membership. I never looked for, in truth never wished for the position of President, although there was probably no sufficient reason why I should not aspire to such a position, except indeed it were that I was not altogether properly situated to attend the meetings and take part in the learned discussions. For fifteen years, however, I have watched the growing prosperity of this Society with pleasure, and have never been slow in lending a helping hand to raise it higher in the public estimation—I have time and again forgone my own pleasure to minister to the pleasure of others in order that the Society's friends might be properly and successfully entertained—and yet I say this in no boastful spirit. I have but endeavored to do my duty, and I know of a certainty that I have done no more than any one having the interest of his Alma Mater at heart should do. It is an old saying that "work and not words is the proof of love." And if all the sons of Queen's would but work as well and as earnestly as they talk, there would be no doubt about the character of her future, or of the sentiment which they cherish towards her. In accepting the presidency of this Association then, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not accept it as a remuneration for anything that I have done—I should refuse, I should scorn to accept it upon any such terms. But gentlemen, our Alma Mater is a common Mother to you and to me. You have been identified with her as students, some for nearly seven years, and others for not so many months; I as student and tutor and professor for nearly 16 years. If you have reason to be proud of her success in later years and of the positions taken by her worthy sons; I have more reason to be so. If you can look back for a few years and contemplate with a sense of relief her happy escape from the surging wave and the threatening reef into the comparatively deep and tranquil waters of the inner lagoon; my sense of relief must be greater than yours, inasmuch as I had to man the vessel in her perilous passage. If you can look forward to the future of your Alma Mater, and long to see her star in the ascendant shedding a clear and steady light to guide her to higher and better things—my solicitude for such a consummation is greater than yours, as I feel that a part of it at least must be due to my individual efforts. And yet there is no inherent difference between you and me. Beneath her fostering care we are both drawing from our Alma Mater such intellectual nourishment as she has to give; you for a shorter time, I for a longer—and as we are both now students, claiming to be ranked as sons of the same honorable Mother, so may we sustain her high name by continuing to be faithful and hard-working students—not growing weary in well doing—but endeavoring to the best of our ability to discharge our duties towards God and man until the evening bell shall toll the last class as done, and shall invite us into a long looked for and welcome rest.

As you all are aware I am in the midst of my winter's work. During the present week I have had to give 16 lectures of which 10 were experimental, and to hold one examination, and all this without an assistant. It will not be difficult then for you to understand that I have but little time left for preparing

inaugural addresses. Besides, the present week, owing to other circumstances, has been particularly unpropitious. Nevertheless, knowing that something would be expected of me, and being quite unwilling that such expectations should end in complete disappointment, I have put together a few thoughts upon some peculiar phases which the question of higher education in the province is assuming at the present time, and more particularly as to how Queen's College stands in relation to them. Nearly 40 years ago this institution was founded, and that not without a cause. No "University College" then existed in Toronto, and that which was there established some time after was at first a mere Sectarian School, exacting sectarian tests from those who sought to enter its classes. Under such a state of affairs Queen's College, and, what may probably in this connection be called her sister, Victoria College, sought for and obtained corporate existence as independent, although to some extent, sectarian colleges with university powers. It is quite necessary then, to remember the circumstances which originated these sister universities, and also to bear in mind that Queen's at least, I am not capable from want of knowledge of speaking for Victoria, never exacted any religious or sectarian test from those desiring to enter her classes as students, whether such persons looked forward to a degree or not. But a college could not be expected to get along without funds, so subscriptions were obtained for the purpose of supporting this newly established institution. Scarcely, however, had the subscriptions begun to come in, when the disastrous and foolish split in the Presbyterian body took place, and thus large portions of the amount subscribed were never paid. This, the first attempt at the endowment of Queen's, was thus a discouraging one. Without going into details, it is sufficient to state that King's College, which had managed by special influences to get and to keep the lion's share of the lands and properties set apart for the support of higher education in this country, finally threw off its sectarian character and became as it now is the University College of Toronto under the special care and ostensible control of the Government. But now came another phase of the educational question. As a set off to the palpable injustice by which Queen's College was denied her portion of the educational funds, she was allowed a certain annual grant of money from the Government. The wonderful discovery was, however, soon made that it was a political crime to give any portion of the public funds to support a sectarian college. We are all aware that great discoveries are not made all at once, but that oftentimes they are the outcome of a combination of peculiar circumstances. It is instructive, however, to see how quickly self-interest can shape itself into one of the peculiar circumstances. If the chief of a gang of smugglers were made a custom house officer, the acts of his former fellows in defrauding the customs department would immediately stand forth in a new light. For years public educational funds had been squandered by one sectarian institution in perfect innocence, but no sooner does it throw off the dark and stifling robes of sect, and breathe the pure and invigorating air of freedom than the discovery is made that to give public funds to a sectarian college is to perpetrate a crime against the people. There is no use in contending against superior powers—*Collegium Reginae est delendum*, and accordingly the grant was withdrawn. It must be remembered that while all sectarian institutions, sectarian only in their government and not in their appointment, were included in the same category, I am speaking only of Queen's. This was certainly a misfortune for Queen's, for at that particular time she needed all the aid she could get. If it had come alone, however, it would not have been so terribly disastrous, for the money grant was at no time very large. But, as if to ratify the old proverb that "mis-

fortune never comes singly" the Commercial Bank in which the College had invested a large portion of its capital, became insolvent about the same time. These two things gave a blow to old Queen's which shook her to the very foundations. If she had not been more tenacious of life than the legendary nine-lived cat, she would have closed her doors, and the hundreds of graduates which she has since sent out would have claimed, if indeed they had been educated at all, some other institution as their Alma Mater. Even then it is not all told. As if these troubles were not sufficient, the College was also tried by internal difficulties, more generally disastrous if possible than external ones. The consequence was that the classes became discouragingly reduced in numbers, so that in one year we numbered but 29 students in Arts and Divinity together. I had myself in one session the very unpleasurable pleasure of lecturing to a class of two students; and in those days a class meant all in a given year of the curriculum. Queen's College was truly humiliated and cast down—then might the traitor and the faithless desert her ranks—but her sons, true to the sacred trust committed to them of honoring their Alma Mater rallied to her aid throughout the length and breadth of the land. An appeal was made to her graduates and friends by Dr. Snodgrass and Prof. Mackerras, and the result showed that the country was not prepared to give up Queen's College. This was the second endowment, and it proved a signal success. Like many another great misfortune this proved to be a blessing in disguise. It freed the institution from a dependence upon a precarious government grant; while the appeal to the country carried the name and character of Queen's College into localities where the very existence of such a college was previously unknown. From this time the prospects of the College grew gradually brighter and from year to year the roll of her students grew longer. And thus with peace and good will prevailing within her walls, and without, with faithful teachers and industrious students we have brought her down to the present time. The year of the advent of Principal Grant must always be a memorable one in the history of Queen's College, inasmuch as it marks the commencement of the third endowment, which you all know to be such a glorious success. But the country having been freed from the sin of contributing to the support of sectarian institutions, and many other difficulties having been overcome, is the discontented party now satisfied? By no means. The cry is raised throughout the land that we have too many degree-granting institutions—that the standard of education is being lowered—that something must be done to establish a uniform standard—and much more of the same kind. Whether such complaints are justifiable or not is not a question with which I intend to deal to-night. But I believe that such statements are easily answered. In the first place, Queen's College has never lowered the standard for the degree of Artium Baccalaureum—on the other hand she has for several years past been gradually but continually raising it; until at the present time her requirements for that degree will in general bear comparison with those of any university in the Dominion, if not with those of any in the world. Our course is not framed for specialists—and we do not make any pretentious boasts of such adaptation—but we claim to give a free and liberal education and that should be the great end and aim of a collegiate course. In the second place, if the multiplication of degree-granting institutions be a crime, who are the perpetrators and continuers of it? Certainly not Queen's College or her sister Victoria. These, as I have shown, were established when there was an actual necessity for them; can such be said of all others? What consistency, then, is there in that Janus-faced principle which with one month proclaims that a multiplication of degree-granting institutions

is an evil; and with the other continues and augments the evil by sanctioning the granting of like powers to another institution not yet 2 years old. In the third place; it the country is so solicitous about a uniform standard, let it establish a degree of its own and appoint its own examiners, and then it can make the standard just whatever it pleases. For such a degree young men from any of the universities might be admitted as candidates, after having graduated from their respective institutions. I see no better or more equitable way than this; there would be no dearth of candidates, and Queen's would not fear to stake her reputation upon the achievement of those who wear her laurels. But this is not the proposed method of getting rid of the present difficulties. The country admits that it has established too many degree-granting institutions, and in order to cure the consequent evils, it proposes to itself the commission of an act of injustice. This curing one evil by another is surely Homeopathy with a vengeance. But what is the proposed cure? *University consolidation*. What a mouth full of syllables—it certainly exercises the vocal organs if it does nothing else. And what does it mean? It means the taking away of rights and privileges which have been granted in good faith to certain corporate bodies. If such bodies had no claim to these privileges they should not have been given to them. And if they have a claim it is simply unjust to remove the privilege without some act of theirs which invalidates their right to hold it any longer. It is proposed by some to pay an annual grant to the universities which are willing to relinquish or hold in abeyance such privileges. But how does this accord with the principle that it is criminal to give public funds to support sectarian institutions? But, gentlemen, whatever it may mean to you, sufficient preliminary attempts have shown that to those who clamor most for it, university consolidation means simply University absorption. That it means sinking our individuality in that of Toronto University and University College for they are to all, except those having powers of discrimination not common among men, one and the same thing. And I do not believe that Queen's is prepared to give up her independence and cease to act, except at the will and beck of another. A university is not like the fungus that can be sown in the morning and reaped in the evening. It may rather be likened to a highway which was originally opened for the convenience of a few, but whose borders have been gradually taken possession of by one after another until the whole line is populated. It is easy enough to say to those in the enjoyment of it, if you will allow us to close up this highway you can change your habitations and enjoy the advantages of a larger road which skirts the other limits of your possessions. But in doing so you forget the money and means that have been expended in building houses and barns, in sinking wells and planting gardens—you forget the labor that has been given to the beautifying of the home by hands that possibly work no more—you forget the memories which link us to the lovely spot where boyhood's days were bright with hope, and where every stone and tree and swelling hill and rippling stream and every sheltered nook is yet familiar. You may say that this is mere sentiment—but can that be so called which makes up so much of life's pleasures and life's enjoyments? A university that has outlived a generation and which numbers upwards of 700 goodly sons is not to be uprooted by the mere pass of the magician's wand. Sons of Queen's, you may yet become a power in this land if you so will it. Remember then your Alma Mater in her prosperity as others have done in her adversity. Work for her—speak for her—plead for her—pray for her—for to you in part is committed the noble and sacred trust of honoring and exalting her good name and of keeping her intact from the hands of the despoiler.

SUMMER REMINISCENCES.

I.—CANOES AND CANOEING.

BY A TOURIST.

WEBSTER defines a canoe to be "A boat used by rude nations, formed of the body or trunk of a tree, excavated, by cutting or burning into a suitable shape." This, he says, is now sometimes used by civilized men, he also says, it is "A boat of bark or skins, used by savages." Why he makes this broad distinction we know not, for we see no reason why the latter, as well as the former, should not be occasionally used by civilized men. Be this as it may, this article treats, not of the first mentioned class ordinarily known to most of us as "dugouts," but of a kind belonging to the latter class, viz.: Birch barks.

Those of my readers, who have never seen a birch bark canoe, whether gliding through the water propelled by its short, light paddle, or raised on the shoulders of its owner in travelling over a portage, have yet to see one of the most finished specimens of the mechanical ingenuity of the American Indian, for the benefit of these, I will attempt, in as short a space as possible, to give as plain an idea as I can, in the absence of wood cuts.

To localize the description, and to give a better idea of the proportions, I will describe an ordinary two fathom canoe, but let me say here, that no description of the *process of building* is intended.

Take two pieces of Hickory about thirteen feet long, an inch wide, and half an inch thick, place them together, and unite their extremities firmly, then separate their medial parts by means of thwarts, a centre one of about two feet and a half or three feet long, and two shorter ones equal in size to each other, half way between the centre thwart and extremities. These thwarts—in size, about an inch and a half wide, by a third of an inch thick—must be firmly fastened to the gunwale, as the strength of the canoe depends largely upon them. The ribs are usually about an inch and a half wide, and about a quarter of an inch, or less, thick, their size and number depending altogether on whether the canoe is to be more light than strong or more strong than light. It is on the length of these ribs that the depth of the canoe depends, as they consist entirely of strips of hickory of the requisite width and thickness, bent into the form of a bow, whose shape depends entirely on the position in which they are to be placed in the canoe, if in either extremity—where of course they are shortest—being that of a long drawn out U, if in the centre making almost a semi-circle whose diameter is the greatest width of the canoe, the others being of all possible intermediate lengths, and bends, as the ribs are rarely placed over three inches apart, in fact being often closer—care is of course always necessary to see that the ribs are so placed that the bottom of the canoe is perfectly even and straight. Having such a shape it is easily seen that, except for convenience when in them, the terms bow and stern are meaningless, both ends being of exactly the same shape, also that to speak of a keel in connection with such a craft is an absurdity. All parts of the frame work being firmly bound together, the covering of Birch bark is applied, there being placed, however, between the bark and the ribs, long, extremely thin *planks* of cedar, which are not fastened, but are kept in position by the pressure of the bark on the ribs. In a canoe of the size we are describing, the bottom of the canoe from end to end is usually one piece of bark, the only places where patches of bark are necessary being on the sides at the middle of the canoe, in smaller canoes one piece of bark is often sufficient, while the larger they are the more patching, is of course, necessary. The bark is removed in one large sheet from the tree and is fitted to the canoe, what is naturally the

inside of the bark being toward the outside of the canoe. It is made to fit the frame-work by cuts being made in its edges, and extra bark is applied wherever any of the frame-work is exposed. When fitted, the cuts are sewed up, the patches sewed to the main piece of bark, the ends are sewed together and the whole piece is sewed to the gunwale, the sewing being done with withes, all these seams, especially those at the ends, are well covered with a mixture of resin and grease—tallow, usually, where a white man is concerned—and by this means the whole craft is rendered water tight.

Here we have a general description of an ordinary two fathom canoe, which, with a depth of a foot or less, and drawing, when loaded, about three or four inches of water, is capable of holding three men, or two men with their ordinary camp baggage. They are capable with ordinary care of standing a moderately heavy sea, of being used for travel day after day through the roughest of rough countries, and though to all appearance so fragile, and though being so easily cut, are yet capable of standing blows and usage which would soon ruin an ordinary skiff.

The description here given of the general shape and build of a canoe applies equally well to canoes of all sizes, whether to one of eight or ten feet long intended to hold one man in calm water, or to one of the high, Hudson Bay canoes which carry thirty, forty and fifty men, the only difference being in the size and strength of the materials used.

So much for the canoes, and, now, concerning their management. There is a general impression among the uninitiated that, except to an expert canoeist, a Birch-bark canoe is little better than a floating coffin, and the writer will always have a vivid recollection of the day on which he and a companion for the first time trusted themselves to a birch bark, the principal object in memory's picture being that of a benevolent old gentleman who earnestly besought us never to venture our lives in a canoe till we were thoroughly acquainted with its management, reminding us strongly of those over-cautious mothers who never want their boys to go into the water till they have learnt how to swim.

Any person, who has caution and self-confidence well mixed in good proportions, can safely trust himself to a canoe, and even the caution is not always necessary, and expertness in its management, as in the management of any other vessel, depends altogether on practice and capacity.

The *modus operandi* of the beginner should be as follows,—if you are going out alone with no load, the first desideratum is a friend to steady the canoe for you, then get into one of the centre compartments, provided it is a canoe with only three thwarts, as it should be, stepping lightly and firmly in the centre of the canoe, with both feet at once, if possible, then kneel down with your face toward the centre thwart, and partially rest yourself on the thwart behind you, then you had better commence breathing again, and calm your nerves, for many new beginners fancy that they can only breathe at the imminent risk of capsizing, and feel nervous accordingly—this is a mistake, you can even sing "Shool" or "John Brown's Body" without getting a cold bath. But to proceed, before ever venturing in a canoe alone, it would be well to learn how to paddle, and this may be learned with perfect safety by trying your hand on a skiff, it is a very simple operation, and an accomplishment known to most oarsmen, therefore, if any of my readers could not pass a creditable examination in it, I would advise them to get advice from some aquatic friend. After being settled in the canoe in the manner described, seize the paddle firmly, and give the ordinary stroke with a turn to keep your canoe in a straight line. The difference between paddling a canoe and paddling a skiff is at once apparent, while one can soon learn to paddle

a skiff straight ahead without paying much attention to the stroke, you soon learn that every movement of a paddle in the water tells on the motion of the canoe, owing principally to its lightness and want of a keel, if there is neither wind nor wave to trouble you, you soon learn the necessary stroke, but plenty of practice is necessary before it can be taken with ease. By the time you have recovered your confidence, and have travelled a short distance, you will find that your knees are sore, and your ankles stiff, the first may be prevented by placing a soft cushion under your knees before starting, the second cured by changing your position. This latter is accomplished by placing a hand on the gunwale on either side of you, and balancing yourself thereon till you have changed the position of your knees and feet.

This is almost all one needs to know at the start, but there are one or two things, a knowledge of which will not come amiss. Keep your paddle in the water as much as possible, as this steadies the canoe. Take a short, quick stroke, as there is less strength wasted, and much more speed can be obtained. See, that in turning the paddle in the water in order to steer, that it is not drawn under the canoe, for, if it is, either the canoe will tip, or the paddle will be lost, and neither are desirable. If the canoe should rock, don't rock with it; stay as still as your muscles and nerves will allow, and the rocking will soon stop. Lastly, when going ashore, bring in the canoe sideways, and see that there is no sharp edge to bore a hole in the bark. Knowing this much, you can soon learn more, and, indeed, you will know more than the writer did last summer, when with three companions in canoes the size described he indulged in a canoe trip of about six hundred miles, to some informal person on which, this is the lengthy introduction.

IN MEMORIAM.

IT is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of our fellow-student, Mr. Richard A. Lavell, son of Prof. Lavell, of the Royal College. Mr. Lavell was a student of great promise. His career though short was a bright one. In the Collegiate Institute his gentlemanly deportment and superior abilities won him the esteem of his teachers and fellow-students. At the matriculation of last October, he took a high position, carrying off the Watkins' Scholarship. Ever since, though his student life was rendered dark and difficult by sickness, bright hopes were entertained concerning him by the Professors whose classes he attended—that he yet would be one of whom Queen's would feel proud. But

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Our friend has been promoted to the care of the Chief of teachers; and his companions the angels. But there is no wonder that those who had the pleasure of knowing him, as well as those related to him by nearer ties, should have had sad thoughts as they bade him their last farewell until the dawn of the to-morrow that lies beyond death.

COLLEGE WORLD.

ROANOKE.—Chapel Sermons are well attended.—Students are studying well this session.—The Choctaw Indians studying here at present are prospering.—A College Skating Pond is in progress, and bids fair to be a success, all that is now wanted is the aid of Jack Frost, which the coming months may supply.

SYRACUSE.—The Alumni Endowment seems to have re-

ceived a check, for to all appearance, it's not prospering.—The Students protest against having to wade through two feet of snow in going to classes, it is too much for ladies, but what puzzles us is, where do they get their two feet of snow that is.—'79 sports not a single tile.—The Students here lean to Text Books rather than to Lectures.

CORNELL.—The Junior Class propose to adopt Rugby Rules at Football, most of them think that a small dose taken at long intervals is sufficient.—A Social Science Club has been formed, some of the papers are trying to cry it down, calling it a "Young Men's Infidel Club," they however protest against any such name, or any object that that name would imply.—A preparatory Medical course, of two years, has been established for those intending to enter a Medical College.

DALHOUSIE has lately been revelling in the festivities consequent on the arrival of our new Governor-General, the Freshies enjoy it principally because it brings "lots of the girls to town."—One of the Profs. the other morning before opening his class-work was just beginning his customary prayer and upon pronouncing the first words "O Domine" was astounded at hearing an inattentive and exceedingly audacious Freshman answer "present." Imagination aids those who did not witness the scene.

LAFAYETTE.—Several students' boarding clubs are successful at prices ranging from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per week.—The ninety-five new students were duly matriculated at the expiration of the thirty days probation, and with a natural instinctiveness immediately sent a copy of the college laws to their parents.

HARVARD graduates have offered \$10,000 to the University Boat Club to send the crew to England. The total expenses of the crew of 1878 for the year were \$2,908.48.

THERE are 358 Colleges and Universities in the United States, of which 186 admit both sexes, and 7 are exclusively for females. About twenty percent. of the students at the Indiana State University are ladies.

FIFTY young Sioux are being educated to labor in the Virginia Agricultural Institute. They are said to learn fast, and to be reasonably industrious.—*Press*.

IN the State Normal School at Oshkosh, the young ladies are required to learn the elements of military drill.—*Ex*.

A STUDENT at Iowa University has recovered \$300 from the Democratic Judges of Election, because of their refusal to let him vote there in October.

DE NOBIS NOBILIVS.

WE were given to understand by Professor Ferguson that certain important changes are to be made in the English of his department of instruction.

LECTURES on Apologetics closed on the 13th inst.

A NEW scheme has been started in the Hall for raising money to meet the wants of the Football Treasury. A poll was opened last week, and the question at issue is, "Government *versus* Opposition." The privilege of voting costs 10 cents.

HOLIDAYS began on Friday, and the students are pretty generally out of the City.

ALAS! that the Theolog's should manifest such hilarity.

DR. JARDINE left for Chatham, N.B., Friday afternoon, 13th inst.

THE boys have picked up their last JOURNALS in good

shape. Many of them are framing the frontispiece, and seem highly pleased.

THE Carleton's are still unable to muster a team to come to Kingston. At the eleventh hour they forwarded a telegram to that effect. Hard way this of giving our team a chance for the return play.

ONE of our Medical Sophomores is responsible for this one: A few years ago he was on one of the Allan Steamships, between St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Halifax. One of the passengers was an old apple woman, who had grown rich, and was now trying to spend her money, she was dressed in the height of "vulgarity," and attracted general attention. When 4 o'clock arrived, and dinner was announced, she was asleep, but waking up during the meal she vigorously beckoned the waiter nearest her, and in loud tones asked "where's the mate?" The waiter bowed and departed in search, waiting for a few minutes she beckoned another, and the same scene was enacted. Soon both waiters returned escorting the mate, seeing them she demanded in louder tones "where's the mate?" The mate answered, when, amidst the uproarious laughter of the onlooking passengers, she exclaimed, "bless your soul, I mean mate to ate."

THE Natural Philosophy Class will probably take a deeper interest in Queen's than ever, since they have enriched the Library Fund by the *fine* sum of one dollar each. Noble, self-sacrificing fellows!

DURING the past two weeks Football has been well patronized, even the grave senior can scarce forbear to smile, as he sees the bold Freshman measure his length upon the ground.

A (temporary) visitor at Penetanguishene recently, tells the following story: While going through the Reformatory he asked several of the inmates the cause of their being sent there, coming to one innocent looking little youngster, he asked him the usual question, looking demurely down, he innocently said, "Well sir, you see, I went out one night when I was hard up and stole a saw mill and then like a fool went out next night to steal the mill pond and was caught." The visitor has his doubts about the truthfulness of that youth.

PERSONAL.

MESSRS. D. B. McTavish, M.A., '73, Rev. G. M. Milligan, B.A., '62, and William Donald, B.A., '73, have been appointed by the Council of Instruction in Ontario, as examiners for the December examinations.

REV. JOHN MORDY, M.A., '78, has been ordained Minister of Leith Presbyterian Church. The call was unanimous. Salary, \$800 and a manse!

ANDREW LOVE, B.A., '78, who is at present in Scotland for his health, purposes returning after the holidays.

REV. CHAS. MCKILLOP, B.A., '75, has been settled for some time in the Ottawa Presbytery.

REV. JOHN McMILLAN, B.D., '65, made a trip to the European shore, last summer, visiting England, Ireland, and Scotland. He returned to his charge feeling much refreshed.

REV. J. R. THOMPSON, M.A., '68, of Olympia, Washington Territory, receives the following editorial in the *Daily Experiment*:—"It is with no small degree of pride that we note the flattering tribute paid to our townsman, Rev. J. R. Thompson, by Dr. Harvey, on Saturday evening, Nov. 16th. The lecturer expressed his gratitude in being able to present such thoughts as should engage the attention of

of one so eminent in literary and scientific attainments as the reverend gentleman." The compliment has the double advantage of coming from a high source, and being elegantly couched in fitting terms.

JOHN B. DOW, B.A., '75, was married to Miss Gunn of Whitby, on the 5th inst. They passed through Kingston on the 7th inst., on a trip to Montreal, and thence to the U. S., visiting Portland, Boston, New York, and other cities. We congratulate the happy couple.

EXCHANGES.

WE wonder if any person can better appreciate the well-worn phrase "tempus fugit," than one connected with a College paper. After grinding out his copy for the issue, he thinks, no more work in that line for two weeks, and goes to work at his studies, from which he is aroused almost immediately by the Managing Editor's demand, and he then has to rattle it off at railroad speed, writing even faster than he who takes notes in the Class of Metaphysics.

THE last two numbers of the *Dalhousie Gazette* are pretty well-filled with a first-class Inaugural Address, by Prof. DeMill, which though long will well repay the reading. Besides some good editorials, there is a neat little poem on "Stars of Night," which we wish our space would allow us to reproduce.

THE *Randolph Macon Monthly* adds one more to the now long list of College Journals. It is of good size, well-printed, and, what is more to the purpose, apparently well managed. We wish it all success.

ANOTHER new aspirant for public favor is *Acta Scholastica*, published by the Classical and Mathematical School of New York. For such a small sheet, it aspires to a good deal, but unless its name ruins it we see no reason why it should not succeed.

WE think the Woodstock *Tyro* will find it difficult to obtain poetical contributions if it does not grow wiser, for in the last number immediately following a poem on "Lake Huron," it places the following from a *Tyro* reader:

"The puny school-girl and her early lay
Men pardon, if her follies pass away;
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as her rhymes grow worse?"

You know, *Tyro*, every person won't stand this kind of thing. We notice that the author of the article on "History in Words" differs from Macaulay in the derivation of "Old Nick," (the name we mean, and not the owner of it.)

THE *University Herald* from Syracuse, is devoted almost wholly to matters of local interest, it has however a good article on "College Fraternities," and a rather ingenious one on the "Galactic System."

THE *Roscoe Collegian* is up to its usual high standard. It has two good common sense articles on "Trusting the Future" and "Exercise." Any student reading them may be profited.

THE last number of *Columbia Spectator* sends out a small supplement in the shape of a pocket Song Book of College songs containing sixteen or seventeen short songs with a hint of their air. We recognize some old friends, a few slightly changed, and some unknown before, mostly peculiar to Columbia College. We think such an enterprise as a publication of this kind should be encouraged by all those interested in collecting College songs.

BESIDES those mentioned we wish to acknowledge *Cornell Review*, *Acta Columbiana*, *New York World*, *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates Journal*, *Canadian Spectator*, and others.

JOHN MCINTYRE, M. A.,

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Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

DURING the session of 1875-6 the Gælic speaking students of our University organized an Ossianic Society for cultivating among themselves the mother tongue of the Highlander. This object was approved of by Dr. Snodgrass and many other friends. The Society prospered for two or three sessions and attracted the attention of Scotsmen in the city. Its members enjoyed some very pleasant evenings during that time at parties given by the well-wishers of the cause. But notwithstanding these auspicious omens, we have now to ask, what has become of the "Ossianic Society?" Has it become extinct among young highland men who have been placed in a position to know its philological and other values in education? Then what are the omens of this noble language but rapid decay and sure death. Shame be to him who will see the speech of his forefathers perishing in a strange land, and will not reach forth his strong arm

and support the weakened pilgrim of many hundred years. Let our Gælic students then hasten to the rescue, and strive now to realize the results of reflection, on the things that cease to exist, and put their energies and tongues to the revival of that language, which Professor Blackie has deemed worthy of such a position among the languages taught in Scottish Universities.

DURING the Session of 1874-5, there was inaugurated in the Convocation Hall, a series of University Sermons; but after the first one by the Principal, and a second by the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, we heard no more of them. That which was so well begun came to a premature end. Many of the students have looked, with no little interest, for a revival of that excellent plan, but they have looked in vain. The matter has been agitated through our columns before, but we have thus far failed in eliciting a response. We have never even heard an excuse offered, for the peremptory withdrawal of what we earnestly hoped had become a permanent custom. The public of Kingston were accused of not taking sufficient interest in the matter, but we think they were judged unjustly, for they had hardly become aware of the existence of such services when they ceased altogether. Even if no one outside of the University attended them, surely its members are of sufficient importance to have three or four services appropriate to their position each session, and we are sure, that the most distinguished Divines of our land would be willing to make an occasional sacrifice to

confer such a benefit upon them. To say nothing of the higher spiritual advantages of such a system, it would be a great boon, for those having the sacred calling in view, to have thus set before them the best pulpit models of our country. Many of the men who would thus be called to minister before them, they would never otherwise have had an opportunity of hearing, and one service of this kind would be worth an untold amount of theoretical homiletics, besides stirring the hearers into enthusiasm, and embuing them with moral power. Also when there is sent out from the University, a class of men who by long years of intense application, have been fitting themselves for some important walk in life, and who go forth armed with academic honours, and a mighty power over their fellows, either for good or evil, we think that the occasion is one of sufficient importance to call for a special religious service, either in the University buildings or in one of the city Churches. Such a service exists in many other Universities, and is found to be attended with beneficial results.

WE think that without going beyond our depth, we can safely venture the opinion that most of the students are thoroughly imbued with the idea that there is plenty of snow lying over our roads and fields in this, as in most other parts of Ontario. This being so, why not take such a good opportunity of enjoying one of our most healthy Canadian winter recreations, snow-shoeing. Let some kind of an impromptu club be formed, and it is altogether likely that it will have six weeks sport at least ahead of it. Good walks are not plentiful, but we can say from experience that there are some, and we would like to see them tried. Beginners will find that with a little caution and attention to the rule "Toes up and heels down," all the difficulties can be easily overcome, and though an occasional tumble may be expected, one

soon finds that it is not such a terrible mishap as at first sight it appears. Perhaps if only a small club were formed recruits might be obtained from some of the lady friends of the members in the city. However, we would like to see a club of some twenty or thirty members, and if it were once fairly started, we think it would last as long as the snow does.

THE *Globe* of December 20th publishes a ballad on "Canada," to which is subscribed the name of James Whitman, B.A. Fancy reading a poem signed by A. Tennyson, B.A. ! Such ostentation of learning is happily uncommon ; it is met with chiefly in that lengthened period of a few people's education which goes before the first stage of ignorance, and it brings to mind Carlton's sketches of the master of the Irish hedge-school gratifying his vanity by making the urchins gape with astonishment at his grand parade of "fine larnin'" and awing them with his self-assumed title of "Doctor" or "Profissor." The poem is in perfect harmony with the signature. If the "B. A." had not been appended the effusion might have passed for the gush of some untutored Philistine who had been carried quite away with the impetus of a burning loyalty and an irresistible *cacoelthes versificandi*. It would be creditable as a school-boy's composition—but only if the boy had written it upon compulsion, for, unlike the quality of mercy, it is greatly strained. The ballad begins by describing an Indian emerging from his wigwam on the shore of the St. Lawrence in the early morning :

"Great spirit, hear," he said, "my wish, to send us plenty food,

"For small papooses all, and squaw, while me go hunt the wood,"

The thought of an Indian praying thus, and praying in broken English before he had ever seen the face of a white man (and the white men whom he did see that day were

French) can only be regarded as something extremely funny. And what a laughable thing it would be to see an Indian "hunting the wood!" Indians have been known to hunt bears and deer, but we have no record of any (especially intelligent, civilised Indians who said their prayers every morning and prayed in English) going out and wasting their time in "hunting the wood." However, the particular Lo of the ballad *may* have meant that he was going to look for some superior hickory wherewith to manufacture axe-handles or whip-stocks. After offering up this beautiful petition our Indian takes a swim. Everyone who is at all acquainted with the habits of the red man knows how regular he is in his ablutions. He delights in his morning bath, and when he is no longer able to indulge in it he pines away and in a few score years he dies. While swimming, this wonderful Indian of the poem sees on the horizon the sails of Cartier's ship, and

"Suddenly a tremor seized those limbs that ne'er had quailed,

"And clammy sweat, with icy chill, that iron frame assailed,

"Great Spirit, what is that," he cried, "far yonder on the sea,

"Like mighty bird with stretching wings, and flying fast for me?"

"Back, back to shore his brawny arms struck their imploring course,

"And beck'ning to his busy mate, with speechless tongue and hoarse,

"By gestures and outstretching arm, he caused her, frightened, see,

"The cause of his profound alarm—the winged mystery."

The poor Indian must have been terribly frightened as he felt one limb after another beginning to *quail* in this unheard of and alarming manner; and when there was added to this a clammy sweat breaking out upon him, and especially such a tremendous sweat as it must have been to be perceptible in the water, it is only surprising that he ever reached the shore at all. Two such unusual causes could not, however, be without some wonderful result, and we are therefore prepared for the announcement which is soon after made, that the Indian's tongue was

hoarse! Such an effect could probably have been produced in no other way. But in addition to his hoarse tongue and quailing limbs, this remarkable Indian had also a very remarkable dwelling which seemed to be possessed of an unlimited power of changing its character. In the morning it is a wigwam, in the evening it is a "lowly cot," and a few hours later it has developed into a collection of wigwams, a camp. We have not room for any more instances; to deal with the whole of the defects it would be necessary to print the whole of the poem. These are but samples of the absurdities which are glaring and atrocious; they are taken from the first few lines, but the piece is full of others like them. We give so much space to this production because it is the work of a University graduate, and because this kind of poetry is becoming so common nowadays. In truth it has no claim to the name of poetry; it is nothing but trashy prose chopped up into the required lengths of so many feet each, and poorly chopped, too, for at every third or fourth line the reading of it produces a painful hitch in your diaphragm. Yet every little magazine and newspaper has its column set aside for all ranks and conditions of original poetry—its altar for the oblation of strangled metres and murdered sentiments to the divinity who first taught men to "build the lofty rhyme." We had thought more of the *Globe*; it is certainly old enough to know better, but it may have admitted the piece unchallenged on account of the fact declared in the heading that it was dedicated, by permission, to Lord Dufferin. We know that Lord Dufferin was exceedingly busy just before he left Canada, and it is very probable that he had not time to glance at more than the first line of the doggerel, which is the only one that could at all pass muster. This is the only way in which we can account for the permission, for Dufferin is an honourable man.

It is a thousand pities that some means could not be devised for the suppression of this home-made poetry and these home-made poets. It would be a great boon to have a statute passed declaring it a misdemeanour for any person to make or publish verses with less than say twenty-five per cent. of common sense to each folio, or violating metrical rules without interruption for a continuous space of ten lines and upwards. Then when a man attempted to write in numbers and found that he couldn't possibly get the numbers to come, he would have to give it up; and when he was thus taught to understand how *poeta nascitur, non fit*, he would be more likely to become useful in some other sphere of life in which the ablest men are made, not born—say sawing wood.

THE following is a poem by the Rev. Dwight Williams, based on the history of a young man of good parts, a member of a highly respectable family in another land, and who became involved in the meshes of the law through moral irresolution rather than innate depravity. He was an inmate of Auburn prison, N.Y. State, and died there. During the latter days of his sickness his thoughts wandered much. On the last one of all, they centered upon his home, and he imagined that the most eager wish of his heart in this extremity had been realized, and that his loving mother soothed his dying bed. A few moments before his soul took flight, he raised himself slightly, and extending his attenuated arm, drew down close to his lips the shadow conjured by his own fond affections, while with a look of ineffable content glorifying his pallid features, his last breath was surrendered (as he thought) to the parent who bore him:

THE SHADOW KISS.

Have ye not looked upon the walls of stone,
That rise above the clatter of the street,
Where droops the convict in his cell alone,
Or bends at weary work in his retreat?

And have ye thought within those sombre walls
No plants of love or sweet affection grew;
And over all except those gloomy halls
God shed the fragrance of His loving dew?

Not all of love and beauty dwells outside,
Nor all of hate and sin inside the gate,
Where justice ermined, stern and dignified,
Preserves the peace and order of the State.

This little tale of prison life, to me,
Came like a breath of fragrance from the gloom,
In which the cold world little cares to see
The flowers which, shadow-covered, give perfume.

Upon his couch he lay, a pale young form,
And one might read upon his care-worn face
The early touches of affection warm,
And marks of classic culture and of grace.

A home of ease across the sea was his
In childhood years, where only love he knew,
And grew a rosy boy, blest with the kiss
No other lips but mother's print so true.

Strayed from his mother's side, the years had told
The oft-recurring tale of youth misled;
On fierce temptation's tide he uncontrolled
Had wrecked; the same old story often read.

And so he felt the pain of folly's smart—
The prisoner's round of table, toil and cell,
For weary months, from friends and home apart,
And long regrets no burdened heart may tell.

He drooped and sank, emaciate and pale,
And his young soul, bewildered, wandered back
To childhood haunts, of hill and stream and dale,
From whence he took his sad, divergent track.

They watched his dreamy footsteps, as he walked
Amid the scenes which memory sacred held;
And heard the wanderer as he fondly talked
With loves of home, by fevered brain impelled.

They saw, those watchers by his bed of pain,
The sweet illusion play upon his face
Of fond affection, in his home again,
As friends and loved ones came to his embrace.

From out the darkness of his brain she came,
His mother there; he saw her visioned form,
As if in tenderest tone she spoke his name,
And looked on him in love's own sunshine warm.

He reached his pale, thin hand to clasp her near,
And drew her sweet face closely down to his;
He stroked her hair from her soft brow so dear,
And pressed her lips in many a fondling kiss.

It seemed a sweet oblation, lavish poured,
For her he grieved so long, yet loved so well;
Poor wayward son—what wealth of love deep stored
Was his in that last hour of life to tell.

Then cold and still—and yet the sweet smile clung
To those pale lips, that gave their shadow kiss;
As if a mother's love-dream o'er him hung,
A sweet remembrance of his boyhood bliss.

O holy motherhood! what ties are thine;
The stormy seas of passion and of sin
Drown not the echoes of thy voice divine;
Thy love bursts prison doors and enters in.

But I of love diviner still would tell ;
Where Jesus waits to hear each prisoner's sigh ;
And maketh light the lonely dungeon cell,
And comes Himself in love and blessing nigh.

When o'er our eyes the cold death mist shall fall,
Though we have grieved Him long and sad and sore,
May we behold His form, more dear than all,
And dwell with Him at home for evermore.

MEETINGS.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The members of this Association met in the usual way, in Divinity Hall on the 11th instant. After the preliminaries and the reading of the minutes, the business arising was disposed of, and reports of the Missionaries were in order.

John Chisholm, B.A., who was doing ministerial duty in Alvinston, a village on the Canada Southern Branch R.R., gave a written report of his work during the summer. It was carefully prepared and contained much evidence of successful labor. It showed a thorough acquaintance with his field, which is certainly indispensable to him who would work to the best advantage, serving not with the eye, but with the heart and the head.

Mr. George McArthur followed with his report, which was also written. His field was Cobden and vicinity. It was evident that he had prospered in his work, judging from the efforts being put forth by the people in one of the stations, to build a new Church and secure a minister.

We are pleased to notice a feature of no trifling importance which characterizes each report ; and that is the satisfaction which the laborer had with the amount of his remuneration.

The meeting adjourned, the President pronouncing the benediction.

NOTES FROM THE "FAR WEST."

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE first number of the QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL for session 1878-9 arrived to find me rusticated in Nicola Valley, British Columbia, whither I have repaired (after a winter's sojourn in Southern California,) in search of that

inestimable blessing, health ; a blessing easily parted with, but by no means so easily regained. Let my case, among others, prove a warning to students who, confiding in their physical strength, are prone to pay too little attention to the premonitory symptoms of an approaching disease. Seize time by the forelock. But it is not my intention to enter into a disquisition upon health. In the following article I have endeavored to the best of my ability to give you some idea of "life" on the Pacific coast. The first part of the article shall appear under the heading, "From New York to San Francisco;" the second under the title "Five months sojourn in Los Angeles;" and the third "British Columbia."

FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO.

(Via Isthmus of Panama)

Unlike the majority of those who repair to California, I determined to take the trip by water, via Panama. I do not intend to give an exhaustive account of the number of whales, sharks or porpoises we encountered while ploughing the briny deep, nor give you a description of the manner in which many of these fish were fed by passengers who were fond of contemplating the "Blue, the ever free," over the side of the vessel. The steamship "Colon," in which I sailed, left New York on Oct. 30th, 1877. Aspinwall was our destination, where we were to take the train for Panama.

We passed the island of Hayti on November 6th. The northern part of the island was formerly called San Domingo, and belonged to Spain ; the southern portion, Hayti, which belonged to the French—the two portions are now united and independent. It has a beautiful appearance from the water : it is very mountainous. The loftiest mountain on the island is 7,800 feet above the sea level. On the 8th we arrived at Aspinwall, the chief seaport of the Isthmus. The inhabitants are negroes, large in limb and tall of stature. The town consists of one filthy street running parallel with the harbor, and two or three little lanes running in no particular direction at all. The shops, if they may be dignified by that name, consist of small stands ranged along the outer edge of the sidewalk. These stands are laden with oranges, lemons, cocoa-nuts, sugar cane, and other tropical fruits and curiosities. There are also several gambling tables. The inhabitants live in small huts or shanties. The heat was intense. You may judge from the following story that Aspinwall is extremely hot : "A certain native of Aspinwall, having given up the ghost, was seen some time after his burial, walking the streets of that town much to the horror of the superstitious natives. At last one more bold, than the rest, undertook to question the apparition, who, with sepulchral voice confessed that it was too cold for him down below, and that he had been forced to come back for his overcoat." This beautiful little gem may be accepted "*Cum grano salis.*" Cocoa-nut, banana and pine-apple trees flourish here in great luxuriance. Shortly after leaving the "Colon" we took the cars for Panama.

The trip across the Isthmus was delightful. Here may be seen tropical vegetation in all its beauty. The scenery is very pleasing. Here and there the natives huts peep out from among the rank vegetation by which they are surrounded. Each hut has its complement of half a dozen or more naked children playing before the door. The railway track, which is forty-five miles long, is laid through the mountains, and some of the grades are very steep. There has been a great deal of talk about cutting a canal, but no steps have yet been taken towards commencing the work. We arrived in Panama after a very pleasant trip of two hours. The first thing that strikes a stranger's attention on entering the station, is to see a line of very unsoldier-like looking soldiers drawn up alongside the train. These gallant warriors are arrayed in dirty uniforms, wear no boots, and are

armed with old muskets. The conductor told me that they were stationed there to protect the lives and property of the passengers from the rather covetous hands of the natives. If, I thought, what this man says is true, then, heaven help the passengers. Panama is a very antiquated looking place. The harbor is very fine and the position of the town picturesque. We left Panama, immediately after arriving there, per steamship "Grenada" for "Frisco." We touched at the ports of Acapulco, Manzanilla and Mazatlan, all in Mexico.

The fort, is the chief object of interest to be seen in Acapulco. In one of the cells or dungeons of this fort there was a political prisoner, who was awaiting, along with his companions, the bats and cockroaches, the pleasure of the dignitary who had commanded him to be placed there. The poor victim of such tyranny had been already imprisoned for a considerable time, and it would not at all be a matter of surprise if he died there from the effects of old age and bad treatment combined. It is a dreary place, and when viewed by the light of a torch looks very weird. A great number of natives in large canoes filled with fruit flocked around the ship. Oranges, limes, coconuts, and every species of tropical fruit were offered for sale, for a mere "song." Manzanilla is a small collection of huts. Mazatlan is a very stirring place, and forms a striking contrast to the other ports of Acapulco and Manzanilla. A long pier extends several yards from the land out into the sea; on this pier benches are placed for the accommodation of the weary. It is a very pleasant place to sit, in the moonlight and watch the "loud resounding sea dashing against the break water by which the town is surrounded. It was Sunday evening when we arrived, and there were many couples, each couple consisting of a *senor* (*sen-yor*), and *senorita* (young unmarried lady,) loitering by the edge of the shore, making "the night musical" with their merry laughter, for a Mexican has a very pleasant laugh. The strains of music were wafted to our ears upon the evening zephyr—whence proceed such dulcet strains? Surely such harmony cannot but be produced by an Orpheus! As we advanced towards the town the sounds grow clearer and more distinct. I and my companions are enchanted; still nearer we advance, we turn a corner, when horrors! can the clamor that proceeds from the brazen throats of those six brazen instruments, blown by the bellows of those six murderers of the muses, be the heavenly strains which a few brief moments ago appealed to my "*aesthetic susceptibilities*?" Is the sound that now smites and jars upon my ears the same that led me to believe that the muses still lived? Even so. Six would-be musicians were doing their best to out-do each other in making "night hideous." A "merry-go-round" was performing its revolutions to the sound of this discord. The old people seemed to be as much delighted to obtain a ride on the wooden horses, with which the "merry-go-round" was furnished as the smallest child there. The stores and private houses are very well built and substantial compared with the buildings to be seen in the other Mexican ports. The town possesses a street car, a plaza (*plad-za*), *anglica* square, and an opera house. Cockroaches are plentiful: I was rather startled by one about an inch in length, crawling on my hand; I thought it was a tarantula at first. (The tarantula is a species of spider whose bite is fatal, no cure having yet been found for the poisonous bite.)

San Francisco. We arrived at the Golden Gate, which is the entrance to the harbor of "Frisco," on November 26th. The appearance of the city, as viewed from the harbor, was not prepossessing; it may be on account of the heavy mist that hung over it like a pall. San Francisco is the largest city on the Pacific coast; population about 275,000. It possesses many fine buildings. The "Palace" is the largest hotel in the world; it can accommodate 2,-

000 guests, allowing two for each room. There are three courts in the building; the largest and principal one is covered with glass. There are two driveways entering this court from opposite streets. The building is seven stories high and occupies a whole block (344 x 265). It possesses five elevators and numerous stairways. The principal streets are Kearney, Market and Montgomery. The Stock Exchange is situated on California Street and is a centre of attraction for the stock gambler. Every class of people, including women, dabble in stocks, and fortunes are often gained and lost in one day. The buildings, especially the private residences, are built of red wood (*Sequoia*) which is not very flammable on account of the property it has of absorbing moisture, with which the air is always saturated. The climate is trying even to a healthy person, as the weather is changeable, and the atmosphere very damp. The Chinese form a conspicuous part of the population of the city. They preserve the national peculiarities of their race, both in habits and dress. The dress consists of a loose fitting blouse, loose trousers, umbrella-shaped hats, and pointed slippers, turned up slightly at the toe. They walk with a shuffle as if it were hard work to keep the slippers from falling off. The queue or pig-tail consists of a long tuft of hair depending from the crown of the head. This queue is plaited in three strands into which silk or false hair is inserted in order to make the appendage longer. In some cases it almost touches the ground. All the rest of the head, face and neck, even down to the shoulders, is carefully scraped with a sharp triangular piece of steel which is a substitute for the razor. This race is so much hated by the whites in the city, that it is no uncommon sight to see an unfortunate Mongolian severely beaten by "hoodlums" (California term for loafers.) The reason for this hatred is obvious, considering that most of the manufacturers employ Chinamen to do their work on account of the low figure at which the Chinese value their services, thus white labourers have to seek other fields, and many an honest man, with a family (the Chinese very seldom have wives in this country,) to support, is turned adrift to "beg, borrow or steal." The Chinese do a great deal more to impoverish a country than to build it up. They live on little or nothing, rice being their chief food. All their supplies, both in the way of food and clothing, come from China. They spend as little money as possible during their sojourn in their adopted country, and when they have amassed a sufficient fortune they return to China to enjoy it. Their wives and children, if they have any, are left in China. The Chinese women that are now in the city are of the most abandoned kind. One part of the city is occupied by Chinese alone, this portion is called Chinatown. The Chinese theatres and Joss or Josh houses are worth visiting. There are about six Josh houses and three theatres. The Josh house is the Chinese Church. "Josh" is the Chinese word for God. There are about half a dozen such houses in San Francisco. The most of them are dingy, dirty, and filled with a suffocating smell of incense. The candles used in these houses are made of vegetable matter, as animal fat would be highly offensive to the olfactory senses of the gods. The gods are made of paper and tinsel, the faces are daubed with paint, and present a very ferocious look; these figures are placed in recesses in the wall. The principal gods are: Kwan Tai, god of war; Tsoi Pak Shing Kwan, god of wealth; Wah Tah, god of medicine; Nam Hai Hung Shing Tai, god of fire. Before the gods is placed food in the shape of pork, chicken and sweetmeats; tea is also placed before them. After a few days when their "Highnesses" are supposed to have satisfied the cravings of hunger and thirst, the offerings are taken away by the offerer and eaten. The gods are supposed to dine on the smell, I expect, as no diminution takes place in the food while it lies in front of them, nor

do they seem even to appreciate the smell of the viands, as no change is apparent in the unmeaning state with which they regard vacancy. The mode of worship is peculiar. The first thing the worshipper does when he enters the door is to prostrate himself and bump his head three times on the floor, this is called "Kowton." Before consulting the gods a piece of paper, with the object for which he has come to consult written upon it, is burnt to inform the gods of the state of the case. Bamboo strips, with answers favorable or unfavorable written upon them, are then taken and shaken in the hands until one falls out; if the answer is unpropitious the operation is repeated until the answer is propitious. Two short pieces of stick, round on one side and flat on the other, are also used in consulting the gods. These pieces are placed together in the hands, and then dropped on the floor, if the round parts turn up together, there is danger looming up in the future. The two flat sides turned up at the same time also signify bad luck but when a round and a flat are turned then the god is pleased, and the consulter of the "oracles" goes on his way rejoicing. A bell or drum is a necessary fixture in these Josh houses, as the god may be often asleep or galivanting about, in which case the bell is rung to recall him to his duties. The ornaments on the walls are tawdry, and consist mostly of various colored paper, tinsel and mottoes cut in red paper. The Chinese theatre is interesting to strangers who have not seen the *modus operandi* of a Chinese play. The stage consists of a platform unadorned by scenery of any kind, here the actors perform their parts and are assisted by the orchestra, who discourse vile music upon fiddles, cymbals, guitars, and other contrivances to make one's head ache; in this respect they eclipse the Mazatean musicians. The subject of a play often lasts for months, so that only a small portion of it is acted each night. The fair sex is represented by men dressed up in women's clothes, and so well do they act their parts that the uninitiated are apt to be ignorant of the deception. The way in which the actors dispose of themselves is rather ludicrous, for instance one of the characters may be reclining on the stage in the death agony, when he is seen to suddenly rise and walk off the stage, having nobly performed his part. (Of course the walking off part is not included in the act, it is only the act of disposing of one of the characters.)

Opium smoking is a favorite habit among the Chinese. The smoker reclines on a wooden bench, fills a pipe with opium, which has been boiled into a paste, he then places the bowl in a lamp flame until the opium is lighted, in hales the smoke and puffs it out through his nostrils, he repeats the operation until he finally becomes insensible. It is said that the smoker experiences all kinds of pleasurable emotions while under the influence of this pernicious drug. The habit when once formed cannot be broken off, and in five or six years, or even less time, the victim succumbs to the destroyer. General Lord Clive, who distinguished himself in India, is said to have died from the results of indulging in this fatal habit. While discussing the Chinese, I shall give an extract out of a paper I have been reading: "Students in our Canadian Universities should not feel discouraged or be inclined to give up in despair after having passed an unsuccessful examination. The *Pekin Gazette* gives a list of 42 candidates plucked at the age of ninety and upwards, and of 136 who gave up the struggle between eighty and ninety." Therefore ye plucked, pluck up courage and never say die, until, of course, you come to that stage in your life when you are obliged to.

Across the Bay, opposite Frisco, is the city of Oakland, population 40,000. Many of the business men of San Francisco live here, whither they retire from the noise and

bustle of the greater city. Oakland is the western terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad.

H.B.W.

(To be Continued.)

SUMMER REMINISCENCES.

II.—FRENCH RIVER.

WILD indeed were our surroundings the first evening the writer, with three companions, spent on French River. Anxious in our vacation to leave behind us all traces of civilization, we had determined to take to canoes and make our way across the country that separates Georgian Bay from the Ottawa, and float down that river homewards; and consequently we, the day before, had taken canoes at Byng Inlet, and, spending one night on an islet on Georgian Bay, had at last encamped on French River thirty miles from our starting place. Our tent was pitched in a hollow between two small hills of rock, behind us an untrodden and unpassable forest stretched for miles; before us roared and tossed the river in all the tumultuous grandeur of a powerful rocky rapid which seemed to bid defiance to any one who attempted to navigate it, and it was not hard to give credence to the story of the old lighthouse keeper at the mouth of the river, that many men had there met their death. On the opposite shore a dense forest came down to the banks of the river, presenting in the dim light of evening a dark background to the white waves of the rapid. Below the rapid was a small bay out of which the river rushed through a narrow opening into a channel with high rocky banks crowned with a thick woods till its waters mixed with Georgian Bay. Passing on the south shore a large substantial log house, where dwelt the keeper of the light-houses, which stood on either bank near by, and his two sons who acted as guides to the river through its many intricate channels. The light houses were right at the junction of the river with the Bay, and were about a mile from our camping spot. They were erected to guide, supply vessels for surveying parties to this the main mouth of the river, for French River has the dignity of having five mouths.

Such was the River as far as we had come, and I will now try and describe the main channel as it appeared to us while making our way to Lake Nipissing.

The first five or six miles above the rapid were seen in the early morning, through that gauzy mist which beautifies everything it surrounds while it seems to obscure nothing. For two miles we paddled between high rocky banks, to which was clinging a vegetation which beautified without hiding them, then a turn almost at right angles, and about two miles further on we came to one of the most beautiful spots on the river. The channel, which had been about a quarter of a mile wide, here assumed almost the dimensions of a lake. Northward we could see the river stretching for several miles through the islands which here dotted its surface, to where the waters of the Wahnapiitig mingled with it. Westward we could see where another mouth of the river flowed towards the open bay, while eastward two branching channels demanded our choice. There lay our road, but while the northern was more direct, we chose the southern, that being more plainly marked on the rough chart which we had brought for our only guide. We soon found that the part of the river which we were approaching was not nearly so picturesque as that which we had left behind us; once fairly into the channel we found that it stretched for miles in a straight line almost due east. The banks were still high and rocky, but were almost bare, and the sparse vegetation that crowned them had a withered look. From the spot above described where the channels join, to Coutin's Bay, where

live three or four Indian families, the only inhabitants on the river—a distance of about twenty miles—the shores presented almost the same monotonous character. At one spot there was a break where one of the mouths ran to the southward, at another, a few miles farther on, a narrowing of the channel, where the banks were between two and three hundred feet high, designated on our chart as Point Lofty, a few miles more still, where our chart marked merely a small bend, we found a large bay with numerous outlets, where we almost lost ourselves; striking the right channel, however, we quickly made our way through the calm waters, past a low point where a large wooden cross silently tells its story in that desolate spot, till at last as the shades of evening gather, we find ourselves at the Indian settlement about twenty-five miles from our morning's starting place. We had come over the longest stretch on the river without a rapid, and the river for that distance is almost without a current, on an average about a third of a mile wide, it is in all places very deep, and could easily be navigated by the largest vessels we have on Lake Ontario.

About two miles above Coutin's Bay, where I may say is the only spot on the river where there is any soil of any kind, our course again took a sudden turn to the northward, another large river here joins the French, which is called Pickerel River, but is not marked on the maps. Our party will always remember it, because so narrow is French River at the turn, and such a twist does it make through the high banks, that we stuck to Pickerel River thinking we were still on the French, and went up it five miles and camped on an island in its first rapid, and would have continued up it, and might still be going up—for no one whom we afterwards asked seemed to know how far it was to its source—had we not met a surveying party, who put us again on the right track.

At the above mentioned turn in the river, there is a small fall; about a quarter of a mile above that is a small rapid, and then our course lay for about two miles in a northerly direction through a winding and picturesque channel rendered rather intricate by the long narrow bays which stretched out in all directions. Then we came to another lake, like expanse of the river, where several of the channels joined and our course again turned eastward. Once more our course was a straight one with the same high rocky banks, but now the woods thickly lined the northern shore, while on the southern, which some years before had been laid waste by a forest fire, a lot of bare branchless trunks stood as monuments of the vegetable life which once had been there.

For about nine miles our course was uninterrupted, but the river had been gradually narrowing, and now we once more came to the foot of a small rapid. In the next five miles there were five rapids, over each of which we had to portage. As might be expected the aspect of the river was much more varied this five miles than it had been the preceding nine, and it also took us much longer to get over it. At the first rapid three of the party took one of our small canoes and tried to paddle up it, the consequence being a cold bath; as all parties were prepared for the capsize, however, no harm was done, it being ranked as one of the lively incidents of the trip. The head rapid of the series is also the largest and by far the most beautiful, and by the side of it, on the rocks we camped. Eastward lay a lake about three miles wide and eight miles long, where all the channels of the river are joined, and which was so swarmed with the greenest of green islands that in traversing it the next day, we could scarcely see more than a mile ahead at any one time. I think we will all long remember that spot for two reasons. First, because the rapid and lake seen under the bright moonlight, rivalled the scene which we enjoyed our first morning on the river, and secondly, a very different reason, because the mosquitoes there were larger and more venomous than

it had ever been our lot before to meet. Taking them in connection with that beautiful scene made us think that the two well-known lines of Moore were quite in order:

"Some flowerets of Eden we still inherit,

"But the trail of the Serpent is over them all."

I don't suppose he thought of them in that connection, but had he been there he would have. As above mentioned, our course the next day lay through this lake, and so enjoyable was the scenery that we hardly regretted the fact that we went two miles out of our road. When about half way across the lake we met a large Hudson's Bay canoe manned entirely by Indians, who seemed to look at us with as much curiosity as we looked at them. At last we had crossed the lake, and the river had again narrowed, and now we commenced to feel a current, we passed a stream that came into it from the south; the banks of the river came closer and closer, and at last we came to where there was almost a rapid, and it required all our strength to force our way to the quieter waters above, even these were filled with eddies, and we heard the roar of a fall which we knew we were approaching. Soon we passed a cleft in the wall of rock on our left, through which the waters were rushing with furious speed, and looking up we saw the Chaudiere Falls of French River, where the waters flow out of Lake Nipissing making a fall of forty feet. It was a beautiful sight, but the evening was drawing on, so we saw as much as we could from our canoes and pressed on; soon after passing the fall we turned, and ran up a long bay, then unloading and making a portage of about a quarter of a mile, we launched our canoes, and after a pleasant sail by moonlight, pitched our tent on a rocky island in Lake Nipissing.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

DALHOUSIE.—Halifax is all forlorn again. The Seniors are rejoicing with exceeding great joy. They have at last found a Freshie who is so conscious of his own comparative insignificance beside "the grave and reverend Senior," that when passing one on the street he ventureth not to recognize or accost him. Freshies, be taught by him.

MCGILL.—The Snow Shoe Club will be started soon. The law students praise highly the regularity of their Professors. The Science students of the University formed themselves into a Society sometime before the holidays, which bids fair to prosper.

COLUMBIA.—This is a year of improvement. The roof of the observatory has lately been covered with a coating of brown paint. "Hare and hounds" seems to have been revived, as there was a meeting on the 23rd of December, '78, when the hares ran about eleven miles: it was enjoyed so much that another is talked of.

The Senate of the University of London has decided to admit women.

DE NOBIS NOBILIRUS.

CLASSES have quite resumed their former proportions. The boys are gradually warming to their work.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER MELLVILLE BELL, F.E.I.S., of Brantford, began his lectures on Elocution on Monday, 13th instant.

DR. GRANT is able to meet his classes in the Hall—but is not in full health.

REV. W. A. LANG, M.A., of Lunenburg, spent most of last week in the city visiting his friends. He is looking well.

CHAS. McDOWELL, B.A., '77, passed through on his way to Renfrew.

EX-MAYOR MCINTYRE, M.A., has been elected Alderman for Rideau Ward.

ANOTHER freshman, Mr. Irvine, has made his appearance in the hall since the holidays. We are glad to see him.

TEA MEETINGS and local concerts are soliciting the assistance of the students, both as musical and literary performers.

GEORGE GILLIES, B.A., '74, of Gananoque, visited Divinity Hall the other day. He is looking well.

DR. JAS. McARTHUR, B.A., '75, of London, gave us a visit during the holidays. We were sorry to have been absent from the city, but trust his visit was none the less pleasant.

A NEW feature in the way of taking exercise has been started among the Theologues. It is the very popular exercise of snow-shoeing.

WHEN THE College P. O. delivery was opened the other day, a great many yellow covered pamphlets were given out. They were not novels as the color might suggest, but a series of three sermons on "The endless duration of future punishment," by Rev. J. R. Battisby, St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, O.

D. A. GIVENS, B.A., '78, has been appointed tutor assistant to Dr. Williamson. He takes the junior class in Algebra. Our readers will remember Mr. Givens as "Prince of Wales" prize-man. He was also the most successful member of his class in the department to which he is called as tutor. May his efforts be successful, as we are sure they will be.

A PROF. in a certain class, the other day, had occasion to remark to some noisy members in the "upper forms" that they must be under the impression that they were in a theatre, and that the gods above could do as they pleased. It had the desired effect.

PROF. BELL has a very large class. He offers a Text Book, on elocution, which meets with a most favourable criticism from the students.

CLASS WORK was resumed in the Royal College on the 13th instant. The students were on hand in full force. There are a few fresh faces since the holidays. One of these is Mr. Gibson, B.A., of '74.

PERSONAL.

REV. A. H. SCOTT, M.A., who was settled in August, 1878, as minister of Knox Church, Owen Sound, wrote us a very encouraging letter, and intimated his intention of writing an article for our columns shortly. It would be well if others of experience on the JOURNAL Staff would remember the JOURNAL's continuous literary wants.

REV. ALEXANDER JAMIESON, B.A., M.D., is practising medicine in Kansas City, U.S. His prospects of an extensive field of usefulness were never more bright. We wish him every success.

REV. ALEXANDER MCGILLIVRAY, of Williamstown, is showing his ability in financial affairs. On the evening of December 24th, '78, his Christmas tree, in the new hall, erected and finished last summer, gave fruit to the extent of \$140.

ANDREW NUGENT, B.A., '76, is teaching in the Woodstock Institute. He gets a salary of \$800.

L. W. SHANNON, B.A., '77, has changed his quarters in the L'Original High School to a position in Almonte High School.

REV. JAS. McCAUL, B.A., '59, formerly of Three Rivers, Que., has received a call to St. Paul's Church, Frederickton, N.B.

REV. C. J. CAMERON, M.A., '68, of New Edinburgh, Ottawa, has been obliged to resign his ministerial charge, on account of ill health.

JOHN HAMILTON, B.A., '77, is Assistant Master in the Williamstown Grammar School, Glengarry.

REV. E. C. MCCOLL, B.A., '66, has received a call from the Congregational Church in Quebec, P.Q.

HUGH B. WALKEM, who entered with '79, and was obliged to quit his studies on account of ill health, favours our columns with the article entitled "Notes from the Far West." He also promises to give us a descriptive account of his travels in Southern California.

EXCHANGES.

DURING the Christmas vacation the exchanges have so accumulated on our hands that we can give each but a hurried notice.

THE first one to fall into our clutches is the January number of Rose Belford's *Canadian Monthly*, and in glancing over its pages we see that it has determined to commence the New Year well. A better number of this magazine we do not remember to have seen. Of course many of its articles have the word "Christmas" in their titles, and while all are good, one of the most attractive to us is "Christmas Literature," by J. L. Stewart. The illustrated article, "Something about Peru," will both interest and instruct the reader, and, of course, the continued stories, "The Monks of Thelema," and "Under one roof," demand their share of attention. These, with "Papers by a bystander," and "Current Literature," make up with a few other articles a most interesting number.

WE welcome with a good deal of pleasure the first number of "The Canada Educational Monthly," and have read it with interest and have not been disappointed. We are sorry we have neither time nor space sufficient to enter more particularly into a consideration of its contents, and will merely say that it seems to be devoted to the cause of Education, not only in its lower but in its higher sense, and if it at all keeps up its character or improves on it, it cannot but be of great service and interest to all who are interested in the education of Canadian youth.

THE *Canada School Journal* for January presents a portrait of Rev. G. W. Hill, Chancellor of the University of Halifax, and with it a short account of his life. Among other articles of interest to teachers we notice one on "Prizes," which deserves to be read carefully, even though the reader disagree with its conclusions.

OUR big brother from Oxford and Cambridge, the *Undergraduates Journal*, again puts in an appearance. We notice that it contains a report of a sermon by the Dean of Chichester on the subject "Genesis, no myth; but a true history," but while we read it with a good deal of interest we could not help thinking that Dr. Dawson's comments on that marvellous "ballad," are more truly in accordance with both Revelation and the researches of science. Among the articles contributed one of the most attractive is "Reminiscences of Rome in the time of Pius IX."

NEXT comes *Dalhousie Gazette* with its many good and spicy editorials. A poem on "The Four Ages," a long

way after the swan of Avon, describes the stage of College life, and a contributed article on the "Art of doing nothing," and an editorial proposing to "Grads," that they turn their attention to rural pursuits, are but good examples of other interesting matter.

THE *University Herald* continues to be almost purely local in its matter.

The second number of the *Randolph Macon Monthly* is rather better than the first, which is saying a good deal.

SINCE we wrote the above we have taken quite a rest, have tried to dismiss from our mind the recollections of the rough greetings which are sometimes given to new ventures in the path of College journalism, and having replenished our stock of "manners," by a hasty look into Prof. Davis' Catechism of Deportment, have ventured to critically read our new exchange, the *Portfolio*, which is "run" by the Literary Society in connection with the Wesleyan Female College, at Hamilton, and having so read it we must admit we were disappointed, however, most agreeably so, though it is not pleasant to admit that all our time spent in preparation was thrown away. We must plead guilty to a certain amount of curiosity with regard to the *Portfolio*. We doubt if any of the *Portfolio's* exchanges will receive it without immediately noticing that there are no advertisements. Will the editresses please send down the recipe for sustaining themselves without advertisements, and by so doing oblige our Managing Editor. A short pleasing poem "Summer is dead," opens the first number, followed by a contributed article on "Jean Ingelow," written evidently by one of her admirers. An anecdote, in which Miss Neilson and Miss Kellogg figure as the principal characters, is told in a lively manner by one who evidently appreciates its spirit. Several articles, editorial and selected, give us a better acquaintance with the College than we before had, and the other articles and items give us, if we can believe Lord Lytton, a far better acquaintance with some of the members thereof. Altogether this number has been read by us with a great deal of interest, and it gives us much pleasure to number among our increasing list of exchanges this (to use the language of the Editress) "the first effort of the kind of which we are aware put forth by a Ladies' College in the Dominion."

We have only space to acknowledge the receipt of the following: The *Presbyterian Record*, The *Evangelical Churchman*, *Nova Scotia Journal of Agriculture*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Acta Scholastica*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Collegiate Institute Herald*, *McGill Gazette*, *Acta Columbiana*, *Canadian Spectator*, *Cornell Review*, and others.

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

"WHAT is the brightest idea in the world?" asked young Smith of his fiancée. "Why, your bright eye, dear!" she replied graciously.

AN Irishman was leisurely walking about the streets of one of our large cities, gazing with wondering eyes upon the gaily decked windows of the shops; at length he stopped before an insurance office, with its empty windows, and, being filled with curiosity, ventured in; walking boldly to the rear of the room, where he espied the agent engaged at his desk, he inquired, "What do yes sell here, at all." The agent, on looking up, seeing Pat's bewilderment replied, "Blockheads, sir, blockheads." "Arrah" said Pat, as he scanned the room, "and doing a good business, only one left."

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Bottler of Canadian Ale and Porter, and John Walz's Lager.

Agent for the best Brewers in the Dominion.

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES,
VOL. I. No. 7.

KINGSTON, CANADA, FEB. 8, 1879.

OLD SERIES,
VOL. VI. No. 7.

The Queen's College Journal

Is issued FORTNIGHTLY during the Session by the ALMA MATER SOCIETY of the University.

Managing Editor, - - JAS. V. ANGLIN.

Editing Committee.

J. R. LAVELL, B.A.,	WILLIAM STEWART,
H. H. CHOWN, B.A.,	A. B. MCCALLUM,
JAMES ROSS, B.A.,	JAMES SMITH.

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IN a kindly notice of the JOURNAL in the Dalhousie College *Gazette* of January 11th, is the following sentence: "Like Nova Scotia, Ontario is apparently troubled with too many Colleges with degree-conferring powers." It may be so, but it is unjust to Nova Scotia to put her only on the same level as Ontario in this matter. Ontario has five Universities for a population of two millions, or one for four hundred thousand people. Nova Scotia has seven Universities for say four hundred and twenty thousand people. In other words, if Nova Scotia had only one University she would be as well off as Ontario now is. Not only does our fair sister—the old Acadia—beat Ontario in this matter, but she easily beats creation. The United States were supposed to have gone to the extreme point in the multitude of degree-conferring institutions, but we believe that there they are in the proportion of only one to every one hundred and forty thousand. It is well to look at the propor-

tion in what we acknowledge to be the best educated countries of the world. Scotland has four to her population of three millions. Germany has twenty-four to her forty millions. According to the Scotch proportion Ontario should have three, but it should be remembered that Scotland had as many Universities when her population was one-third of what it now is, and that Ontario is growing, not only in population but in size, her boundaries having been pushed by the recent decision West to the Lake of the Woods, and North to the waters of Hudson's Bay.

The real question to be asked is not how many Colleges or Universities has a country, but how are they equipped. We understand that several of those in Nova Scotia have no permanent endowment at all, and it is absurd to suppose that a population of fifty or sixty thousand can feed a University. To judge from the calendars, Dalhousie is the only College in Nova Scotia that has a full staff in Arts and Science. Three of the Universities in Ontario are moderately well endowed, though even these are guilty of wishing, if not asking, for "more."

ONE of the most agreeable features of this session to those interested is the comparatively large amount of real, earnest work being done. There is in this particular, a marked improvement on last session; we do not, however, mean to assert that students of the "rising generation" are more ambitious than their predecessors, but would refer the increase of zeal to the greater stimulus to exertion offered in the shape of scholarships and medals. Accord-

ing to the old Tuscan proverb, "Though all can not live on the piazza, every one may feel the sun," and so the increased diligence of those competing directly for medals and scholarships seems to have stimulated on-lookers to greater application themselves. This spirit is certainly one to be encouraged, and the friends of the College are showing their interest in her welfare in contributing liberally to her resources for this purpose. The number of scholarships offered for competition has doubled during the last four years, and in addition six gold medals are making the fingers of the ambitious aspirants itch with expectation. There is room, however, for greater liberality on the part of her friends before Queen's will be forced to cry "*Hold, enough!*"

WE agree with Mr. Bell's suggestion in another column. A Curling Club would be a grand institution in connection with Queen's, and a rink joined to the College buildings would be an excellent place for a student to spend an hour which he may have at his disposal between classes, and when it is impracticable to play football, it would be a means of drawing the students together, having a tendency to unite them in bonds of closer friendship. But, while we would like to see such a building erected for the sole use of those connected with the College, whenever the authorities have a little money to spare, still, in the meantime, we should make use of the rink in connection with the city, which is but a few yards from the College, and whose members would gladly welcome one and all of us who may wish to join.

IT cannot but be gratifying to the many friends of the College that, the Trustees having purchased new grounds, tenders for the new buildings are to be called for immediately. The energy which has thus

been shown augurs well for future success. Those outside of Kingston who have contributed so nobly to the Endowment Fund will be glad to learn that the business tact which Principal Grant has shown in the prosecution of this scheme is likely to characterize his future labours. And now let us consider for a short time why all this struggle to place Queen's College on a permanent footing as a full-equipped educational institution. We have heard *ad nauseam* about a "National University" from gentlemen who seem to receive their inspiration at or near Toronto. Those who, in the language of the street, have this idea on the brain, protest against the existence of other Universities than that of Toronto. We would in all humility ask, are these gentlemen actuated by a desire for the good of the country, or for the advancement of one pet College. Of course this is only a covert way of saying that there should be no College in the Dominion, except University College. The others might be allowed to live, but the sooner they die the better. Does any reasonable person believe that the youth of Scotland would have better opportunities for obtaining a liberal education were all her Colleges closed except one? But we are asked, what is the use of keeping up half-starved institutions. Our answer is, that even a poor institution is better than none. But those who are so persistent in this cry look with least favour on the prosperity of any institution which has the audacity to exist without the permission of their pet. We do not at all pretend that Queen's is *now* as fully equipped as she should be, but she is prepared to give what she pretends to. Her past history is a protest against the swagger and nauseating braggadocio which is characteristic of institutions which sapiently assume to themselves all knowledge and wisdom in matters educational, together with a peculiar kind of smartness, which

is their secret to keep. Any person who has the interests of higher education at heart and not that of any particular College can see, if he be not blinded by prejudice, that University consolidation as at present advocated cannot but be otherwise than undesirable and mischievous in its practical results. That cast-iron system which obtains in our education department is certainly not desirable in the working of our Colleges. And, if Dame Rumor speaks true, the principle of outside examiners is not followed in its entirety by those who profess faith in its practicability. If Queen's preserves that spirit of honesty in doing real work which ought to characterize a College that is content to follow in the old-fashioned ways of Scottish Universities, if she inspires her sons with a love for thoroughness and a hatred of shams, the demand on the country for an increase of endowment the country will never regret.

UNINSPIRED poetry, as has been oftentimes remarked, is one of the most obnoxious evils of the time to the ordinary literary man; but there is a class of writers of this kind of literature who are to be pitied. We speak feelingly on this subject, as we have been there ourselves. We say there is one class, and the class of "poetry" they write is generally known as "Original Autograph-Album poetry." We have sometimes felt that all our boasted civilization was a failure, when we have been saluted with showers of those tastely bound, blank books, bearing on their front in gilded letters the terrible name "Autograph Album." We have crossed through swampy regions far removed from the abode of man, and have had our life blood almost drained by swarms of flies. We have slept night after night with the bare rock for a mattress and the vault of heaven for a coverlid, and have exhausted our strength in a vain endeavour to ward off that foe to man—the mos-

quito. But all these little eccentricities of barbarism are nothing compared to that plague spot of city life—the "something original" for an Autograph Album.

When the owner of the album is one whom we know not to have seen many of the ordinary "original selections," the task of writing something therein is a comparatively easy one, unless, perhaps, to a remarkably fresh hand at the business; the *modus operandi* need hardly be explained. But when the owner kindly points out the effusions with which the book she hands to you is nearly filled, and perchance also shows you some predecessors which have not an inch of space left, then it is that the manly heart sinks within one's bosom and one begins to despair. As you glance over the pages and see there all the old standbys and also all their possible combinations and, in fact, every selection from every poet of your acquaintance with which you feel tolerably certain the fair owner is not acquainted, you feel an indescribable sensation steal over you, starting from your toes it moves gradually upward and you are prompted with a desire to go and see a friend who is just about to leave town, but that design is abandoned, as you feel that it is now too, too late and soon the sensation has reached the crown of your head, and with a trembling hand you take the book and promise, still hoping almost against hope that you can find a friend who will supply you, that you will write something original, and before long you have perpetrated a composition that will bring down on your devoted head the anathemas of many an innocent soul who is entrapped into reading it by seeing your name, and all this, too, because you had not the strength of mind to own your incompetency. Now, if this only occurred once in a lifetime it would not be so bad, but, when every lady acquaintance has an Autograph Album herself and keeps con-

stantly on hand the albums of half a dozen of her friends, the matter becomes too serious for joking, and exasperated manhood loudly seeks for some remedy for this crying evil. We have but two remedies to propose, and any one knowing of any others will please let us have them. The first one is—keep out of the way, prevention is better than cure. Some, perhaps, will think that this remedy is as bad as the disease, that, however, depends on one's taste. The second one is—write only your autograph and thus have Autograph Albums devoted to the use for which they were originally made. We think that if this second plan is adhered to, the sum of human happiness will be largely increased, and the world will have moved one great step nearer to the millenium.

COMMUNICATED.

CURLING CLUB.

To the Editor of the Journal.

I AM glad to see that your paper advocates the students engaging in manly sports, and I believe you reflect the feelings of the Faculty as well as of the students. May I therefore ask why there is not a *Curling Club* in connection with Queen's? It is the game for our Canadian winter, and has this advantage, that it can be engaged (under cover) in all kinds of weather during that season.

A building, say 150 x 36 feet, large enough for two rinks to be played at once, sixteen players, would cost about \$500. It could be built anywhere on the College grounds, where a large enough piece of level ground could be got, and could be flooded, I presume, from the water works. Good curling stones, of iron, which is now generally preferred, can be got for \$8 per pair. Permanent members could get each a pair for themselves, and a lot more could be purchased for the use of students by the Club or College.

Please call attention to this matter in your

next issue. I will be happy to furnish any further information required.

Yours, truly,

ANDREW BELL.

Carillon, Jan. 30th, 1879.

MEETINGS.

OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Ossianic Society, which has for some time been dormant, was held on Saturday morning, the 1st inst., in the usual place, Mr A. B. McCallum, vice-President, occupying the chair, when the following were elected as officers for the ensuing year:

First Patron—The Marquis of Lorne.

Second Patron—Mr. Evan McColl, Bard of Loch Eyne.

Non-resident President — Rev. Donald Fraser, M.A., of Mount Forest.

President—Mr. George MacArthur.

Vice-President—Mr. J. E. Galbraith.

Treasurer—Mr. James A. Brown.

Secretary—Mr. A. B. McCallum.

Librarian—Mr. James Murray.

Critic—Mr. F. M. MacLennan.

Executive Committee—Messrs. Stewart, McFadden and McLeod.

The reports of the retiring officers showed the affairs of the Society to be in a flourishing condition, while the number of members has considerably increased. Messrs. McCallum, Brown, and McTavish were appointed to frame an address of welcome (in Gaelic) to the Marquis of Lorne, First Patron, and the proceedings were brought to a close by the Glee Club rendering very effectively a Gaelic song. Great enthusiasm prevailed among the members during the whole meeting.

Now that such a good beginning has been made, we hope to see the same interested spirit shown in the Society's welfare during the remainder of the session.

A MAN'S great ambition is to be credited with some great feat; a woman's is to be credited with small feet.

SUMMER REMINISCENCES.

III.—LAKE NIPISSING AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

LAKE Nipissing is a name that for many years has had a familiar ring to the ears of most Canadians, those of the writer and his travelling companions among the number, and yet until it was our fortune to view it, the extent of our knowledge concerning it was almost comprised in the sparse information conveyed by a sight of the map and the words of the *Gazetteer*, that it is "50 miles long, by 25 wide, and 750 feet above the level of the sea, discharging its waters by the French River into Georgian Bay."

While trying to obtain some idea of its general aspect, a warning given by an old hunter well acquainted with the lake, seemed to combine a practical knowledge of the resources of the lake with common sense, "Be sure you cross the lake by starlight."

I am sorry to say that we did not consider this advice as sound as we afterwards found it to be, and on the bright July morning when first we emerged from the long arm of the lake leading to French River, on to the lake proper and saw as far as eye could reach nothing but sky and water, all thoughts of the old hunter's warning were banished, and we dashed forward to get a still better view of the welcome scene, anxious to get entirely free from any body of water that looked like a river.

According to the geographical views of those whom we had met who were best acquainted with the lake, the head of French River and the foot of Lake Nipissing are divided by the Chaudiere Falls, mentioned in our last number, and if this view is the correct one, we had already travelled over about twelve miles of the lake; but, though far wider than French River, it had to our eyes more the appearance of a river than a lake, and its apparent width was much less than its real width, on account of the number of barren rocky islands with which it was almost filled up; in fact, were it not that there is a great and sudden narrowing at Chaudiere Falls, we almost think that the head of French River would be by many located at the spot above mentioned, where we first caught a glimpse of the open lake.

Scarcely had we left the shelter of the protecting arm of the lake and its islands, when we found that we were apt to get rather a better acquaintance with the waters than we desired. The surface immediately about us was calm and unruffled, but looking northward we could see a long dark line, whose meaning did not need to be interpreted to us dwellers on the shore of Lake Ontario. Then for the first time we turned our faces to the shore, and whatever before was our opinion, we then came to a most decided conclusion that "starlight" was the right time for crossing that lake, if birch bark canoes were the means of locomotion. The shores loomed in front of us, high, rocky, barren. No inviting crag stretched itself out as a breakwater, or low lying rock made a natural dock for the canoe; no beach could be seen where, if a canoe were washed or had to be paddled to the shore, the occupant could jump out and bring it high and dry on a sandy resting place. The rocks on the shore rose perpendicularly from the water, till at the height of twelve and twenty feet they sloped gradually inland, and so smooth were they, that to climb them even when no waves interfered, would be an impossibility, unless some other aid than that provided by nature were given. But though this was the general character of the shore as it appeared to us at first glance, there was one very acceptable break in the prospect; had this not been the case, the probabilities are that this article would never have been written. Casting our eyes along the shore, we saw a spot where the general monotony was varied by the formation in the coast of a

small bay where there was a "pebbly shore" of the Brobdignagian kind, the "pebbles" being huge boulders of granite and gneiss, which also guarded the approaches. Had it been an ordinary coast, such a place as the one we saw would have been just the place *not* to bring a canoe. But here we had no choice, for when we discovered this spot, the wind and waves were creating rather more of a commotion than our light craft seemed to enjoy, and we succeeded in getting ashore with no special damage, and soon had encamped on a rock near by, from the summit of which we had a glorious view of the lake—seeing plainly the opposite shore, and from which, also, we for a day and a half had the pleasure of watching the storm.

I have described thus particularly our first experience on this lake for several reasons, one of which is, that it gives in perhaps the best way, an idea of the rocky character of its shores, and another is, that it gives some idea of the suddenness and strength of the storms on the lake; in fact such an unbroken sweep is there to the swell, even when but a light wind is blowing, that it is at most times dangerous to attempt to cross the lake by daylight, there being then usually a slight breeze blowing.

Besides the long bay to the southwest mentioned at the beginning of this article, there are three others, one on the west, also long and narrow, and two others, one to the east and another to the south, of a more open nature. The bays contain almost all the islands in the lake, the two long narrow arms being well filled with them, while the two others have a great many crowded round their foot; but, in the main lake, islands are a rarity, and though there are some which are rather more than mere rocks, they are so few in number that they offer no obstacle to the full play of the winds and the waves. The shores are uniformly rocky and sterile, except in a few places at the western end of the lake, where also the rocks are not so high as they are at the eastern end; but though the shores present nothing to the view but bare rock, they have a back ground of a very different nature; crowning the rocks is seen on every side a deep and trackless forest, not of pine only, but of many kinds of hard wood trees also, dwarfed to be sure near the coast, but growing to a noble size farther back.

Several rivers keep Lake Nipissing well supplied with water. To the north flows in Sturgeon River, which drains many miles of an unexplored country, and has quite a large volume of water. On the northeast flows in River Le Vase, which is important, not from its size, for it hardly deserves the name of a creek, but because it is the last link in the chain of waters which formed a roadway from the River Ottawa to this lake and thence out by French River to Georgian Bay, a roadway not so important now as it once was when used as the short cut to Lake Superior, but still one intimately connected with the early history of our country, for by this way came the early discoveries and missionaries. By this way came Champlain discoverers Lake Huron, and on the homeward trip our own Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario, and by this way also came the discoverers of the Mississippi. Long since this, however, the road has lost its importance, and now is used by few others than hunters, the travel over it being hardly sufficient to keep the grass from hiding the Portage roads, or the dry wood from filling up the creeks; but this is forestalling and we have yet to come to this road.

There are two other good-sized rivers flowing into Lake Nipissing—one at its extreme eastern end, but flowing from a southerly direction—the other flowing from the southwest and emptying into the lake at its most southerly point, named the Nahmanitong. On this river, about three miles from its mouth, there is a settlement, which, though out of our direct road a scarcity of provision and the presence of a post office, Nipissingan, induced us

to visit. On entering the river the change of scenery is very striking, instead of bare rocky shores, such as we had been accustomed to both on French River and Georgian Bay, the banks were covered with the most profuse vegetation. Large maple and elm trees overhung the river, casting a pleasing shade on its waters that hot summer afternoon, while thick underbrush crowded round their feet, leaving few places in sight where a landing could be effected. Nor was this change of aspect gradual. At the foot of the bay, into which the river empties, there is quite a large swamp, out of which rises many a rocky island, through this swamp the river makes its way, and when the voyager after a careful search has discovered it, he finds he has but to cross the swamp to reach the fertile region above mentioned.

The river is narrow and very winding—in few places can one see more than a quarter of a mile ahead, the current is sluggish, the banks are muddy, and though on them is found many a wild flower familiar to our swamps, yet the river is not, once you get above its mouth, a swampy one. For above a mile from its mouth there is no break in the wildness of the scene—in fact before the sights of civilization are seen, the sounds are heard—for the first thing that gave us warning that a settlement was near, was the sound of a cow-bell. A short time after hearing this, we saw drawn up on the bank a couple of birch bark canoes—about the size of our own—and back from the river a short distance stood a log house, small in size and rough in pattern, a few rosy-cheeked youngsters, who stood near by and gazed on us with a look that seemed to say they were not accustomed to visitors, at least coming from that quarter, gave us rather a better idea of the health of the place than, as we afterwards found, it deserved.

(To be continued.)

A Visit to "Concursus Iniquitatis."

BY "PROWLER."

BY UNCOMMON good luck, I am in a position to give your readers some report of the sittings of the "Concursus Iniquitatis." When I entered the Chamber the Court was in session, and there was the prisoner; shivering and flushed with excitement he sat in the dock. The Judge glared at him fiercely, his face as grim as that of Rhadamanthus. The prisoner eagerly and wistfully surveyed the faces of the jurymen, but could read nothing but vengeance against him who transgressed the laws of the Concursus. Ah me! was it not sad to watch the changing expression of countenance of the poor culprit, as one count after another in the indictment was being read. Crimes he had vainly thought were unknown to all but himself—delinquencies that he had long forgotten, were minutely examined and related—guilt he fondly thought to hide from the emissaries of the Court was there proclaimed; alas! those emissaries in their zeal for ferreting out crime are hundred-eyed. But, alas! there is no time for reveries or regrets, as the counsel for the prosecution poured forth in wrathful tones the indignant feelings of the Concursus:

"The prisoner," he declared, "has had the audacity to neglect washing his upper lip, and thus has endeavoured to force the growth of unseemly capillary appendages on said upper lip, thus threatening the peace of this venerable University with a moustache." He had paraded himself and an ulster overcoat up and down Princess Street—had dashed round and disported himself in every conceivable manner with a cane; with that cane he had threatened every poodle dog, every lean and hungry cur that dared to walk along the street without acknowledging by a down-

cast look its ignorance in the presence of the learned student. But would not all the poodles in the city have set up a simultaneous howl of rejoicing, had they known that vengeance had overtaken their enemy? He had also feigned sickness and absented himself from class, that he might have secret "confabs" with the cook in the kitchen. He was in possession of a bass voice that thrilled the hearts of unsuspicious Freshmen, with very *unreliable* emotions, as to his learning and dignity.

When the Jury had heard these and other charges, in the indictment, (which occupied nearly half an hour in reading), they could scarcely contain themselves. The Judge's eye flashed vengeance; every charge was proved by unimpeachable evidence, a verdict of "guilty" was given without a moment's hesitation, and the poor prisoner was hurried off.

A few days after this trial took place, I strayed in to witness another sitting of the Court, which was being held in a room to which none but the initiated few had access. The two prisoners were but striplings. Over the downy cheek of one scarce seventeen summers had passed. The other had the bashful and uneasy look of one as yet young in crime. "Read the indictment," said the Judge, in a voice of thunder. The first who was tried was accused of "walking in the street with, and paying assiduous attention to—well, we shall call her Mary—much to the neglect of his studies. Mary was not present to give evidence, and so the prisoner looked helplessly around, but no gleam of hope could he see. Ah me! thought I, as I looked on the poor young fellow who was now in the clutches of the law, is this the state of man? Is this but the never ending story of man's folly? When shall young or old learn wisdom? A few days ago and, doubtless, yon mournful face was radiant with smiles, yon tender youth was whispering words of love into the ears of—Mary, walking by her side in blind defiance of a power which was but watching to catch him in its relentless grasp. "Found guilty in the first degree" was the verdict, and the prisoner was handed over to the tormentors.

Next came an innocent looking youth. Oh! how I pitied his sad face as he muttered "Not guilty, my Lord," to the awful demand of the Judge. He was covered over with confusion and seemed very penitent. I listened to the indictment. "He had borne himself with too lofty an air." Ah, there is no pride in that drooping head now! He had worn slippers of variegated colors in College class rooms, to the manifest disgust of his seniors. Alas! I said to myself, as I saw him nervously gathering up his feet under his chair, "Will this young culprit learn a lesson from this experience, or will his life be one of sinning and then bitter repentance, of sinning and then repenting, until the end? The jury found him guilty. The address of His Lordship was very affecting. He spoke of his youth, of the bright hopes that might be entertained of him, if he would only eschew variegated slippers and never ape the airs of his learned seniors. "Keep then to your mathematics and yours will be a happy life," said he in tender entreaty.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

DALHOUSIE.—The two College Societies, the Kristosophian and Excelsior, have decided to unite for this session, hoping thereby to increase the number of members in attendance at their meetings. The new Society is to be called "Sodales." Dalhousie have you not learned wisdom? Those names are enough to ruin any Society. The gymnasium is becoming more popular.

MCGILL.—It is proposed to have a University supper instead of the regular founders festival. The senior class in Arts have decided to add to the usual convocation exer-

cises by the institution of a class day. The different officers consisting of an historian, prophet and poet have been chosen. The Science supper is to take place some time this month. The weekly tramps of the Snow Shoe Club were kept up during vacation.

CORNELL.—The Seniors are now being agitated as to whether they will have an Exhibition or a Ball. Two electric lights were placed on the Campus during last vacation. Two Inter-Collegiate prizes were taken by Cornell this year a first in Mathematics and a second in Greek.

TRINITY.—The honorary degree of L.L.D., has been conferred upon Lord Dufferin by Trinity College, Dublin. On the occasion the hall was filled by a most distinguished company, who gave the Earl a warm welcome.

RICHMOND COLLEGE has received a bequest of about \$17,000. Who'll be the next?

THE average annual expenses of a student at Harvard, Yale, or Columbia, is \$800; Princeton, \$600; Hamilton, \$450; Michigan University, \$370; Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, or University of Virginia, \$500.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

TIMES are surely improving. Nothing short of a ten cent piece will now be received as "contribution to the library," where ten *coppers* were formerly welcome.

LAST Monday was a holiday and consequently a day of general rejoicing. These monthly seasons of relaxation are the bright spots in a college career.

JOHN should be provided with a *cart* and four next Friday to convey Cupid's (?) missives to their respective destinations.

How doth the busy little Fresh.

Work till he thinks he's hunk,

Then go up to his little ex—

And make a beastly flunk.

WE are glad to see so many of the students taking advantage of the excellent skating rink in the harbour. Skating is a very healthful exercise, it not only puts in play all the muscles of the legs and arms, but it creates bumps on the head for future phrenologists to feel and report on. It is very enjoyable too, owing to its many *fair* surroundings.

WE have heard that there are still some philanthropists around the Institution who do not subscribe for the *JOURNAL*. Wait till we get their names. Then, may be, feathers won't fly! These are the fellows who spend their dollars on private oyster feeds, and then say that economy will not allow them to invest one dollar in a College paper. Some day in the future when hard pressed for a dollar may they be unable to obtain it, and may the pangs of remorse bring before them with painful distinctness the words of Scripture "There is that withholdeth more than his meat, yet it tendeth to poverty." When they die, they will die altogether. It may take six feet three to hold their bodies, but a nutshell will contain their souls.

IN our last issue we referred to the demands made on some of our students for musical and literary assistance; one of the city papers thus corroborates our statement: "The Heath-Daly-Elliott Musical and Elocutionary Combination will give an entertainment at Westbrook this evening. The popularity of the Combination is spreading, and the services of its members are in general demand in the surrounding villages and rural districts."

PROF. Bell's lectures on Elocution have been of a most interesting and instructive character. Every student who has failed to hear them will bitterly repent it.

WE understand that it is the intention of C. F. Gildersleeve, Esq., Mayor of Kingston, to continue the prize instituted by John McIntyre, M.A., ex-Mayor, styled the "Mayor's Gold Medal."

WHAT say the Faculty concerning Mr Bell's suggestion with regard to a Curling Rink?

PRINCIPAL Grant was warmly received at the Mayor's dinner the other evening.

Is it not time the A. M. Society were taking into consideration the annual re-union? What shall it be?

WE would like to see the College reading-room made a more interesting place in which to spend a spare hour. However, we suppose we'll have to be content till the new buildings are erected.

THE examinations during the past week cast a wan and anxious look over the Freshman's visage. Hopes, however, are entertained of his recovery.

It was an *awful* thing to see a student coming up to classes on a holiday.

ONE of our worthy Professors was observed the other day leaving the library with a load of books. Take not(es)ice, boys.

WHEN graduates and alumni are sending in their subscriptions, we would be glad, in order to make our paper more interesting, if they would give us any information concerning themselves or alumni, or grads. that don't know we have a *JOURNAL*. We draw the veil of charity over this latter class and impute their not taking our paper to their ignorance of our existence rather than to wilful neglect, so we would be obliged to any person who would let us have their address, in order that we may communicate with them.

LAST evening an Elocutionary entertainment of no ordinary character was given in St. Andrew's Hall, by Prof. A. M. Bell, F.E.I.S., under the auspices of the College Elocution Association. The programme consisted of choice selections from Tennyson, Knowles, Longfellow, &c. Since our time of going to press came before the entertainment, we are unable to furnish our readers with an account of the proceedings. We feel assured, however, from the elaborate programme which had been prepared and from the fame of the elocutionist, that the audience enjoyed a rare treat.

CHANGEABLE weather—at least so that Junior says who ventured out with his "felt" the other day. He felt his ear for the next week.

J. R. POLLOCK, '81, has recovered from his late illness, and is able to attend lectures again.

W. J. BUTLER, '82, has been obliged to return home owing to ill-health. We hope soon to see his happy face amongst us again.

AIM high. No man strikes higher than he aims, so says an exchange. We don't believe it, however, for we saw a Freshie aim at the sidewalk the other day with his heels, but they persisted in going higher—his head didn't touch.

A STORY is afloat concerning a certain Junior, which we would not dare to tell, were it not that we indulge the hope that it may prove a warning to other poor unfortunates. He was out at a party the other evening, and there he saw and at once became enamoured with a fair lady. Other

ladies were there, lovely, bewitching, yes, enchanting, but he regarded none but this fair charmer, at her shrine he bowed, at hers alone. The hours flew swiftly by, to him they seemed but moments, and soon, too soon for him, alas! the time came when the company must break up. Turning to his dear one he whispered "May I have the pleasure, &c?" Bitter, sweet was her smile as she answered, "Thank you, but my husband will kindly escort me home." His medical attendant said he slept easier last night.

We have already got a new version of the popular song "Baby Mine." A Junior lay snoozing in his bed one morning last week, the small hours had long gone by, in his dreams happy thoughts of the past, and bright hopes for the future flitted across his over-wrought brain. Suddenly the dreary tinkle of the College class bell chimed forth on the frosty morning air, his thoughts ceased to roam through Elysian fields, and he became conscious that that tinkle, tinkle, tinkle was calling him to stern duties. He opened his eyes, he stretched his weary limbs, he yawned and turned, at last he thought, to drive dull sloth away, he'd sing. He made vain attempts at some familiar melodies, but somehow they wouldn't work, his heart's deepest longing was bound to rise uppermost in the end, so he dragged himself to breakfast wailing,

"I could *sleep* and never tire."

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.—Explain the reason why a lamp burns.

SOPHOMORE.—Because all *wicked* things come to light.
—*Class Groan*.

IMAGINE the uproar in that Mathematical class last week while a cheeky Soph. was paying a heavy fine in cop-pers and $\frac{1}{2}$ cent stamps.

We would advise the Ingersoll *Chronicle* man to turn to his Bible; if he hasn't got the book about the place probably some friend would kindly loan him one, provided he remains in his friend's parlour while he is using it, let him ask his friend to hunt up the commandments for him, and then we advise him to read till he comes to the eighth, there let him stop and consider, and if his countenance is not confused with shame in about two seconds, why, we have given up all hope of his final salvation. We would have been inclined to pass the matter over lightly, had it not been for the magnitude of the offence. However, we had many a *tremendous smile*, as we read the blunders made in the copy.

THE mere reference to the Ossianic Society in our last issue at once aroused one of its leading officers to sound aloud the trumpet and call the faithful together. But while we rejoice at this timely action of his, we cannot but regret that the announcement of a "Gælic dance" had to be made in order to draw the members together. However, a meeting was held, which the Secretary declares to be one of the best he has ever had the pleasure of taking part in. We give a full report of it in another column.

SCENE at French Class—*Inquisitive Senior*: "Professor, how do you pronounce D-e-s-j-o-a-c-h-i-m-s?" Prof. (looking at the *Text Book*): "Where is that, Mr —?"

SENIOR, "Well—About a hundred miles north from here."

THE Prof. in Metaphysics remarked that silence is the best substitute for wisdom. Does this mean that a "flunk" is better than a "fizzle."—*Ex*. What theory do our Metaphysicians hold in regard to this? We pause for a reply. Many are interested in the answer.

"CONCURSUS Iniquitatis" is still in a flourishing condition, according to "Prowler," keeping a check on the ver-

dant Fresh and cheeky Soph. The account of his visit will no doubt be eagerly read by the ex-officials of that honourable Court.

We would call the attention of intending matriculants to the following changes in the Matriculation Examination in English. The subjects for the Matriculation Examination in English will be as follows:

Writing from Dictation.

A Short Essay.

Critical Analysis of a Selected Poem.

1879. "Paradise Lost," Books I and II.

1880. "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and "The Traveller."

1881. "Lady of the Lake," especially Cantos v and vi.

ON Tuesday last the College authorities purchased the Ordnance Lands lying near the College, which were sold by auction. These were needed to form a block sufficient to afford room for the new buildings. The lot was put up at \$1,350, and was knocked down to the Trustees for \$1,360.

WE learn that already forty applications have been received by the Principal for admittance next session. The more the merrier.

THE Y. M. C. A. of the city extended to the students a cordial invitation to visit their Arts Exhibition in Victoria Hall, on the afternoon of Tuesday last, of which many availed themselves. Immediately to the left on entering the hall was to be seen a sketch of the proposed new college buildings, which present a chaste and handsome appearance. The plans submitted by the several architects were there also, so that any lover of Queen's would be amply rewarded by visiting the exhibition to see these alone, to say nothing of the other curiosities. Some of our Professors contributed largely to the exhibit. Lectures or "lecturesses" were given on Saturday evening by Prof. Dupuis on "Minerals, etc.," and on Monday evening by Prof. Ferguson on "Egyptian curiosities," both of which were interesting and instructive, and gave a fresh attraction to the exhibition.

THE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB gave an entertainment of a musical and literary character at the Kingston Asylum the other evening, much to the amusement of the inmates. One of our amateur elocutionists was so near perfection in his effort, that his challenge was at once taken up by one of the audience, who was restrained from violent measures by the Keepers. The kindness of the Club was much appreciated.

WHILE speaking of the Glee Club, we would like to impress on all, the benefits arising from attendance at their regular practices. One will never regret, either during his College course or in after life, the time spent in becoming familiar with some of the popular College songs. The Club would welcome any student, whether he intends singing in public or not. If every one of us knew a snatch of our songs, then serenades and such like would be made much more enjoyable.

A REGULAR meeting of the Alma Mater Society was held on Saturday, the 1st instant; W. Stewart, Vice-President, in the chair. After half an hour spent in ordinary business, the proceedings took the form of a parliamentary debate. The Hon. M. McKay, of South Simcoe, was elected Speaker. The Hon. Mr. Cumberland, Premier, introduced the "University Franchise Act," to give every University in Canada, whose number of graduates was over five hundred, representation in Parliament. The Premier advocated the passage of the bill in a vigorous and able speech. He was supported by the other members of the Cabinet, the Hon. Messrs. McCallum, White, Ross, O'Reilly and Chisholm, who eloquently advanced what the

benefits and advantages of the Act would be, should it become law. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. Duff, with Messrs. Mackenzie, Stewart, Mowat, Nairn, McLennan and others, criticized the bill severely. After a long debate a direct vote of want of confidence in the Administration was moved and carried by a large majority. We would like to see these meetings better attended, especially by the junior years. We sometimes wonder what will become of the Society after the older students leave. The excuse of want of time is a poor one. A student gains far more than he loses by an hour a week spent at these meetings.

PERSONAL.

JAS. H. BALLAGH, B.A., '78, is pursuing the study of law in the office of Hon. Sydney Smith, Cobourg. For the benefit of those young lady friends who were anxious to learn his address, we may add that "Drawer 41, Cobourg," will find him.

M. M. ELMORE, who entered with '79, is now engaged on the staff of the New Orleans *Democrat*. No doubt the talent which he displayed the short time he was in our midst will render his services of great value to that journal. Mr. Elmore's many friends would be glad to hear from him through our own columns.

REV. CHAS. A. TANNER, an alumnus of Queen's, Principal of St. Francis College, Richmond, Que., writes thus: "It does one good to hear of good old Queen's, her sons are men of might, and now with Principal Grant she shall bring forth 'giants.' We like such letters as his—we like words of encouragement, and somehow we like the three little words that begin his letter, 'Please find enclosed.' Nothing like practical encouragement after all.

JOHN R. LAVELL, B.A., '77, has recently passed a very creditable examination before the Law Society. Mr. Lavell has only been engaged in his studies for about twelve months, still this is the second time he has successfully presented himself at Osgoode, showing that he is losing none of the "pluck" which gave him such an excellent position in his College course. He will be remembered as Prince of Wales Prizeman for '77.

R. W. SHANNON, B.A., '75, has passed a successful examination before the Law Society, Toronto, and has been admitted to practice as an attorney-at-law. Mr. Shannon was very successful in carrying off scholarships, etc., while attending Queen's. He studied law in the office of Messrs. Walkem & Walkem, of this city.

J. J. CRAIG, B.A., '74, has passed his second Intermediate at Toronto with flying colors. We congratulate him on his success.

We hear that George Claxton, B.A., '76, has begun prematurely practising at the Bar in *Re Guzzle*.

ALEX. McLEAN, B.A., '78, was in the city during the past week. We are glad to see him looking so well.

T. D. CUMBERLAND, B.A., '75, has passed his first Intermediate Law Examination without an oral. We are glad to learn of his success. We feel bound to him by peculiar ties, for he once stood in our shoes, and not long ago we got a letter from him in which he thus poured out his soul's sympathies towards us: "I wish you all success, and as a former Sec.-Treas., allow me to sympathize with you, unless you have the cheek of a 'canal horse' and the dunning powers of a—(words fail me.)" His success, indeed, revived our drooping spirits. We feel so happy to know that after spending a year of drudgery at journalism, we can, yes, we can be of use in after life. From this out we'll cheerfully plod on.

E. H. DICKSON, B.A., an alumnus of Queen's, son of Dr. Dickson, President of the Faculty of the Royal College, was a short time ago united in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Dyckman, of Orange, N.J. The bride is a sister of H. M. Dyckman, B.A., '77. We extend to the happy couple our heartiest congratulations.

G. R. WEBSTER, B.A., '75, has set up his "shingle" in Brockville, Ont., as will be found by reference to our advertising columns. George is starting well, and we hope that he may not only always have "Money to Loan," but some to spare occasionally—to Queen's, for example.

REV. DR. CLARK, B.A., '55, of Belleville, preached in St. George's Cathedral in this city last Sunday.

EXCHANGES.

ONE of the pleasantest sensations which an editor (a su's.) of a College Journal experiences, is felt on his dropping into the publishing office on the morning when the paper should be issued, and there meeting the Managing Editor, whose only salutation is "Where are your exchange notices," and it suddenly dawns on his mind that they are not yet in a fit state for publication. It puts one in a good frame of mind, however, for criticism, the only redeeming feature in this case being that most of them had been perused beforehand.

The *Richmond College Messenger* first puts in an appearance, opening with a selected poem by W. M. Thackery, then a short article on its College History, followed by one on "Art Schools," both very readable. We notice an effusion entitled "Success," whose only good feature is that it is short. The "Cosmopolite" is in our opinion the best article in the journal. "Odds and Ends" is as usual excellent, and we fully sympathize with the critic of the "State Carriers' Christmas Carol," in his remarks on that poem which, if inspired at all, must have been so by very material spirits. Altogether this number is one of the best we have seen.

A new comer next is drawn from our basket, it is the *King's College Record*, from Windsor, Nova Scotia. Were it printed on better paper, and had it a little more entertaining original matter, we would like it better, but it is its first number and it is well to have lots of room for improvement; it makes the issuing of the other numbers easier. It, however, gives promise of a good future, and wishing it success, we with pleasure give it place on our list of Exchanges.

Very different from the one just mentioned is the *Columbia Spectator*. Well printed on good paper, its articles are of the best. The article by Cornicula on "Only a Vassar Girl," would be more acceptable if Vassar was not a continual butt for the wit of the American College papers.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* gives its monthly quota of prize essays, one of which we read hastily over, and concluded that if the rest were as good they would be well worth reading—by somebody else. The Editor's Table is good; the articles are well written and full of information concerning the College. Whoever makes the "Pickings and Stealings," has an eye for the beautiful.

This January number of the *Cornell Review* we have read with pleasure. Its contributed articles have a natural, healthy tone about them which makes them exceedingly readable, and we wish we had more space to devote to their consideration. The other parts of the *Review* are by no means deficient in quality or quantity.

Good as was the January number of Rose-Belfor's *Canadian Monthly*, the February number surpasses it. Had

it not been that this was the first one of our exchanges to be read this time, we doubt if we would have been so pressed for time. A new story by Wilkie Collins, "Fallen Leaves," opens the number, following which is an article by Elihu Burritt, which is worthy of him. The article on "Southey," and that on "The Political Destiny of Canada," by Sir Francis Hincks, are good examples of the different styles of articles to be found in the Monthly, while "A Plea for the Militia, and "Trial by Jury," are of a more technical nature. It seemed to us that the latter article might have been omitted without any great loss to the "Monthly," as in spite of the name attached, no new ideas on the subject seemed to be broached. These, with the continued stories, make up a most attractive number.

COLLEGE LIBRARY.

THE following works have been received into the Library during the present session :

Lightfoot : Epistle of Paul to the Philippians. Muller : Sanskrit Grammar. Earnshaw : Statics. Trapp : Commentary on N. Test. Bengal : Gnomon of N. Test. Lazamon's Brut. Lecky : Hist. of England in 18th century. May : Democracy in Europe. Hare : Memorials of a quiet life. Cook : Boston Monday Lectures. Martineau : Hours of thought on sacred things ; Endeavours after Christian Life ; Theology, Religion and Materialism. Huxley : Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals ; Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals ; Physiography. Rennens ; Theoretical Chemistry. Dana : Manual of Geology. Dorner : Hist. of Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ. Schmid : Biblical Theology of N. Test. Harless : System of Christian Ethics. Delitzsch : Commentary on Song of Solomon ; do. on Psalms ; do. on Proverbs ; do. on Isaiah ; do. on Hebrews ; System of Biblical Psychology.

(To be Continued.)

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

IT must be gratifying to parents to know that their boys have so perfectly acquired Latin that they are able to use it in ordinary discourse. Two of them were one day engaged in pummelling each other, when a third cried out, "*Soc et tuum, Romeo!*"

Scene upon the campus,
Ten, last Sunday eve,
Pretty little maiden
Clinging to his sleeve,
Very much embarrassed,
Don't know what to say,
Freshie's very verdant—
Silent all the way!

Coming up the hill he'd
Scarcely said a word,
And they walked so slowly
It was quite absurd!
Damsel on his arm is
Clinging very tight ;
Asks him what the harm is
Talking Sunday night ?

Fresh grown braver, says the
Moon so bright above,
Brings to mind the text, that
Always "God is love."
Then the sweet, sage maiden,
Ere they've gone a rod,
Laughs through red'ning blushes,
'Let us talk of God!'—*Era.*

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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SOME time ago we noticed in the columns of *The Portfolio*, that the question, whether co-education of the sexes was advisable or not, had been discussed at a meeting of one of the Literary Societies in connection with the Wesleyan Female College at Hamilton, the argument being decided in the affirmative. This item of news did not suggest to us the advisability of cudgelling our brains for arguments for or against this question which has so long been a debatable one. This JOURNAL has advocated co-education more ably in times past than we could do it now, and the Trustee Board and Senate of the University have not hesitated in announcing that all the benefits of our University course are open to women. To be sure the announcement does not seem to have had much effect, and the "fair girl-graduates" spoken of by Dr. Cook in his inaugural address seem still to be as much as ever visions of the future; but some ladies have already graced our halls with their presence, and we can say with the authority

of knowledge that there are a goodly number now preparing themselves for our Matriculation examination, who hope, ere long, to be fairly started on the way to the degree of *Bachelor of Arts*. This being so we do not think we are too imaginative, when, looking in prospective through the halls of the building, the plans of which have lately been selected, we see many matriculants whose drapery is more abundant than the twisted collar and red-bound ragged-ends of the ordinary undergraduate, whose mood is not so boisterous and whose appearance generally is more like the members of the College of the Princess Ida (albeit not so gorgeously caparisoned) than those of an ordinary Canadian University.

Now after this preamble we come to our true reason for writing this article. If these things are to be, and if the authorities desire them to be, would it not be well to have some room set apart for a ladies' private-parlor. Such a room we did not see on the plans, but such a room we think would be necessary if the students are to be mixed male and female. The Reading Room might be made common with advantage, if not to both parties, at least to the room itself, but some other room might be set apart for private use. Hoping that it does not come too late we leave the suggestion to the authorities, taking it for granted that if the suggestion is a good one, as we think it is, they will do what they can in the matter.

IN a previous session the JOURNAL called attention to the failings of the present lecture-system which, we are sorry to say,

are still existent. Many a weary hour have we spent in the pure, manual labour of trying to get down a whole lecture, and ended the vain task without experiencing the slightest mental or moral improvement, barring, perhaps, a certain feeling of humility and a conviction that these things are also vanity. All the unsatisfactoriness and the waste of time and trouble might be saved at a slight expense, by having the outlines of the lectures printed in pamphlet form and given to the students. Of course the lectures are not expected to be free from all mutation; but even if new outlines had to be printed every few years, it would be no such expense as should countervail against the student's loss of time and the imperfection of his means of study. Much more work could thus be got through with in the same time; for after a student had read the outlines he could listen to a rapid lecture understandingly and take intelligible notes. But as it is, his only hope consists in getting every sentence down in class and digesting it, like a ruminant, afterwards. If he is about to miss a sentence, his excited mind perceives the importance of that sentence and its intimate connection with numberless phases of the subject with a clearness of vision which would be invaluable to him if he could but conjure up its aid at examination-time. He strives to recall it, and in doing so loses the next one, and probably both. Then he fills them all out at home (for, like nature, he abhors a vacuum), and as to the orthodoxy of such patchwork deponent saith nought.

THE new era of prosperity so auspiciously begun in the history of Queen's is one of which her students, alumni and friends may well feel proud. To those, who stood by her in her infancy, and afterwards faithfully supported her claims for existence when she was in danger of being overwhelmed by the successive misfortunes that over-

took her in the earliest part of her history, it must be gratifying that now her condition is in all likelihood to be one of stability and complete security against such disastrous experiences as fell to her lot in the past. The generous response accorded to the appeal made in her behalf to the country last year clearly evinces that the friends of higher education in Ontario appreciate the work done in the past in preparing young men for the holy ministry as well as for the other professions to which her students may have devoted themselves. Queen's had embarrassments to contend with, which were frankly laid before the public, who generously relieved her from such an impediment to her progress, and to-day we know of no other institution which so well deserves Seneca's compliment to an honest but unfortunate individual, "An honest man," said that good old prætor, "struggling against adversities and finally having overcome, is one upon whom the gods themselves might look down with delight." Queen's was honest amid all her difficulties and trials; and perhaps to this quality is due more than anything else, the stronghold which she now possesses of the estimation of the public. Soon mechanics of all kinds will be busily employed in erecting buildings which will be in keeping with the work which she is doing for the education of the country, and which will be an everlasting monument of the generosity of the citizens of Kingston, who so cheerfully and handsomely contributed towards the building fund last summer.

AN opinion, which we believe to be either intuitive or hereditary, exists in the minds of many intelligent men, namely, that a University training is necessary only for scientific, literary or professional men and that it is folly for any one expecting to become "a hardy son of toil" to indulge in such an apparent luxury. We fail to see

any reason why the latter class should not receive that excellent mental culture which is intended to inculcate such sound fundamental principles as are calculated to exalt the interests of a nation. Let us consider the necessity of having such a training extended to the farming community. The prosperity of a country depends to a great extent on the education and general intelligence which characterizes that country. As the farming community form a very large fraction of the population, and if education is necessary to exalt a nation, it surely follows that this fraction should receive that education. It is also expedient that each citizen should have correct ideas regarding questions that concern his individual and civil interests, and further that he should be able to express these ideas intelligently. How infinitely better would it be if farmers, instead of providing immense property or storing up large legacies for their sons, would send them to a college such as Queen's where they might receive a thorough education, and thus place within their reach the best means of acquiring these things for themselves. The college session lasting, as it does, only during the winter months, affords another opportunity of accomplishing this object, for not being actively engaged in farm-work many young men, endowed with good natural abilities, are allowed to spend the winter days, and especially the long winter evenings, in comparative idleness. Would it not be better for them to harvest those golden moments by pursuing for a few years a regular course of study which would not only make superior farmers of them, but would fit them for managing efficiently their own local and municipal affairs! In this way farmers would have in their midst men thoroughly competent to represent their suffrages in the Legislative Assemblies of the land, without being driven to the humiliating resort of selecting as their represen-

tative a glib-tongued lawyer—from a place perhaps three or four hundred miles away—who, in many cases, cares little about the interests of the people who have elected him to that honourable position. Farmers, do not neglect the thorough training of your sons if you have a desire to further the moral and social interests of your country.

A GOOD deal of discussion is at present on foot in regard to the relative merits of text books and lectures, and this is certainly an important subject for the consideration of those who frame Collegiate courses of study. The more ancient and wide-spread custom is not necessarily the best method. On the one hand it may be argued that in subjects upon which scientific investigation is throwing additional light every year, these new discoveries may be incorporated from time to time in the lecturer's course and the scholar kept up to the age. There are also subjects so extensive that while an elementary knowledge of them does come within the scope of a liberal education, it cannot very well be acquired from any single manual. Here a judicious lecturer may profitably condense his extensive information into what appears to him to be the leading features of the subject. There are also some departments of knowledge, such as mental philosophy, upon which there are many conflicting opinions, and while the lecturer must necessarily take one view, he may also point out to those under his tuition his reasons for rejecting others, and his remarks on the various schools will be a useful guide to them in their reading afterwards.

On the other hand, in many branches of information, the ground has been traversed again and again by master minds and the subject displayed in every possible light. The average instructor is not supposed to be capable of stating any matter more clearly and definitely than those whose works have

been for some time before the public and which stand approved by its verdict. It is to be feared that in many quarters the desire for the appearance of originality causes many a lecture hour to be wasted in mere writing to dictation, when it might be profitably employed in elucidating the difficult portions of some good text book, or supplementing its statements where they appear deficient. Again, when a student has thought over the subject before he comes into the presence of his teacher and has already started difficulties in his own mind upon it, he is in the best possible position to comprehend any explanations which may be given. A single sentence will then pour a flood of light upon him. But when he goes in to a lecture without having thought of the matter he is not prepared to understand explanations, because he has not yet apprehended the difficulty. Besides, when his whole attention is engrossed in putting down as many words of the lecture as he can, some of its most important ideas are apt to escape him—particularly if the subject is an abstruse and difficult one.

CIVILITY is a beautiful word coming from the old Latin *civilis*, which means relating to the community, or to the policy or government of the citizens or subjects in a State, thus reminding us in its root-idea that we are members one of another. An uncivil man says by his conduct "Your comfort of mind or of body is nothing to me. What care I whether you are pleased or not?" But a civil man attaches very great importance to the happiness of others. Thus *civil* comes to mean in a secondary sense, gentle, obliging, affable, kind, and civility in its highest and noblest sense is but another name for self-sacrifice. He who walks amidst his fellowmen with a constant feeling that *they are his brothers*, with a willingness to put himself last and others first

is one of nature's noblemen. Uncivility, or even snappishness, is not peculiar to laymen alone. We have known clergymen who were sour, self-willed, and even rude and meanly selfish. And we have seen theological students who seemed anxious to emulate them in their disagreeableness. Did such men even take the first step in following the Master? Of course we do not profess admiration for mere *goody* people. There is also some danger that constant desire to be courteous may produce a ridiculous excess of mannerism. But the true man need never fear. He, who studies to be gentle, who is self-denying, who has learned one of life's lessons—a lesson which students in the world's school of training as well as college students find so hard to learn—to bear with what is disagreeable, with what comes against the grain, will never be nauseating in his attempts to please others.

WE think it is a pity that more options are not allowed in the Curriculum in Arts and also in the Divinity Course. An iron rule to put all students through the same drill, and run everything in a particular groove without taking any account of their various tastes and capacities, may be wise in intention, but often is attended with mischievous results. Carelessness and inattention may be referred to causes other than inveterate depravity. The courage of a student who loves to work when his studies are in any way agreeable to his tastes may be damped when he looks forward to a life of two or three years of slavish drudgery at a subject which he hates with all his soul. It is well known that there are studies which some can learn with comparative ease, whilst others find them exceedingly difficult. A student may have to give four or five hours a night at work which he finds almost nauseous, and so has no time to prepare the work in the classes which he loves. Is not such a

student's labour uselessly spent, because his whole time is taken up with *cramming*? Now we would suggest that the same privileges be allowed at Queen's as at some other institutions. Let an examination in a prescribed number of books suffice for attendance in the senior classes of some subjects. The Senate could select the books so that no student slip through without performing an equivalent amount of work. The "Elective Studies" which form such an important part in the Harvard course are arranged according to the principle we advocate. It may be quite proper that every student be compelled to attend *one* session in each department, but if a student finds that he has no aptitude for that kind of work it borders on cruelty to force him to struggle hopelessly at it for one or two years more.

IN MEMORIAM.

AND now another death. It is not long since it was our painful duty to chronicle the death of one of our students, Mr. Richard Lavell. But it was no surprise when the announcement was made recently in the Alma Mater Society that Mr. Hugh McIntosh was no more.

The subject of this obituary was a native of Pictou County, N.S. He was a young man of excellent abilities, the right kind of a man to go to College. Although in early life difficulties of no common order were in his path, still he fought on until the session of 1874-75 found him in Dalhousie. But he had to leave before the session was over through bad health. In the fall of 1876 he came to Queen's, but it was plainly seen that the hand of death was upon him. He struggled bravely on at his work, taking an excellent position in his classes, although few knew at what cost to his health. He managed to find his way back to College at the beginning of last session, and began studying with his usual earnestness. But at last he was compelled to yield to his malignant enemy. It was only when disease rendered him unable to attend his classes that he consented to go home. The professors showed him great kindness. Professor Mackerras especially manifested the tenderest interest for his comfort. The writer remembers the sad parting, when he bade farewell to College friends and College studies. He died at his home at Rogers' Hill in Pictou, N.S., on February 5th, aged twenty-four. May Queen's have a host of students as earnest, as talented and as modest as Hugh McIntosh.

WE regret that we are compelled to hold over a large amount of interesting reading-matter till our next issue.

SUMMER REMINISCENCES.

III.—LAKE NIPISSING AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

(Continued.)

AS we paddled up the river, canoes and log-houses became more numerous, some appearing at every turn; also, instead of only a small plot cleared immediately about the house, we came on large log-houses with comparatively good sized farms about them. About three miles from the mouth we lauded, and betook ourselves to Beatty's. On our way we had a good view of this part of the settlement, which had quite a thriving appearance; but, that it had only lately been reclaimed, could be seen by the stumps that were scattered here and there about the fields, and also by the sight of the deep forest, which at a short distance back flourished in all its natural wildness, and which limited our view on every hand. Crossing several fields by a foot-path, which led us through openings in the well-built rail fences, we at last arrived at Beatty's, which, being the largest establishment in the place, served also when necessary, as a hotel. It being now evening and, with the exception of a few bites, we having had nothing to eat since morning, our first care was our supper, which we disposed of in first-class, backwoods style, and then had time to look about us. The place we were in we found to be a large, comfortable-looking frame house, surrounded with well stocked barns, there was a large and thriving farm attached, this being the oldest farm in the district. Here we met quite a number of the settlers; they spoke well of the land, but as the greater number were only beginners, few had much to show for their labours. Their principal trouble seemed to be the difficulty of finding a market for their produce, they being three days over land travel from the nearest railroad. As the Lake Nipissing branch of the Pacific Railroad is located close by, they hoped that in a few years this bad feature of the place might be remedied. They were a healthy looking lot of men on the whole, but some looked as though ague and swamp fever were well known amongst them. This, however, was perhaps due to the fact that many of the houses were built a few yards from the river in the dampest of spots, when there was plenty of good, high and dry ground near by, where they would be out of any evil influence in that respect. Some of the houses we were in were large, healthy and comfortable, and spoke well of the possibilities of the place.

We did not make a long visit, but having posed some birch bark letters, and having obtained a very slight addition to our stock of provisions, and also having obtained some information concerning the next seventy miles of our road, we, on the morning after, floated gently down the calm river and out once more on the broad surface of Lake Nipissing. We now came to the eastern end of the lake, and as we intimated at the beginning of this article, the shores here, though rocky, were low, and we were even able to take our noon rest on a well wooded, sandy point. This point was at the junction of the Eastern Bay with the lake, and to the point opposite the distance was only five miles. That point we wished to reach, as about half a mile to the west of it flowed out the River Le Vase, up which we wished to ascend. There was a verylight breeze blowing, and the surface of the lake was hardly ruffled, but here where we wished to cross the wind had a sweep of nearly seventy miles, and we were told that if there was any wind at all there would be too much of a swell for our canoes, consequently we were advised to go round the bay, which was well protected by islands. But laziness overcame our prudence, and fixing our eyes on a deserted farm-house on the opposite shore for a mark, we set out across the lake. We soon found that all our skill was ne-

cessary did we wish to get safely over, and it was only by being exceedingly cautious that we at last approached our land mark, and even when there we had to go for half a mile against wind and wave, before we would be able to find shelter. Another, but much smaller log-house, stood at the mouth of the Le Vase, and it was a decidedly welcome sight when it at last appeared, and we were able to float into the quiet river, for one of our canoes was carrying about as much floating ballast, in the shape of water, as it well could stand. A short stay, however, and things were once more rightly arraigned, and we commenced the third stage of our journey, that from Lake Nipissing to the Ottawa.

NOTES FROM THE "FAR WEST."

(From our own Correspondent.)

A FIVE MONTHS' SOJOURN IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.

I T may interest some of the readers of the JOURNAL to learn how a certain green Canadian, unskilled in "The ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," was "done" by a sharper of San Francisco. The following is the story as told to me by the victim himself, so that I can vouch for its authenticity: "Me and my boy Bill was astrayin' in 'Frisco, awaitin' for the steamer 'City of Panama' for to sail for British Columbia. One day I goes into the Bank for to get some money, and leaves my boy astandin' outside. As I comes out I sees a stranger atalkin' to my boy Bill, and when he sees me he comes right up and looks into my face quite honest like and says, 'I am happy to meet you, Mr. A. I hear you're agoin' up to Victoria. I am acquainted with your brother up there.' Well, I was so struck of a heap, that at first I couldn't say nothin', but at last I tells him that I was very glad for to see him, and asks him for to excuse me for my bad manners in not aspeakin' to him when he first spoke to me. We was soon tolerably thick. He warned me agin sharpers, and told me not to talk to no one. Well, at last we comes to a saloon, and he asks me in for to have a drink, so in I goes. In one corner was a man asittin' at a table ashufflin' a pack of cards. My friend nudges me and whispers, 'Don't you have nothin' to do with that there feller at the table, you don't know nothin' about his tricks as I do.' 'No,' says I, 'I'll have nothin' to say to him.' Well, we were astandin' awatchin' the feller turn over some cards, when he turns round to my friend and says, 'Will you bet?' 'No,' says my friend, 'I never gamble, but I sees through your tricks.' 'No you don't,' says the feller at the table. 'Yes I do,' says my friend. 'Then put up your money,' says the feller at the table. 'I never bet,' says my friend. 'Well, what do you want here?' says the feller at the table. 'For to expose your carrivins-on,' says my friend. 'Then plank down your gold,' says the man at the table. 'All right, I'll let you out,' says the other, and then whispers to me, 'You bet your life I've got the dead-wood on him.' So my friend fumbles in his pockets for money, but as there wasn't none there, of course he couldn't find none; so he turns to me and says, 'My pocket-book is in my trunk at the hotel, just lend me \$30 and I will give ye it back when I gets to the hotel.' Well, I kinder bucked agen this, and says, 'I don't care to lend to a stranger.' 'Oh!' says he, and with that he pulls out a gold watch, 'take this till ye get yer money back.' 'Well,' says I, 'all right,' and with that I takes the watch and gives him the money. My friend lost the \$30, and seemed to me to take his, or rather my, loss rather bad. So says I, to cheer him up a little, 'Never bet agen.' 'Come,' says he, 'I ought to have know better. Let us go to the hotel and I will give ye

yer money back. When he reaches the hotel he tells me fer to sit down, while he fetches the money out of his trunk. So down I squats and waits until I was tired, and then starts off in search of my friend, but didn't find him, nor have I sot eyes on him from that day to this. The watch was brass and was worth about six bits (75c., a bit equal to 12½c.)" What brazen impudence Mr. A.'s friend evinced in offering a brass watch as security for \$30. No wonder Mr. A. is more watchful of strangers, and that his voice is dolorous when he speaks of having footed the little bill (Bill). [The sharper had obtained the necessary information, to address Mr. A. in the manner described, from Mr. A.'s "boy Bill," 8 years of age.] Beware, then, oh ye simple! Place no confidence in the glib tongue, the neatly polished beaver, the faultless fit of the well preserved broadcloth, the spotless shirt bosom, and the jaunty step of the too obtrusive stranger, lest you might find to your cost that, "Latet anguis in herba!"

We must now take the steamer for Santa Monica, one of the sea ports of Los Angeles. The steamer touches at Santa Barbara, a favorite sanitary resort. The town (hamlet would be the proper term) is thoroughly protected from the cold sea blasts by mountains which surround it. The climate is equable and pleasant. After a very pleasant voyage of two days duration we landed at Santa Monica, where we took the train for Los Angeles. Santa Monica is a very fine watering place, and in summer the neighboring hills may be seen covered with the tents of pleasure seekers. The beach is sandy. A bathing house, fitted up with every convenience, such as hot and cold water, &c., has been erected for the accommodation of those people who choose to pay for a bath within its precincts. The population of the town is about 800. It is amusing to watch the couples of both sexes diving through the surf which breaks upon the shore. On the way to Los Angeles (which is 20 miles from Santa Monica) we passed through many orange orchards, which were at that time a novelty to me. We reached Los Angeles in about an hour's time, after a very pleasant trip indeed. Los Angeles, more fully "El pueblo de la Reina de Los Angeles," (The City of the Queen of the Angels) is the metropolis of Southern California. It was settled in 1771 by Spaniards or Mexicans. The tree under which the first settlers camped is still standing; the Mexicans call it the "Aliso" tree. The city is situated at the base of the Sierra Santa Monica mountains, on the Los Angeles river. It occupies an area of 6 miles square, and is built upon sloping ground. A beautiful view may be obtained by climbing any of the adjacent hills which mostly overlook the town. The view thus obtained gives a person a very good idea of the character and nature of the city. Orange groves and vineyards abound. The "Wolfskill" is the largest grove in the city. It covers an area of 100 acres, planted with 2,500 orange, nearly 3,000 lemon, and 1,000 lime trees. The most of these trees have not yet arrived at their greatest bearing capacity. There are some very handsome private residences in the city. In front of the most of these dwellings there are small flower gardens, and grass plots planted with the Italian and Monterey Cypress, cut and trimmed to represent pillars and columns. Many of the streets are shaded with a species of pepper tree, which droops somewhat like the willow. The castor oil plant is indigenous, and may be seen growing in many unfrequented lanes and byways. Horses are very cheap, especially those called mustangs. The mustang is a descendant of the horse, imported and turned loose in Mexico by Cortez. It is a very hardy animal, and is well adapted for a new country where railroads are necessarily scarce. The greatest vice among the horses of the Pacific Coast is that of "bucking." The question that is most frequently asked before mounting a strange *caballo* is, "Does this horse buck?" If it does happen to do so, then "Prenez garde" and as "He

who *sits* upon a slippery place makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up," grasp the pommel or the back of the saddle, and hang on like "grim death." In "bucking" the animal arches his back, stiffens his limbs, puts his head between his front legs, springs into the air, and comes down "all fours," consequently the rider receives a jar which sets all the conflicting emotions and feelings of the mind and body, considerably upon the *jar*. No wonder then that the horse is assailed by the breathless but exasperated rider, with some very choice *jargon*, which pours forth with astonishing volubility. If the coming down on "all fours" fails to unseat the unwelcome tenant of the saddle, mustang commences a series of oscillations, at one time landing on his front, at another on his hind legs. This performance very often continues until either the rider is unseated or mustang is exhausted. Some one, in describing to me the sensations he felt astraddle of a bucking horse, compared them to those produced in "riding on a rail," but I have since found out that "riding the rail" is much to be preferred. The Mexicans are accomplished horsemen. I have seen many a one mounted on the back of a galloping horse pick a 25 cent piece off the ground. The Spanish and Mexicans compose a great part of the population of Los Angeles, which is 15,000. They occupy a portion of the city which is called Spanish Town. The houses are built of adobe, a very tenacious clay, which makes good bricks when dried in the sun. The Chinese also occupy a portion called China Town, a very dirty and squalid place indeed.

The weather was very warm when I arrived, the thermometer registering 86° F. in the shade. What do you think of that for December? Ice is manufactured artificially. California is noted for the varieties of its climate. The climate of Los Angeles is very pleasant and healthy. The heat is not of that oppressive kind which is a characteristic of the Eastern climate. The nights are cool and even cold, and a thick blanket is not to be despised as a covering during the hottest summer nights. The rainy season extends from October to May, and the average rainfall for the entire season is 12 inches.

THE TRISECTION OF AN ANGLE.

SOME little time ago there appeared in *Nature* a serial article upon "circle squarers" and such like personages, setting forth the different attempts which have been made and are being made to solve the famous *old* problem of *squaring the circle*. It moreover went on to show that these men frequently come to the most absurd conclusions and entertain very ridiculous ideas. Although it is often true that persons, who spend a great portion of time over such endeavours, and arrive at results which they believe to be correct, while every other person knows them to be incorrect, are simply monomaniacs; yet this is not always the case, as the following will show;

During the past summer there came under my notice a paper published in New Brunswick, in which, after a glowing exordium, is given a method by which "to trisect a given rectilinear angle by Plane Geometry." It is called "The most illustrious mathematical feat since the days of Newton," and is said to be due to Dr. Wiggins.

The writer of the introduction, after giving some short description of the nature of the problem, goes on to say that "Sir Isaac Newton pursued it for many years, but eventually threw down his pencil in disgust, after having drawn enough figures—squares, circles and triangles—to cover the firmament." The writer must certainly have a very restricted idea of the firmament; but apart from that the statement that the figures drawn by the illustrious Newton were squares, circles and triangles is, as I will show hereafter, a very significant one. "But, after twelve years of untiring perseverance," he continues, "Dr. Wig-

gins has untied the Gordian knot." And then, after pointing out "that the greater number of discoveries and inventions have originated in the most simple observations and apparently under the most trivial circumstances," he goes on to say that "Sir William Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood by looking through a microscope at a frog's foot." . . . This is certainly a new piece of history with which the world has not been hitherto acquainted. In the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1878, there appears an admirable article upon Harvey and his discovery of the circulation of the blood, by Prof. Huxley, and he does not seem to be aware of this new historical fact, for he attributes the ocular demonstration of the circulation to Malpighi, seven years after Harvey's death.

But to return to the direct consideration of the problem, Dr. Wiggins professes to trisect a given rectilinear angle by *plane geometry*. Now, what does he mean by plane geometry? If he means what Newton meant when he worked by "squares, circles and triangles," that is, the geometry of the circle and the straight line, or in other words the geometry that is worked out by the compasses and straight edge—then Dr. Wiggins has not solved the problem. If on the other hand he means by plane geometry the geometry of all plane figures, or figures of two dimensions, as opposed to the geometry of solids, then the problem of trisecting a given rectilinear angle was solved by many persons and in different ways long before Dr. Wiggins came upon this scene of action.

The trisection of an angle, like the quadrature of a circle, to which it is nearly allied, was a famous problem with the Old Mathematicians. But they worked with certain means only, and these were the postulates of Euclid's Geometry. With them points were to be determined by the intersection of two straight lines, by the intersection of the circumferences of two circles, or by that of a straight line with a circle. Their only tools were the straight edge and the compasses, and with these they set about the problem and were not long in discovering that its solution offered apparently insuperable difficulties. As every one is aware, it is very difficult to prove a negative in regard to a question of the present nature, and as far as we know the *possibility* still remains that an angle might be trisected by the simple conditions of Euclid's Geometry; but the experience of the past, combined with the nature of these simple conditions, renders such a feat so extremely improbable that it amounts almost to impossible.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

IT is reported that most of the students of Yale and Harvard enjoy the luxury of a private servant.

THIS is Washington's birthday, and some of the American College papers are bewailing the fact that it falls on a Saturday. The day is celebrated in some manner in almost all their Colleges, in some by a dinner, in others by orations, parades, etc.

WINTER sports in the Colleges are varied. Skating is indulged in at Princeton, Roanoke and Virginia. At Yale, Union, and Wesleyan coasting is a favourite pastime, they coast for fun, coast for love, coast for broken shins, scratched noses and torn coats; and when they can't think of anything to coast for, why then—they coast. At Williams and Princeton snowballing is being brought into fashion, McGill is advocating hockey and Queen's snowshoeing.

LASSSELL Seminary has a course in dressmaking.

THE Government of England spends annually \$500,000 for musical instruction.

THERE are over 7,000 Americans studying in German schools and universities. The American Consul at Wurttemberg estimates that they spend annually over \$4,500,000. This, he thinks, would go a long way toward building up and sustaining such institutions at home. He also thinks the general effect on the morals and respect for law, of these students, very bad.

PERSONAL.

W. E. D'Argent is delivering a series of lectures on Masonry, in the neighbourhood of Flatlands, N.B., looking for an increase in the flock.

F. A. Drummond, B.A., '77, has gone to Manitoba to engage in agricultural pursuits. We wish him all success.

John I. MacCraken, B.A., '74, was in the city last week. He was returning from Toronto where he has lately passed a creditable law examination.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

A CERTAIN divinity student is said to be cultivating flowers in his bedroom, so that he may have roses the size of a hat for his button-hole. *Semper floreat.*

THE latest and most accurate mode of drawing the distinction between two students of the same name, is by designating the one as married and the other as unmarried. It works like a charm. We would advise its universal adoption.

THE Principal preached in the Brock street Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening. A collection was taken up in aid of the Bursary Fund of the College.

THE subscriptions by members of the Congregationalist Church of this city, towards the Endowment Fund, amount to \$3,355.

WE would call the attention of the Glee Club and those in the habit of singing the familiar song of "John Brown," to the following advice of a colored brother:—"Brethren before we sing the next verse of 'John Brown's body lies all mouldy in the grave,' let us take a look into the grave and see that it is there. In these days of medical colleges a cemetery is no safer than a savings bank, and it may be that political glee clubs, who have been singing the song quoted above, have been chanting a rhythmic lie for the past fifteen years."

THE proverb "He that winketh with the eye, causeth sorrow," was hardly verified in the case of that student who was thus endeavoring to flirt with a lady in an institution not five miles away. In fact we inclined to the opinion that he brought joy to her poor heart. We hope, however, that he'll never be so *crazy* after her as to indulge in frequent visits to her abode.

MESSRS. Cumberland and Oxley, of Divinity Hall, entertained the inhabitants of Gananoque with some choice readings, on Thursday, 13th inst. The latter gentleman also favored the Wolfe Island people last week with "Father Phil," but he was hissed by some hideous reptiles, so that we think he will not be inclined to appear before the same audience again in a hurry. The intelligence of some of the islanders does not rise very high in our estimation.

ANENT the recent reprehensible practical joke played on our Mathematical Professor, an irrepressible senior suggested to "Let x stand for the person who perpetrated it."

THOSE who have been so fond of carving their names in the desks of fame, have had to pay dearly for the privilege—of removing them.

SEEING the impracticability of trying to float in the waters of public estimation, without a sufficient quota of feathers, the heart-rending cry of the senior this Spring will be "*Grant! O Grant me my degree.*"

POOR, unenlightened Kingston! Notwithstanding all her boasted educational institutions, as we were walking down street the other day we observed the letters, "Bazzar" emblazoned on a board in front of a church, so large that he who ran might read.

HAVING heard in some miraculous way that "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," some members of the Glee Club tested the veracity of the rash assertion by giving a concert in Mill Point Indian Woods, on Friday evening last. We notice that Mr. T. A. Elliott was billed to prescribe "Blankets and top boots for the same," and have no doubt all worked like a charm.

A CERTAIN apprehensive junior asked us the other day if there was any danger of his dislocating his brain in his many mental scuffles with "Plato's Ideal Theory." We don't think so—not much.

A REGULAR meeting of the Alma Mater Society was held in the usual place on Saturday, 15th inst., which proved to be highly entertaining. The discussion of ordinary business was engaged in with more than usual vim. After which Mr. D. A. Givens, B.A., read an essay on the "Life and writings of Charles Dickens." The essay was characterized by Mr. Givens' usual ability, the sketch of his life and the review of his writings being very interesting. The highest eulogy of the production consisted probably in the hearty, unanimous vote of thanks tendered to the essayist. We hope to see these papers continued. The debate to-night will be, "Does anticipation or participation give most pleasure."

ONE of our Law students says he is like Equity because he "follows the law." He hasn't overtaken much of it yet, though.

A DIVINITY student who was in the mission field in New Brunswick last summer, sends us for publication the following letter in Latin verse which he received, while there, from a fellow-graduate:—

CARE JACOBE :

Me juvat epistolam tuam accipere,
Et multo me magis delectat quum te valere cognosco.
Jovis, quod socium tuum me non oblitus fuisti,
Etiam qui nubes compellit, nectare celeste te alat!
Nam dulce et decorum est te tuos amicos adscribere.
Et quomodo nunc, mee puer, te ipsum invenis?
In puellarum rubentium recessis, beatus, vagaris?
Vel quo habitant steriles, filiis prorsus carentes,
Aut senices, filiae quorum omnes sunt nuptae, videris?
Virginem, juvenis, cave! Quod et amare et sapere
Vix deis ipsis conceditur. "Ab uno disceto omnes"
Ait Virgilius maro, et ultro dico meipse,
"Neque, si effici possit, disceto etiam unam."
Pulchrae puellae vox dulcis et facies decora sit;
Sicut coccinea vitta suavia labia ejus
Et gratum eloquium suum sit; omnia autem adversus
Cave, juvenis, cave! Sic dicit tuus sodalis;
Sic admonet qui bono tuo sollicitudinem habet,
Qui stat in loco parentis, scilicet,

Tuus,

JOANNES.

Datum Regioduni, A.D. MDCCCLXXVIII.,
a.d. III. Id. Jun.

WHETHER it was a late article in the JOURNAL or not that has done it, we do not know, but it is a fact that a large number of the "boys" are taking every day plenty of healthful recreation on snowshoes. Last Saturday, however, was performed one of the biggest feats in the way of

a snowshoe tramp for this part of the country that we have heard of for some time. John B. McLaren, B.A. '76, and Joseph White, B.A., '77 (now students in law and theology respectively), thinking a stroll would do them good, took a tramp down the frozen north channel of the St. Lawrence to Gananoque—a distance of eighteen miles—doing it in four hours, and after staying there for a few hours, left a little while after dark for the home trip, which, in spite of the darkness of the night and the wind, which was a strong one, blowing the snow full in their faces, was accomplished in five hours from the start. It seemed to us that while that was a big feat for one day, there were four bigger feet the next. (This is a pun and will be copy-righted.)

The plan of the new buildings has been on exhibition in Convocation Hall during the past week, where the various contractors have been busily engaged in preparing estimates. Tenders have to be sent in to-day at the latest.

How absent-minded that Junior must be getting, who rushes out on the street without a hat to cover his head, and how chagrined he must feel as he returns to his room for it amidst the jeers of his chums. We think the Faculty should look after such cases, he may forget his head some day, which Queen's would ever regret.

SOME specimens of *original* poetry afloat about the College are indeed rich. The following on the "Bursary Boys" we deem worthy of a space even in our columns:—

"I'm thirsting after knowledge,—
I like good victuals well,—
I'm very fond of College,
I like to act the swell."

"If you've those coppers handy
I'll take them in my hat,
I'd like to be a dandy,
I'd like to be quite fat."

GROW IMPERIALS.—A certain divine is in ecstasies over the success which has attended his strenuous efforts to raise an Imperial. Formerly no damsel fair (or otherwise) would deign to cast on his bare visage even a single glance; but now, *mirabile dictu*, every charming belle, every lady of talent and inspired genius, has become enamoured with the attractive feature of his countenance. In all social circles he has become the centre of an admiring group of females who gaze on him with wondering awe. He was heard, after passing a bevy of girls, murmuring to himself:—

"O! this tuft of hair of mine,
It makes my face look so divine."

EXCHANGES.

THE January number of *The Fortnightly Review* is to us the most interesting number we have yet seen. Although we usually skip those articles relating to the questions at issue between the British political parties, we found on glancing at the article on "The Scientific Frontier" by Sir H. Norman, that it was interesting enough to read carefully, even though we were in a hurry. But to us the most interesting articles were one on "George Henry Lewes" by Anthony Trollope, in which the kindly hand of a friend briefly gives some sketches of the lighter traits of the character of the great writer who, in December last, went to his last resting place, and one on the "London Medical Schools" by William Githens, which is interesting to us for a very different reason, as it discusses the question of the difference in character between the medical doctor and the medical student, which parties are generally held in reputations which are diametrically opposed to each other. Articles

on "Political Economy and Sociology," "Some Phenomena of the Imagination" and "Rural Roumania," with the continued article on "The English School of Jurisprudence," make up the bulk of this number.

The *Richmond College Messenger*, in its first article, asks the question "Was Bacon Guilty?" and takes a little over five pages of argument to answer "Yes." Were it not for the fact that the writer had some provocation and had handled his subject well, we might suggest that we thought that that subject was settled long ago; under the circumstances, however, we will not. Some good, solid advice is given in the article on "Sky-Scraping," which is a most suggestive term, and brings to our mind some of the many examples we have seen. May we all remember and profit by the advice given. "A peep into Kindergarten" is a vivid sketch of this now popular school for children, and the article on Puritanism is short but good. The rest of the *Messenger* is filled with College news and chit-chat.

Those who run the *Dalhousie Gazette* seem never to be at a loss for several pieces of very neat, original poetry, and as usual the first page of this number is well filled with it. A long article on Macaulay fills the space usually devoted to contributions. We extend our sympathies to the members of Dalhousie College generally, for the loss they have suffered, in common though with the country, in the death of Dr. Mackenzie, lecturer on Physics, who died February 2nd, and to whose memory several pages of this number of the *Gazette* are devoted.

We are glad to welcome the second number of *The Portfolio*, which more than sustains the promise of the first. A beautiful poem, entitled "Beyond," opens the number, and as to the article on "Art in the Home," we thought when we read it that it would be well if the ideas given utterance to therein were more widely diffused and acted upon. The rest of this number we read with interest, but instead of giving any further review ourselves, prefer to clip from it a "spirited, little, skating song" which, at least, since the rink was built, gives a lively picture of a phase of life within the "formidable brick walls:—"

See them go!
Some in row,
Some in merry twos and threes;
Voices singing,
Laughter ringing
On the frosty evening breeze,
See the rosy,
Bright and cosy
Flying, flitting figures pass;
Pretty dresses,
Floating tresses—
All a whirling, twirling mass.
Cheeks are tingling,
Bells are jingling,
Eyes are flashing in the light;
Skates are tinkling,
Stars are twinkling
In the deep blue dome of night.
Some are cutting
Corners jutting—
Waltzing "outside edge" and "vine;"
Graceful gliding,
Slipping, sliding,
Up and down the joyous line.
'Midst the falling,
Tumbling, calling,
Constellations strange arise,
Which no eyeing,
Peering, spying,
E'er can find within the skies.

We wish also to acknowledge the receipt of the "Annual Report of the Public and High, Normal and Model Schools of the Province of Ontario for the year 1877." We may devote further space to this in our next issue, in the meantime students will be able to see it in the reading room.

COLLEGE LIBRARY.

(Continued.)

THE following works have been received into the Library during the present session :

Keil: Commentary on Chronicles; do. on Kings; do on Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther; do. on Daniel; do. on Jeremiah; do. on Ezekiel; Introduction to the Old Testament. Keil and Delitzsch: Biblical Commentary on Minor Prophets. Bleek: Introduction to the N. Test.; Hengstenberg: History of the Kingdom of God under Old Test.; Commentary on Ezekiel. Godet: Commentary on Luke; do. on John. Day: Ellipse. Winer: Comparative view of Doctrines and Confessions of Christendom. Marten: Christian Ethics. Ochler: Theology of the Old Testament. Stier: The Words of the Apostles. Auberlen: The Divine Revelation. Christlieb: Modern Doubt and Christian Belief. Gebhardt: The Doctrine of the Apocalypse. Tuthardt: St. John's Gospel Described and Explained. Bloxam: Organic and Inorganic Chemistry. Croll: Climate and Time. Davidson: Hebrew and Chaldee Concordance. Farrar: Language and Languages. Nichols: The Roman Forum. Cox: Mythology of Aryan Nations. Schleicher: Comparative Grammar. Thomson: Voyage of the Challenger. Frey: Histology and and Histochemistry of Man. Curtius: Greek Etymology. Tiele: Outline History of Ancient Religions. Eddins: Religion in China. Baur: St. Paul's Life and Work. Geikie: The Great Ice Age. Kuenen: The Religion of Israel. Holmes: Terentii Afri Andria. Munro: Criticisms on Catullus. Armstrong: Organic Chemistry. Proctor: The Spectroscope and its Work. Smith: Carthage and the Carthaginians. Symonds: Studies of the Greek Poets; Sketches in Italy and Greece. Sellar: Roman Poets of Augustan Age. Flint: Theism. Burton: Etruscan Bologna. Stransford: Original Letters and Papers. Kennedy: Virgil's Works. Yonge: Dictionary of Epithets. Wace: Christianity and Morality. Watts: Fownes' Manual of Chemistry. Longfellow: Keramos and Other Poems. Ellis: Pronunciation of Greek. Papillon: Comparative Philology. Jebb: Electra and Ajax of Sophocles; Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isaeus. Mahaffy: Rambles and Studies in Greece. Peile: Greek and Latin Etymology. Di Oesnola: Cyprus, its Ancient Cities, Tombs and Temples. Burnchy: A Ride to Khiva. Edwards: Manual of Zoology. Parker: Coliseum at Rome; The Aqueducts of Rome. Wood: Discoveries at Ephesus. Mivart: Elementary Anatomy. Wagner: Mandechmei of Plautus. Wormell: Thermodynamics. Maxwell: Matter and Motion.

(Concluded in our next.)

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

A class of school girls, highly educated on the new principles, were pouring forth to the Bishop of Manchester a list of Latin words, with the English equivalents, and they came to the word which we elders should call *vicissim*. "We-kiss-im," said the girls; "we-kiss-im—by turns." "Oh, do you?" answered the Bishop; "then I don't wonder at your adopting the new pronunciation."

A Junior says he isn't at all jealous when he sees young

ladies kissing each other; they are only following the golden rule—doing unto one another as they would that men should do unto them.

"We don't know everything," remarked the Professor, "and we don't find many that claim to, except now and then one or two in the Sophomore class.

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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Business letters should be sent to JAS. V. ANGLIN, P. O. Drawer 482, Kingston.

Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

AS was announced some days ago in our local papers, and as may be seen in another column, the tenders for the College buildings have been awarded and work will be commenced at once. As to the tenders themselves, we are glad to see that they have been awarded with one exception to citizens of Kingston, and to men whose past reputation assures good workmanship. Accompanying the announcement as to giving of tenders was another very important one. When last spring the endowment scheme was being started, the citizens of Kingston were asked to provide the funds for the new buildings, the amount being set down at \$40,000. Their interest in Queen's University was shown by the celerity with which the amount was subscribed, and which surprised the most sanguine. Now, however, that the plans and specifications have been chosen and the tenders awarded, they find that \$15,000 more is needed. This could not be helped, unless by almost wasting the money already subscribed by putting it into buildings which could not

answer the purposes required, and the authorities concluded, rather than do that, to go on at once with the buildings, and trust to the citizens for the money needed. We do not think that their faith was groundless, and from the kindly notices and assurances given in the local papers we should gather that as soon as it is seen that the money is needed the whole amount will be subscribed.

CLASS photographs are now becoming a recognized institution in this as in most other colleges. For several years past it has been the custom for the graduating class to present a group picture of themselves to the College, to be strung up in the Convocation Hall. We like the custom exceedingly, and think it is a good one. But though we do like the custom, we can't say that we quite like the present form of pictures. Taken in a group at one time, each individual occupies necessarily a small space, sometimes in a large class rather ambiguously, and the whole picture looks quite insignificant on the high, bare walls of the Convocation Hall. We would like to propose to the graduating class of '79, that they inaugurate a new system of things. Instead of the group, let each one be taken in gown, hood and "mortar board," and then have the separate pictures arranged in any order they please in a frame without grouping them, the centre place being occupied by one of the College authorities (or any person else), voted on by the class. By this means, too, each one without extra trouble could have as many separate pictures of himself as he chose to order, and thus be enabled to exchange with other members of his class, and also

perhaps with—well “his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts.” This is only mentioned here as a proposal, for of course the form of class picture is left wholly to the class; but we think that future graduating classes would do well to take the question into consideration.

AS we read the “Reports from the Gymnasiums” in the *New York College World* a short time ago, we could not help inwardly deploring the fact that we at Queen’s have none from which to report. This, we think, is not as it should be, and we believe that if the students entered heartily into the feeling of the want, and tried to remedy it, they would not have much trouble in obtaining assistance from both trustees and outside graduates. We mention this now, because we think if a meeting of those classes that will be here next session were now held and an energetic committee appointed, they might be so able to work it up and collect the necessary information as to cost of apparatus, etc., in the summer, that early next session the beginnings at least of a gymnasium might be seen. While we cannot for many years expect to have anything like the elaborate establishments of some of the wealthy American colleges, we may hope to have a building and apparatus where plenty of healthful exercise and recreation may be taken at times when it cannot be had anywhere else.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing recently from Germany to one of our American College contemporaries, remarked, that two at least of the peculiar institutions of American Universities were derived from Germany, viz.: Greek Letter Societies and College Songs. The former in their fullness we have not in Canada, but the latter we have. We have often thought and have often been told, too, by those who could speak from experi-

ence, that nothing could in after life so forcibly recall

“That haven of rest in life’s tempest-tost ocean,
Where calmly we rode ‘mid youth’s wildest commotion,”

as a scrap of one of those well known songs which, when students, we so melodiously howled through the halls of our Alma Mater, or with which we made night hideous as we meandered home from our College meetings. Though of many different species and varieties, there is a bond of union between all college songs which causes the initiated to class them all in the one family. They present the different phases of college life in perhaps the truest manner, and in looking through a good, college song book the observer may there trace the pleasures and pains, ups and downs, moods and tenses of a student’s life. Freshman, sophomore, junior and senior, all are there, though it is toward the closing scenes of college life that the student seems to break forth in song. Referring to the severing of the ties that bind him to his Alma Mater are many touching and beautiful poems, and in these one often finds surreptitiously creeping in a verse like the following, which some years ago was added by a graduate of Queen’s to a popular College song:

“Alma Mater! Alma Mater! Our pulses beat lightly,
When we think of those dark eyes that on us shone
brightly;

Entwined in our heart strings like lovers’ caresses,
Are thoughts of soft glances and bright, sunny tresses.”

That the feeling expressed in these lines is not an uncommon one may be seen by the mention made of it in many other songs, and an allusion is made to it by Dr. Holmes in a song written for graduates, asking and answering in the first verse a question to the following effect:

“Where! Oh where, are the visions of morning,
Fresh as the dews of our prime?
Gone like the tenants who leave without warning,
Down the back entry of time.”

He proceeds to say:

“Where are the Mary’s, the Ann’s and Eliza’s,
Lovely and loving of yore?
Look in the columns of old advertisers,
Married and dead by the score.”

However, we must leave the consideration of this weakness, which principally affects the freshmen and seniors—as shown in the freshman by the records of the *Concursus Iniquitatis*, and in the senior by an arrogant boast that

"In senior year we fill our parts
By making love and winning hearts,"

and in various other little ways—and proceed to what is really the more popular variety of college songs, the humorous and nonsenical. The humorous is best developed in rythmical tales of college jokes and pranks, and in parodies, though some of the most popular and best known of college songs belong to neither of the divisions mentioned. We need only refer to "Co-ca-chi-lunk" or "Etaroi Chairete." Parodies occupy a high place as far as popularity among students goes. As might almost be expected, "Mary had a little Lamb" comes in for its share of outrage, the words of the original doing service when those of the parody are forgotten. The same remark might be made concerning Longfellow's "Excelsior," which has been adapted to the music of a German drinking song "Upidee," which gives a rousing chorus. And we may say here that a good chorus is almost a positive necessity to a college song, as one great object in singing these seems to be the creation of a lively noise. But in the truly nonsensical the true genius of college songs comes out. Intended to show the exuberant joy of the student at getting safely over the examinations, words are thrown together in any way in which a rhyme may be made. As an example, we may quote "Shool," the first verse of which is :

"I wish I was in Boston City
Where all the girls they are so pretty,
If I didn't have a time, 'twould be a pity,
Rix cum bibble lool a boo slow reel."

With a chorus :

"Shool, shool, shool I rool,
Shool I shag-a-rack, shool-a-barb a-cool,
The first time I saw Psilly Bally Eel
Rix cum bibble lool a boo slow reel."

"Bingo" is another extremely popular song of

this class, though not quite so mixed in its chorus. We cannot, however, even attempt to name representative songs, for where all are different each one forms a variety in itself. Few outside of our colleges have any idea of the stock in trade of a college Glee Club, always provided, of course, that the Club can choose its own time and audience ; the time suggests the song, and the audience, if of students, is a sympathetic one.

THE Registrar of the College Council would remind alumni, intending to vote at the coming election, that their ballot papers must be returned by the 15th March. Any one not having received a voting paper, may have one on application to the Registrar.

AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

Dear Journal,—

A FEW weeks ago I read in your valuable columns an article which seemed to refer to Autograph Albums. As I read, I wondered to myself "What stony-hearted bachelor wrote this wretched bosh?" That it could not be a member of your staff I surmised, both from the wretched quality of the writing and the still more wretched sentiment expressed. But ah! a change has come o'er the spirit of my dream. I had intended to write you condemning the insertion of any more such articles, but now — now I write—. But let me tell my sad story. I am a young man—a student. I have never mixed much in ladies' society. Not from aversion to it—no! but like some one else, "From earlier than I know * * * I loved the woman." I don't think I am bashful, in fact I don't exactly know any reason, but the truth remains, I never have mixed much in ladies' society. Lately, however, I have reformed my ways, and it was when feeling the new sensations consequent on the reformation that I read the article above

mentioned. I had never written in an Autograph Album, but I had heard some of my new, lady acquaintances speaking of them, and considered them exceedingly useful and pleasant inventions. Alas, alas! 'twas easily seen I knew them not from experience, that I was still a "green hand." One evening last week I called at a house where there were two young ladies, both of whom I desired very much to see. An exceedingly agreeable evening was spent, how—I need not say, but at last the time came to leave. Before the farewells were spoken, somehow or other *three* Autograph Albums found their way into my hands, those owned by the two ladies and a *friend's*. Not feeling sleepy when I went home, and being attracted both by the appearance of the books and by a natural feeling of curiosity as to their contents, I sat down to peruse them. Horrible hour! I shudder when I think of it! Where I opened the first book I noticed two lines of poetry, I read them, they were:

There is a little mystic tie
That binds together you and I.

With a slight feeling of chilliness I hastily turned the next few pages, till I came to a few more lines of a poetic *form*—

"Oh ——— you are my darling,
My looking-glass from night till morning,
I'd rather have ye wid out one farthen
Nor (*another girl*) and her house and garden."

My teeth were so set on edge that I shivered violently, which caused the book to close. I did not attempt to re-open it, but picked up one of the others. I could not help giving utterance to a sigh of relief when on opening it, a verse from Longfellow met my view, even though it did happen to be those four lines commencing,

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead."

I had no quarrel with the sentiment, but in spite of the fact that my mind was beginning to be confused, I thought, that if it were acted up to, Autograph Albums, whose avowed purpose is to revive memories of the past

and suggest hopes of the future, would be abolished; though even to this catastrophe I had then almost reconciled my mind. Prompted by some evil spirit, I continued reading. Every few pages appeared either some excruciating adaptation of Tennyson, Moore, Byron, or some other unfortunate, or else some of those provocatives to bloodshed and profanity, which were supposed to be the original efforts of those whose names were signed with them. In reading the third album I came across a poem, (?) which I had been informed was written by one of our graduates, and which I was advised not to read on account of the sentiment expressed. I intended to leave this to the last, and it was the thought that there was at least one worth reading that sustained me through the blood-curdling narratives of the rest of the book. At last I turned to it, and with a new hope dawning in my mind and a renewed appreciation of the beautiful, I started to read

"There is a sound at which the manly heart
Doth make its frame to shudder and to start."

The shock was too great—I fainted. When I recovered I burnt those books. But my peace of mind was gone. Day after day I find myself repeating lines, whose construction is too horrible to contemplate. Night after night my slumbers have been disturbed by nightmares and visions of infuriated poets. Not knowing where else to look for relief, I write to you hoping by the telling to get rid of at least part of my troubles. My fate is settled. I am doomed to remain a bachelor the rest of my days. May that fate be a warning to others, and many may find when they commence to meddle with Autograph Albums, that it would have been well for them had they first remembered the story of

"A VICTIM."

I slept in an editor's bed one night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh;
And I thought, as I tumbled that editor's nest,
How easily editors lie.—*Transcript*.

The Last of the Pickles.

A PARODY.

'Tis the last of the pickles,
Left souring alone;
All its little companions
Are eaten and gone.
No kindred cucumber,
No mango is nigh,
To respond to the lone one's
Most sorrowful sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine in the jar,
While thy kindred are scattered
In regions afar!
Thus kindly I seize thee
And eat thee down fast,
With a mournful reflection
That thou art the last.

Lo, soon may I follow,
When friends, day by day,
From creation's vast pickle jar
Vanish away!
Oh who would be left,
When the loved ones have flown,
'Mid life's waste of cold vinegar
Floating alone!

—The Golden Rule.

THE TRISECTION OF AN ANGLE.

(Concluded.)

IT must not be supposed then that there is any inherent or necessary difficulty in the trisection of an angle, the difficulty being altogether due to the limited powers of the means employed. If any person had asked a chemist of thirty years ago whether it were possible to analyze the light-giving portion of the sun's surface and to determine the chemical elements of which it is composed, he would certainly have answered that it was impossible. And to him, with the restricted means then at his command, with the telescope to examine it, and the thermometer to measure its heat-giving powers, or the photometer to determine the comparative brightness of its rays, it was impossible. And as far as we can see, all succeeding generations, if furnished only with the same instruments, would still find it impossible.

But introduce a new instrument, the spectroscope, and the problem becomes more easy of solution than many others that have been hitherto solved. In like manner, as long as we are confined to the use of the circle only, out of all the various curves that might be employed, the trisection of an angle becomes to us practically impossible; but once admit the application of other curves in the solution of geometrical problems, and this particular one does not even take rank among the really difficult ones. Thus, by the aid of any of the following curves, we are enabled to trisect a given rectilineal angle; the Hyperbola, the Conchoid of Nicomedes, two species of Quadratrix, a species of Trochoid, known as the Trisectrix, from the facility with which it performs the trisection, the spiral of Archimedes, which is capable of dividing a given angle into any required number of equal parts, the involute of a circle and several other curves. But it may be objected that we have no means of drawing these curves, while the compasses furnish a ready means of describing a circle. To this, I answer, that we cannot draw these curves by means of the compasses it is true, but that we have the means of drawing many of them, at least approximately, if not ac-

curately, while in the cases of some of them the accuracy will be nearly, if not quite, as great as in the case of the circle. Moreover, although accuracy in drawing circles and straight lines may be of great advantage to the mechanical draughtsman and the engineer, and to a great variety of artificers, yet it is quite unimportant in a geometrical demonstration. No straight line ever drawn can satisfy the geometrical definition of having length without breadth, and hence no intersection of visible straight lines can be a geometrical point, and no line traced by the most elaborate compasses can be the geometrical circumference of a circle; and yet this does not, in the least, affect the nature or the results of our geometrical reasoning. The fact is, we do not reason from the accuracy of diagrams, but from geometrical definitions, and the diagrams serve the purpose only of representing to our eye the relative positions of the parts about which we reason. The school-boy, who draws his crude chalk lines upon the blackboard, never thinks about the accuracy or inaccuracy of his figure while going over his demonstration. Hence, the fact that a curve can not be drawn accurately is no reason why it cannot or should not be employed in the solution of a geometrical problem. The whole question reduces itself to one of simplicity or complexity. The circle is, in its geometrical definition, the simplest of all known curves, and hence it is quite natural that it should be the one most employed, and especially in elementary geometry. We may define a circle as a plane curve, of which the radii are all equal, and from this definition we can show how to divide an angle into two equal parts by means of a circle; on the other hand, we may define the spiral of Archimedes as a plane curve, of which the radii (radii vectores) are proportional to their angular distances from a fixed line, and from this definition we may show how, by means of this curve, an angle may be divided into any required number of equal parts.

From what has been said, it is evident that the mere trisection of an angle offers very little difficulty indeed; the problem over which the older geometers worked so unsuccessfully, and in relation to which Newton drew so many "squares, circles and triangles," was the trisection of an angle *by means of the circle and the straight line*. If Dr. Wiggins had accomplished this, he certainly would have done something "to increase the respect of New Brunswick in the eyes of the civilized world," even if he had not merited an "indication of Royal favour."

But this Dr. Wiggins has not done. He has employed for the purpose of his solution a new aid in geometrical investigations, viz., an inextensible cord or string. To many persons this may appear to be but a slight innovation, and they may think that no great advantage in a geometrical problem can be drawn from the mere properties of a string. But a little consideration will correct this error. The only curve that can be drawn by the aid of the compasses alone is necessarily circular, *i.e.*, a circle or a curve made up of parts of a circle; while by means of a string, in conjunction with the circle and straight line, we can draw the Ellipse, Parabola, Hyperbola, Tractory, many curves known as Involutives, together with several others. We see then that the string furnishes a potent means of drawing curves. Admitting the properties of the string into the postulates and axioms of geometers furnishes them with a very great accession of power, and with such an aid we may well believe that Newton, and many of his predecessors as also successors, would not have been long in seeing their way through this celebrated problem.

The trisection of an angle, the quadrature of the circle and the duplication of the cube, the three great problems of the old geometers, are more a matter of sentiment than of practical utility, or even of interest at the present day. The throwing away of valuable time and mental energy upon the endeavour to solve these problems by means of

the simple postulates of Euclid's Geometry, is looked upon with much disfavour at present, and as an indication of something being wrong in the mental organization. It does not necessarily follow that such is the case; but to those who have given the matter a careful study, and who have followed and comprehended what has already been done by the great mathematical masters of past ages, the very attempt at solution of any of these problems, upon the conditions specified, must appear like folly. Under such a list of persons, Dr. Wiggins can scarcely be included, inasmuch as he has, as I have already pointed out, overstepped the postulates of Euclid. But in doing so he has lost the credit claimed for him, since no modern mathematician, working by means of modern appliances, finds any difficulty in the solution of these problems.

The union of analytical methods with synthetical in the study of geometry, has given an insight into the nature of its problems, which could probably never have been acquired by synthesis alone. Analysis has enabled us to deal successfully with problems, which it would have been in vain to attempt by synthesis only, and nearly all that we know of the domain of transcendental geometry is due to that particular mode of analysis, worked out by the indefatigable labours of such men as Newton, Leibnitz, LaGrange and LaPlace. In the beautiful words of LaGrange, "Tant que l'Algebre et la Geometrie ont ete separees, leur progres ont ete lents et leurs usages bournes; mais lorsque ces deux sciences se sont reunies, elles se sont preste de forces mutuelles, et ont marche ensemble d'un pas rapide vers la perfection. C'est a Descartes qu'on doit l'application de l'Algebre a la Geometrie, application qui est devenue la clef des plus grandes decouvertes dans toutes les branches des Mathematiques."* It is for reasons like the foregoing that interest in synthetical solutions, merely because they are synthetical, has to a great extent died out among modern mathematicians; and if Dr. Wiggins, or any one else, could succeed, at the present day, in giving a true synthetical solution of the "trisection of the angle," as understood by the older geometers, such success would be looked upon as a matter of curiosity, rather than as one of practical interest. But some one may say that synthesis supplies accurate solutions in a great many important cases where algebraical analysis can give, at the best, but approximations. Thus we can show, by Euclid's Geometry, how to find accurately the length of the diagonal of a given square; we can take such length between the points of our compasses and transfer it to any place where it may be required to lay it down, while at the same time we can not numerically express the relation between the length of that diagonal and the length of the side of the square to which it belongs. Now this is true in a theoretical sense only. If it were possible to deal with points having no magnitude but "position only," and with lines having length without breadth, then would it be true practically. But instead of this, the practical errors which must arise in the solution of problems by considering irregular patches as points and comparatively broad bands as lines, are far greater than what are due to residual errors arising from numerical approximations. The analyst may say, I offer you a method which, if carried out in accordance with certain purely theoretical definitions, will give you an accurate result. The synthesist replies, I place before you an algebraical expression, it may be an infinite series, which, if it could be summed, would express the absolute numerical relation of the parts.

It is true that the complete summation is impossible, from the very infinity of its terms, but its approximate value may be determined to any required degree. Our inability to arrive at accuracy is in both cases owing to our limited capabilities, to our finiteness; while even then analysis has

the advantage in giving the means of the closer approximation. Practically then it requires only a "higher-form" school-boy to trisect an angle, quadrate a square or duplicate a cube; and it appears to me that "twelve years of untiring perseverance," applied to such an unimportant question, and failing after all to bring the worker to the goal for which he set out, is at the least a very great waste of time and energy. D.

NOTES FROM THE "FAR WEST."

(From our own Correspondent.)

A FIVE MONTHS' SOJOURN IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FOR the last two seasons (75-76, 76-77) the rainfall was little or nothing, so that the grass was withered and scorched, the streams dried up, and cattle and sheep died by thousands of thirst and starvation. Not a blade of grass was to be seen. Bare hills and hot, scorching, sandy wastes wearied the sight by their dreary monotony, and the heat which arose from the ground scorched the face like the heat from a furnace. A dreary, desolate scene. Such was the landscape that met my view, when I, with half a dozen companions, having hired a conveyance, drove out from the city to obtain some idea of the surrounding country. "Is this," I inquired of one of my American friends, "the land that flows with milk and honey?" "Wait," he said, "I reckon you'll change your tune when the rain comes." He was a true prophet; I did change my tune. The summer season extends from May to October (there being hardly any perceptible difference between spring, summer and autumn.) During this season not a drop of rain falls, so that irrigation has to be adopted. In fact, water for irrigation purposes is in such demand, that it is a common saying, "a purchaser pays for the water that is on his place and the land is thrown in" (not "into the water," but "into the bargain.") The want of water, and the uncertainty of the rainfall, are the great drawbacks to farming in this section of the State. A farmer told me that a man might make his "pile" one year and be "dead broke" the next. Farming is, to a certain degree, a risky business in California, but it seems peculiarly so in this district. Grain, such as barley and corn, is extensively grown throughout Los Angeles county. Barley grows during the winter season, and is reaped in the spring. Corn is grown during the summer. Having heard a great deal of talk about the Sierra Madre Villa, which is situated about fifteen miles from the city, I, with my companions, drove out to visit this suburban retreat. The first part of the drive, until we arrived at Pasadena, was very monotonous and uninteresting. Pasadena, or Indiana Colony, promises to be a very beautiful place. It consists of orange groves and vineyards, which are yet young, as the settlement itself is only six years old. The private residences are very neat and handsome. One of my lady friends expressed her admiration in the expression, "Oh! my, ain't those houses real cute." There are two churches—a Presbyterian and a Methodist—a couple of stores, and two school-houses in the settlement. The water for irrigation and other purposes is obtained from the Arroyo Seco Canon, and conducted by flumes or pipes to reservoirs, placed in convenient localities throughout the colony. The remainder of the drive from the colony to the Villa (seven miles) was pleasanter than the first portion, as a breeze had arisen which considerably tempered the extreme heat of the forenoon. The ground was covered with cacti, of three or four different species, the commonest being the opuntia, or prickly-pear, which grows here to the height of 11 or 12 feet. Live oaks and sycamores are plentiful, the former tree makes very good fire-

* La. Grange, *Ecol. Norm.* t. iv., p. 401.

wood, and is extensively used for that purpose. As we approached the Villa, I caught sight of some white objects, which looked very much like grave-stones. "Well," said one of my companions, "this is consoling, to have a graveyard alongside the hotel. I expect the body of many a poor invalid, who resorted to this *sanitarium*, lies in yon graveyard. How very aggravating to the feelings!" "What do you call a graveyard, captain?" asked the driver. "Why, that place where all the white tombstones are." I guess, colonel, you're out in your reckonings, them there white things are bee-hives." Chorus of my American friends, "Now ain't that droll." The bee ranch, which belongs to the hotel, contains about 400 hives, many of them rendered vacant by the death of the bees, which died of starvation during the long drought. California is noted for the quantity and quality of its honey. The most of the hives are furnished with artificial combs, which are taken out as soon as the cells are filled with honey, emptied, and placed in the hive again, so that the bees may again commence filling the cells at once. The amount of honey taken from some of the ranches is very great. A man in Santa Monica, who possessed two bee ranches, extracted from one of them 4,000 lbs., the product of three days, and he expected to obtain 80,000 lbs. during the season of '78.

The Sierra Madre Villa is situated among the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, 1,200 feet above the sea. It commands an extensive view of the valley of San Gabriel, with its beautiful orange groves, large vineyards and well cultivated fields. Away in the distance, about forty miles, is the Pacific ocean, upon whose placid waters ships and steamers can be seen, on a clear day, from the verandah of the Villa. Yes, and such is the clearness of the atmosphere, that the Catlina Islands, sixty miles away, can also be distinctly seen. During the five months that I lived at the Villa, I was never tired of gazing upon the scene that lay, figuratively speaking, at my feet. The site of the Villa has been well chosen. The appointments and furnishings are very fine. Amusements are afforded by a piano, a billiard table, which is placed in the parlor for the free use of the boarders, chess, draughts, driving and riding. The hotel can accommodate about 50 guests. The water supply is obtained from a canon in the mountains which are situated directly in the rear of the house. The water thus obtained is distributed in pipes through the orange grove, which contains about a thousand flourishing trees. It is also utilized in driving a sewing machine and a gas-wheel, for gas is made on the premises. The canon is well worth a visit, and is a favourite resort of the boarders and visitors. The sides of the canon rise to a great height, almost perpendicularly. They are covered with trees, flowers, a scrubby tree, called chapperal, and ferns of five or six varieties (polypodium vulgare, gymnogranne triangularis, cheilanthes californica, pellaena ornithopus, pandromedae folia, pteris aquilina, adiantum capilluveneris, are species I collected in this canon), a few manzanitas, an excellent hardwood, well adapted for carving purposes, also may be seen stretching their crooked limbs in every direction. It sheds its bark in winter. A species of cactus, which I had not seen before, grows upon the mountains and mesas (table lands.) It is called the Spanish bayonet.

During the rainy season the ground is covered with a perfect mass of wild flowers, of every size and description. A species of poppy—poppara escholzia—of a brilliant orange colour, grows here in great profusion, and such is the brilliancy of its color, that a patch of them growing together can be seen at a great distance. Gen. Stoneman, who distinguished himself in the conquest of California, 1846, says that he has seen this poppy growing on the slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains, from the Catlina

Islands, 60 miles distant. A kind of clover, called alfalfa, is cultivated, and is capital food for cattle; five or six crops a year can be obtained. About five miles from the Villa is the San Gabriel Mission, which gives the name to the valley in which it is situated. The Old Mission was founded in 1771, by some Franciscan friars. Here they erected a church, built of adobe. The interior of this ancient temple is very bare and uninviting. The orange groves are extensive, and the oldest one in California is planted here. The mission is on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The principal ranches in this vicinity are Rose's, Col. Winston's, Wilson's, Stoneman's, Carter's and Baldwin's. The largest orange grove in California is owned by Mr. Rose. Walnuts, pomegranates, figs, pears and peaches flourish in almost all these ranches. The vineyards are extensive, and the grape crop was so abundant during the past season that the fruit sold for 1½ cents per lb. Wine is manufactured on a large scale, and although the liquor is not equal to the foreign wines and brandies, it has been pronounced very fair by connoisseurs. The largest grape vine ever grown in California was 4½ feet around the trunk, covered an acre of ground, and produced an annual crop of 12,000 pounds of grapes. The vine was cut into sections and sent to the Centennial Exhibition. The bees, I was told, "play the mischief" with the grapes. They puncture the fruit and draw the juice therefrom. Whether this is a fact or not I would not venture to affirm. The coyote—a kind of wolf—also evinces a partiality for grapes, and often varies the monotony of his nocturnal attacks upon the hen-roosts, by a raid upon those vineyards which are unprotected by a fence.

Baldwin's ranch occupies about 20,000 acres, 400 of which are devoted to barley alone. A great deal of money has been expended in improving the grounds. The squirrels, which are numerous here, burrow and live in the ground, they are large, gray animals, and are very destructive to the grain crops. Many men make a living by killing these pests; the charge is so much a hundred, so you can imagine that the squirrels must be numerous. There is also another animal called a gopher, which is very destructive to the orange trees. It works underground and attacks the roots of the tree. But it has been recently discovered that the gopher, in its turn, has an enemy in the shape of a snake, commonly called the gopher snake. Tarantulas may be seen on many of the hill-sides. The tarantula, as I mentioned before, is a large spider, whose bite is deadly. Its nest is a curiosity. It consists of a hole in the ground; this hole is lined with a curious composition, resembling vellum, and is covered with a trap-door, which shuts itself as soon as the spider emerges. In entering, the tarantula lifts the door with its fangs. The nest is often a foot or more deep, and is about an inch or two in diameter. The insect is covered with hair about a quarter of an inch long, which turns gray with age. Its fangs are each about ⅓ inch in length, and as hard and as sharp as needles. What consternation is caused by the dreaded cry of "Here's a tarantula, here's a tarantula"? Wild cats frequent the mountains and mesas. I saw one which measured four feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. It was killed by Col. Winston.

Eulalie ———, supposed to be the oldest woman in the world, lives near the San Gabriel Mission. She is 142 years old, and in appearance resembles a *very aged* mummy. Life to her must truly "be as tedious as a twice-told tale."

H. B. W.

(To be Continued.)

WE'LL bet a trade dollar that every fellow in College who reads this paper, will turn it upside down and read this.

"WHAT GREAT MEN WE ARE!"

BY PROWLER.

IT may be supposed, perhaps, that the idiosyncrasies of character, the ludicrous qualities and strange antics which make the outside world so amusing, are not found within college walls. It might seem that each student would be so awed by the contemplation of his neighbour's ignorance, and so ecstatic over his own requirements, that he would assimilate himself to his environment and lose all thought of lesser matters. But such is not the case, students are not like herring in a barrel, they often clash with each other's protuberances of character. We have the reverent and the irreverent, the grinning and the solemn, the sleeky and smooth, the rough and honest; the toady who would follow a professor for a whole day for the sake of a recognition, and the impudent fellow who would be almost rude in the class-room, but would fight were mean things said of the professor "behind his back." How often are we amused with the "rising man" who rolls from side to side, with his hands in his pockets in his parading through the halls—either from an exaggerated sense of his own consequence, or from a wish to impress others with a notion of his importance! We see those who go around snarling and complaining about the weather, about the professors in general, giving at every moment fresh proof of their having been born on a bad November day. There is the superlatively pious student, who snuffs up his nose and looks aloft if he hears an inconsiderate freshee expressing his earnest desire for a "chew."

One of the most frequent foibles of students is an idea that they are great men, that they were born to accomplish something grand. Can we tell who is under the blighting influences of conceit, but the number of those who struggle with it during their whole college course is past the multiplication table? We have the student who is great in his class. Next day after the results of a monthly examination are announced, he has a peculiar look. His friends scarcely can recognize him. He wears a self-satisfied smile, but it is not a smile that invites you to speak to him and grasp his hand. It rather repels—it looks aloft. He goes right straight ahead, and if any one says anything about the "marks," he affects to be quite uninterested—that he had almost forgotten there was an examination. He will then speak perhaps to his classmates, but never will give them more than "Bill," or "Jim," or some such short appellative, as if it were not worth his while to waste breath on them. He may even pass them with a simple nod, which conveys volumes of significance to him who has only made forty-five per cent. Let us just imagine him who has it forced on him, and who cannot but acquiesce that he is a perfect prodigy, and we can have some sympathy for the uneasiness of his gait and the smile of lofty enjoyment that is so noticeable. Can we wonder at the high state of his mental thermometer when he imagines he hears every group talking over his triumphs, or that he hears every one whom he passes whispering to his neighbour, "There goes ———, the greatest man you ever saw"? Is there any wonder that he feels uplifted an immense height above the common herd, that he seems to walk on air, in a state of exaltation, which is commonly supposed to be peculiar to Paradise?

There is again the "grubber"—he who works and eats, and sleeps (oh! how little), whom nobody sees except in, and to and from the class-room. Alas! the feeling of greatness has taken possession of him. He is dignified—sternly so—stand off ye ignorant freshmen, ye vulgar in general, are you not aware that this is the greatest of the great? How dare ye prate forth your senseless gabble in the ears of him who has learned off word for word the lectures of his professors, and can give every noun, adjective, pronoun, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, in their ex-

act order! Aye, and every comma, and where the big letters are in every one of the text-books from "Preface" to "Finis." He does not wait long to survey the motley group of howling ignoramus. With a cynical smile he walks with precision into the class-room, and the solemn sound as his feet strike the floor conveys to the hearer, the awe-inspiring intelligence that there goes a great man.

*(To be Continued.)***THE COLLEGE WORLD.**

AT Victoria College a short time ago the Professor of Mathematics was absent, and on a wager with a classmate one of the sophomores took his place at the freshman class of algebra. His gravity upheld him for 15 minutes, and then he gave freshes a holiday. They rejoiced over it for a time, but when the joke leaked out they grew blood-thirsty. Sophomores beware!

ANN Arbor has the largest attendance of any College in America. Both sexes are in attendance, the whole number amounting to 1,346. This College hopes soon to possess the largest telescope in the world, the people of Detroit having just promised \$60,000 for that purpose.

THE University of Pennsylvania has opened its doors to woman, and so also has the University of London, eleven recently having presented themselves for matriculation and one for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Oxford also is verging that way. Prof. Max Mueller having recently founded there a Scholarship for girls.

BOSTON University has received \$12,000 as the nucleus of a Professorship in the College of Liberal Arts, and \$2,000 as the nucleus of a fund for the endowment of a Woman's Professorship in the same College.—*Ex.*

AT the University of Cambridge, England, it is said, mechanical workshops have been fitted up with machinery for the construction of instruments and apparatus to be employed in philosophical research. Good workmen have been employed as teachers. Several university men who intend becoming engineers have become members of the classes now formed for regular instruction in the use of tools and machine construction.—*Ex.*

M. W. H. WADDINGTON, the French Premier, is a Protestant, a graduate of Rugby and Cambridge, as an oarsman as well as a scholar. He was second in the first class of the Classical tripos and bracketed equal as Chancellor's medallist, and in 1849 he rowed No. 6 in the University crew that beat Oxford.

AN old-fashioned lady wants to know why the graduates of Vassar and other "female" colleges always have their ages printed after their names in reports of Alumnae meetings—Miss I. Smith, President ('70), Miss Jones, vice-President ('69), Mrs. Robinson, Secretary ('78), etc., etc.

PERSONAL.

SOME of us boys were down at Gananoque lately where we met H. A. Asselstine, B.A., '76, headmaster of the High School at that place, who enabled us to pass away the time very pleasantly. He is looking well and prospering. We also had a shake hands with our old friend, Geo. Gillies, B.A., '74.

H. A. M. HUBBS, M.D., '77, paid us a flying visit a short time ago. He has established a good practice in Bay City, Michigan. The doctor's greatest regret was that his JOURNAL had not reached him this session.

REV. Malcolm MacGillivray, M.A., '74, writes us in a very encouraging style, expressing the pleasure which the

JOURNAL in its new garb affords him as an old graduate. He proposes a scheme with which we hope to favour our readers ere the session has fled. We tender him our heartfelt thanks for his expressions of kindness, and hope that success may be his constant companion.

REV. A. H. Scott, M.A., '78, at present of Owen Sound, Ont., has been revisiting his Alma Mater. He was formerly an editor of this JOURNAL, but is looking well now.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE following are the successful contractors for the erection of the College buildings :

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The work will be proceeded with without delay.

Her front name is Kate, and when his ma enquires where he has been of an evening he answers innocently : "S-kate-ing."

TRUE, 'tis a narrow but crooked road up to College these fine, winter mornings.

Has an owner turned up for that lovely handkerchief yet?

THE session is speeding by on eagles' wings. The over-anxious are beginning to count the days till the dreaded close. Already dire visions of the "finals" loom threateningly before the Freshman's visage, and even the brave senior is gathering together the latent forces of his brain for a grand *finale*.

SOME of our worthy professors are making use of an effectual means for encouraging the social spirit among the students. The result is all that could be desired.

A CERTAIN, weary Junior turned into bed the other night telling his chum, a conscientious Soph, to wake him in time for class next morning. Soph, true to his senior's injunction, tenderly tarried by his couch, watch in hand, till it was seven minutes of the hour, and then with some difficulty aroused the sleepy Junior, who, more eager to devour metaphysics than his breakfast, had to hurry down the stairs, and through the hall fragrant with the odours of delicious stews, to the uninviting College. We thought he would have devoured that Soph. in his ire. The joke was too practical to be relished by the poor sufferer.

LAST Monday was another of those days when a fellow gets a chance to catch his breath.

WHY doesn't some daring youth do something to create a sensation? We never knew the College so quiet as this session. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

ANY young man who is not able to put English words together in the form of a sentence, should not come to College. Yet there seems to be many such, if we are to judge from the number of contributions we receive for the JOURNAL.

THE citizens of Kingston may look forward to a rich treat in the way of a debate by the Alma Mater Society some time toward the end of April next. With two months' preparation there is no telling what the sons of

Queen's may do. We know what some of them can do *impromptu*.

Do you own the paper you are reading?

WE heard that the Elocution Society was prorogued *sine die*. Is it true?

A REGULAR meeting of the A. M. Society was held in the classical class-room on Saturday evening last, which was but fairly attended. The regular order of business was proceeded with. The minutes of the last meeting were read and sustained. The debate was postponed till the last meeting of the society in April, and a committee appointed to draft sub-committees and make preliminary arrangements for a re-union in the form of a banquet at the end of the session, to report at the next meeting. Quite a lot of time was lost in unnecessary talk, so that it was quite late when the debate came on which, however, was entered upon with great earnestness.

LOSS OF THE IMPERIAL.—It is our painful duty to announce that the owner of the imperial, to which we made reference in our last, is now bewailing its loss. The following lines are expressive of the anguish of the bereaved :

On New Year's morn I bade it grow,
I watched its progress calm and slow,
As beans bud up in many a row
Came forth my grand goatee.

Chorus.—It beats me quite,
What wicket sprite
Came in by night
And picked off my goatee!

Oh! it looked so well by night;
Its foxy hue gave me delight,
I danced before the mirror, quite
O'erjoyed with my goatee.—Chorus.

And when I'd laugh or even smile
With my mustache spread out in style,
It looked so smart and 'cute the while,
My own, my dear goatee!—Chorus.

When I was at a party found,
The girls, the dears, they'd crowds around,
And then I'd stare and look profound
To show them my goatee.—Chorus.

Should I the merest wish express
To talk of Kant, or time and space,
They'd listen with attentive grace
Because of my goatee.—Chorus.

But now 'tis sad my fate to see,
If I should at a party be
There's not a girl will look at me,
My own, my dear goatee!—Chorus.

Oh! sparrow-like, I sit alone,
Or like an owl in plaintive tone
The live-long day I hoot and moan
The loss of my goatee.—Chorus.

WE invited a freshman into our sanctum the other day and handed him an exchange to read while we were agonizing over an editorial. In a few minutes we were surprised to hear a strong expression of disgust and disapprobation. "Listen," said he, "isn't this outrageous?" and he read, "Figures show that Holyoke girls are well fed," adding "Even if the editors are acquainted with their figures, that's no reason why they should put it in print." We sighed and were just going to point out that he had mistaken the meaning of the sentence, when we heard him soliloquizing: "Besides, I don't believe it's true. How could they tell anything of their figures

these days of modern art and fashion. I know I can't," and with that he left in such deep thought that we are afraid he did not hear our warning as to the "Concursus."

A VALUED contributor to this JOURNAL, and an old member of our staff, was some time ago asked by a lady friend to sell some tickets for a concert, to be given by the church with which they were both connected. He took the tickets, but on the day of the concert being asked for his returns, he sent them all back with only this remark: "See Luke xix. 20. Yours, ———."

REV. J. Thompson, of Sarnia, a son-in-law of the ex-Premier, is at present delivering a series of lectures on Pastoral Theology in Divinity Hall. The boys seem to like him very much.

SOME sportive juniors the other day took into their heads to make a donation to the museum. A scoph. was passed in through the post-office wicket, but evidently the Curator found some difficulty in classifying him, so he was returned by the usual route.

ONE of our fellow Kingstonians last summer, while travelling in England, was accosted by a stranger who asked many questions relative to Canada and Canadians. He did not seem quite satisfied with his answers, and at last said, "How is it that you Canadians and Americans generally always answer a question that is asked you by asking another?" Looking as if he doubted, our friend calmly looked up and said, "Do we?" and then couldn't understand how it was the stranger left so suddenly.

COLLEGE LIBRARY.

(Concluded.)

THE following works have been received into the Library during the present session

Gore: Electro-metallurgy. Abney: Treatise on Photography. Roscoe and Schoolemmer: Chemistry. Kolrausch: Physical Measurements. Bayle: Introduction to the Bible. Horwicz: Psychologische Analysen. Brentano: Psychologia Vom Empirischen Standpunkte. Hodgson: Time and Space. Steintal: Abriss der Sprachwissenschaft. Waitz: Aristotelis Organon Graece. Comte: System of Positive Philosophy. Collier: Aristotle on the Vital Principle. Torstrik: Aristotelis de Anima. Feehner: In Sachen der Psychophysik. Bradley: Ethical Studies. Grote: Fragments of Ethical Subjects. Lewes: Physical Basis of Mind. Trendelenberg: Aristotelis de Anima. Schell: Die Einheit des Seelenlebens aus der Principian der Aristotelischen Phisosophie. Stumpff: Uber den Psychologischen. Sully: Pessimism, a History and Criticism. Lange: History of Materialism. Stone: Astron. Observations at C. of G. Hope. Greenwich Astr. Observations for 1875. Todhunter: Plane Trigonometry; Analytical Geometry of three Dimensions (problems); Co-ordinate Geometry and Conics; Theory of Equations. Salmon: Modern Higher Algebra; Geometry of three Dimensions. Loyd: Treatise on Magnetism; Wave Theory of Light. Bayma; Molecular Mechanics. Airy: Undulatory Theory of Optics; Sound and Atmospheric Vibrations. Cheyne; The Planetary Theory; The Earth's Motions. Hall: Diff. and Integ. Calculus. Boole: Differential Equation; Calculus of Finite Differences. Puckle: Conic Sections and Co-ordinate Geometry. Tait and Steele: Dynamics of a Particle. Ferrers: Trilineal Co-ordinates. Drew: Geometrical Conics. Miller: Romance of Astronomy. Forbes: The Transit of Venus. Maine: Newton's Principia. Weinhold: Experimental Physics. Martmean; Modern Materialism. Perry: On Steam. Rogers: Edition of Smith's Wealth of Nations. Ewald: History of Israel. Pearson: Early

and Middle Ages of England. Allen: Rise and Growth of Royal Prerogative in England. Gardiner: England Under Charles I. Robertson: Historical Essays. Doyle: Lectures on Poetry. Taine: The Ancient Regime. Cochran: Historic Pictures. Smyth: Life and Work at the Great Pyramid during 1865. Nicholson: Paleontology. Hammond: Textual Criticism Applied to N. Testament; Revision of English New Testament (Lightfoot, French, &c.) Forster; Life of Jonathan Swift. Killen: The Ancient Church.

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Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

IT gives us great pleasure to be permitted to announce that His Excellency the Governor General has graciously consented to lay the Corner-Stone of the new College Buildings. This is a mark of the interest felt by His Excellency in our Alma Mater, that will be highly appreciated by her sons in every part of the Dominion and wherever they may be in the regions beyond. It is a compliment not only to the University, but to the people of Kingston who have undertaken to erect the buildings as their share of the great undertaking inaugurated last summer. We have not heard whether Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is to accompany His Excellency, and take part in the ceremonial or not; but we sincerely trust that she will be able to come. Of one thing Her Royal Highness may be well assured, that no persons in the whole Dominion will give her a more enthusiastic welcome than the sons of the University that rejoices to be called "Queen's." We would also express the hope that the precedent established when

the Corner-Stone of Glasgow University was laid may be followed here. On that occasion the Prince and Princess of Wales each laid a stone. If any departure is made from that precedent, Her Royal Highness might plant a tree in the Campus. We refer to this because it is well known that Queen's was originally based on the model of the Scottish Universities, of one of which we believe His Excellency is an Alumnus. We understand that the time has not yet been definitely determined on for His Excellency's visit, but that in all probability it will be on next Convocation Day, when the Board of Trustees, the University Council, and other friends from a distance congregate. This would certainly be the best time, looked at from a student's point of view; for few students are left in Kingston twenty-four hours after Convocation. And we may say—with the modesty characteristic of our class—that were the ceremony to take place in the absence of the students, it would lose much of its interest and of course much of its grace. However, we hope to be in a position to give full details in our next issue.

THE annual meeting of the University Council will be held the day before Convocation day. We trust that there will be a large attendance, as there are many important matters awaiting consideration. First and foremost, we hope that they will knock the Fellowship farce in the head. Our sentiments on this matter are well known. Let us have no more Fellows, until a Fellowship means something, and an election is an honor—not an empty joke. Under the Statute the Council has the power of deciding

upon and regulating the mode of conducting the proceedings of Convocation. In the second place, let our honorable Councillors see what they can do about the reading of the minutes of Convocation; this generally takes a long time, and as much of the news given is a year and more old we think the reading might, without great loss to the pleasure or edification of the audience, be omitted. Again, all young graduates are notoriously bashful (?), hence, when each one by himself solemnly repeats the *Sponsio Academica* after the learned Registrar, little is heard save the voice of the Professor. Why not have all the graduates repeat the words together? Then we would have a volume of sound that would fill the hall, stunning the ears of the fair ladies, and reverberating through the building in fine style. Each graduate would feel his conscience as fully bound as if he had gone through the form alone, and time would be gained. Lastly (for the present), having saved time in the ways suggested above, let us have a *Valedictory* from one of the graduating class; this would be an interesting and also a novel feature in the Convocation proceedings of old Queen's.

IT is always pleasant to look back upon the good deeds one has done and wonder how the world could have got along without you. Glancing over the JOURNAL'S career, we are gratified to find how we have accomplished much that is praiseworthy and brought about many laudable reforms. We will not speak of our scheme of two years ago for a new building, since the Principal has forestalled us in that, we being a body corporate and slow of motion; but then, by the difference between the diameter and semi-circumference of the old circular plot, which was once in front of the present building, we have diminished the distance that students have to walk in getting to College, and made them earlier for classes in conse-

quence; we have strengthened the hands of the Court of Iniquity, and otherwise encouraged discipline; we have obtained a students' reading-room; and, as somebody has said, "there are other things." But "still achieving, still pursuing," we would make a further suggestion—or rather we would iterate a previous suggestion, which we made in the first number of this volume, to do away with the fall examinations. In that number we pointed out at length the evils of the system, and showed how a student might take more classes in a year than he could honestly manage and yet get through his examinations, though in a second-hand way. He might either divide them up, passing on some in the spring and on the rest in the fall, or he might go up for all in the spring and have the professors make the division for him by means of a scientific process—called plucking. If at the spring examination the environment is too much for all his subjects, the conscious selection of the professors comes into play and results in the survival of the fittest subjects for examination in the fall. And it is only at this latter examination that he finds it really necessary for him to play upon the environment, or else the environment will play upon him. Now this is contrary to nature; and it is contrary to natural justice that such a man should be ranked equal with one who has passed on all his subjects at the spring examinations, and thus gone through his course with twice as high a standard. *Fiat justitia, ruat stultum.*

THE English Universities at Oxford and Cambridge have long been considered the head centres of University conservatism. While other Universities changed their constitutions and curriculum, these still pursued the study of the classics, as though classical learning was as much a necessity now as it was two hundred years ago, and have ever been the strongest supporters of the State Church. But only a few months ago we

learned that a memorial, signed by some of the most illustrious scholars of England, had been presented to the authorities at Cambridge, praying that Greek be made optional at the "Little-Go" examination; also, we hear that the Oxford authorities have under consideration a proposal that Greek be no longer necessary for honors. And now, on top of this proposal for a radical change of curriculum, we hear that in all probability there will soon be established at Oxford a Hall for the higher education of women, in which no distinction shall be made between students on the ground of their belonging to different religious denominations. Verily the world is progressing.

COMMUNICATED.

BELIEF AND DOUBT.

DEAR JOURNAL—A thoughtful article on Scepticism, in the last number of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, is replete with valuable suggestions. Although Scepticism as the outgrowth of a philosophical training is rare among the masses, yet there is a large class who are, in reality, doubters. There is taking place a great ferment of thought upon the intellectual aspects of religion. Whatever our position in life is to be, we are likely to meet the sceptical—those who are sceptical through indolence and conceit, or those whose difficulties have arisen from peculiar training and habits of thought. There is the hard and powerful unbeliever, who has faith in nothing, and not much desire for faith or spiritual curiosity of any kind, but who feels a satisfaction in the actual state of affairs in the world, which is demanded by his cheerful, animal spirits and sound physical being. Doubt, again, takes the form of a tremulous faithfulness to the whisperings of what is called Natural Religion. A melancholy doubtfulness of this nature is to be marked off from the vulgarized type, which springs from arrogant intellectual superior-

ity—the scepticism of those who set themselves up as *advanced thinkers*, as the Illuminati, who are too much above the common people to be moved by any *common* faith. There is also the Utopian visionary, who has the profoundest susceptibility to all gentle sympathies, whose heart is overflowing with the tenderest human feeling, yet his mind all astray, wandering amid indefinite shadows and worlds not to be realized. Now, how are earnest men to regard this unrest? The radical will pronounce it at once to be the activity that precedes and accompanies a great movement of thought. Just as in the fifteenth century, he would tell us, bold navigators were pushing their barks beyond the familiar coasts, and through mysterious seas and unknown perils were feeling their way to the discovery of new continents, so now, active minds are voyaging courageously into unexplored realms to find what good things may wait there, to reward the stout-hearted adventurer. Levity and recklessness may involve some in shipwreck; yet there are others whose courage and faith beckon them, like Columbus of old, towards a new world. Now, although this is a hopeful way to look at matters, even considering the present as a transition-period, the position of those who are called upon to teach men and speak from heart to heart is exceedingly difficult. How can one have sympathy for another's doubts who never doubted himself! And if *he* doubts, is he not shorn of all his strength?

Whether he be a conservative or a radical, the educated minister constantly addresses himself to the new thoughts of the age. In this intense, intellectual life into which he is likely to be drawn, there is a certain influence tending to lessen absolute confidence in his own convictions. Now, this influence is largely for good and largely for ill. It *should* minister to modesty, to humility, to charity toward men of different

modes of faith. Ultimately, it should harmonize with the deepest certainty as to those truths which are vital. But in the re-examination of old opinions—in the candid inquiry as to what should be let go, what received, what reaffirmed, there is inevitably a stage involving some want of confidence, some uncertainty. To disguise it by affirming with the lips what the heart doubts, is to give up that sincerity which is the vital air of soul-life. But, again, what is his *relation* to those who have no uncertainties—to whom belief is more natural than doubt or inquiry? It does not do to have measureless sympathy and helpfulness for the sceptic, the doubter, the man who has floated away from his spiritual home, and make little provision for the men nurtured in old beliefs, and yet resting in them—in other words for the greater portion of the community. Here is the difficulty of the modern pulpit. He, who is to minister to the upbuilding of his people in the faith, has come face to face with new questions and difficulties, which few of his hearers ever heard of, and must fight and gain the victory over them in his own soul, in order to his usefulness as a pastor. There is no help for it. No man, who studies books, who studies theology, can escape the intense pressure of new modes of thought. Though he meet them to deny them, meet them he must. And to have real power over men, he must meet them honestly. The writer does not speak as a cleric, or as one who is ever likely to become such, but as one who looks on the Church as the only power that is able to lead men away from the materialism and falseness of the age. And, in view of this, a sublime work is open for the educated ministry. It should be theirs to keep alive the sacred fire, which was the soul of the old beliefs, to bring into the spiritual service of men whatever new truth is brought to light in any field; to make faith and free-thought work harmoniously in lifting men toward

God. They ought to do this, and to do it they must enter fully into the strong, intellectual life of the age. But their great work is not to destroy, but to build. Whilst they are concerned with those who are urged hither and thither by the storms that sweep over the mountain's brow, they must not forget those who are trustfully resting at its base, to whom the speculations of learned books are nothing. Who is sufficient for such a work? Who is there that has faith and experience and wisdom enough to guide others? Who so enters upon such a calling, let him be sure of his fitness, as well as of his sincerity; of the largeness of his vision, as well as of his willingness to point out the path to others.

FIDES.

UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.

The Registrar has informed us that the following gentlemen received the highest number of votes in the recent election of Councillors:

Rev. Robert Campbell, Montreal.
 Rev. James C. Smith, Guelph.
 His Honor Judge Macdonald, Brockville.
 A. G. McBean, Montreal.
 Rev. Robert Campbell, Renfrew.
 Rev. Dr. Jardine, Chatham, N.B.
 Rev. J. K. McMorine, Prince Arthur's Landing.

They will, therefore, have the pleasure of being members of the Council for five years to come, unless in the meanwhile they die or resign. Some thirty-three graduates received votes, and among these, not mentioned above, J. J. Bell, F. H. Chrysler and the Rev. W. B. Curran were favorites. At the next meeting the Council will have to appoint a gentleman to fill the place of Jas. MacLennan, Esq., Q.C., who has been appointed a Trustee, so that one of these last named Alumni may then have a chance of election.

FIRST STUDENT:—Prof., I was sick and so did not prepare the lesson. SECOND STUDENT:—"I was afraid I would be sick if I prepared it." VERDICT:—"The worst class I ever saw."—*Ex.*

FIRST STUDENT (putting his hand in his pocket)—"Have you got a cork-screw?" 2ND STUDENT—"Corkscrew! Yes." 1ST STUDENT draws forth a bottle of ink. 2ND STUDENT—"Oh!"—*Ex.*

A FRESHMAN lately swore off smoking. He kept his oath one whole day, and remarked as he took up his pipe next morning, "I knew I could stop it if I tried. I only wanted to prove it."

THE *Acta* proposes to give a prize to the person who shall answer a set of questions, among which are: What is a Freshman; and if so, why? Who first said: "Saw my leg off," and what were his reasons for desiring to have his limb amputated? What was the name and early history of the man who invented cribs? Give the probable causes of tutorial prejudice against their use.

LOVE AND LAW.

(To a faithless Mary.)

SAY, Mary, canst thou sympathize
 With one whose heart is bleeding,
 Compelled to wake from love's young dream
 And take to special pleading?
 For since I lost my suit to you
 I care not now a fraction
 About these tiresome suits at Law—
 These senseless forms of action.
 But in my lonely chamber, oft
 When clients leave me leisure
 In musing o'er departed joys
 I find a mournful pleasure.
 How well I know the spot where first
 I saw that form ethereal—
 But, ah! in transitory things
 The venue's not material.
 And reading Archbold's Practice now,
 I scarce believe 'tis true
 That I could set my heart upon
 An arch-bold girl like you.
 But then that bright blue eye sent forth
 A most unerring dart,
 And, like a special *capias*, made
 A prisoner of my heart.
 And in the weakness of my heart,
 One fatal long vacation
 I gave a pledge to prosecute
 And filed my declaration.
 At first your taking time to plead
 Gave hope for my felicity:
 The doubtful negative you spoke
 Seemed bad for its duplicity.
 And then your blush so clearly seemed
 To pardon my transgression,
 I thought I was about to snap
 A judgment by confession.
 But soon I learned (most fatal truth!)
 How badly I had counted;
 For *non assumpsit* was the plea
 To which it all amounted.
 Deceitful maid! another swain
 Was then beloved by thee;
 The preference you gave to him
 Was fraudulent to me.
 Ah! when we love (so Shakespeare says)
 Bad luck is sure to have us:
 The course of true love never ran
 Without some special traverse.
 Say, what inducement could you have
 To act so base a part?
 Without this—that you smiled on me—
 I ne'er had lost my heart.
 My rival I was doomed to view
 A husband's rights assert;
 And now 'tis wrong to think of you
 For you're a *femme covert*.
 When late I saw your son and heir
 'Twas wormwood for a lover;
 For then the plea of infancy
 My heart could not get over.
 I kissed the little brat and said,
 "Much happiness I wish you;"
 But, oh! I felt to me he was
 An immaterial issue.
 Mary, adieu! I'll mourn no more
 Nor pen pathetic ditties;
 My pleading was of no avail,
 And so I'll turn to Chitty's.

NOTES FROM THE "FAR WEST."

(From our own Correspondent.)

A FIVE MONTHS' SOJOURN IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE laws of California are good, but they are by no means enforced. Murders are of frequent occurrence, and in 99 cases out of a 100 the murderer eludes justice, especially if he has money and influence. One case in particular fell under my observation. The victim was a German, called Oltman, who looked after the bee ranch, which belonged to the Sierra Madre Villa. One Saturday afternoon Oltman started to walk to a ranch, some 18 miles distant, intending to take a look at it with a view to purchasing. He took half the purchase money with him. However, he never reached his destination, as his dead body, with marks of foul play on it, was found about four miles this side of the land which he had intended to purchase. The murderer had placed a pistol close to the poor man's head and lodged a bullet in his brain. Oltman's watch, the purchase money and the key of his bedroom, which was over mine, were stolen. No steps were taken to apprehend or trace the author of the outrage. I expect, however, the murderer will be caught and tried "*ad calendas Græcas*." This murder recalls forcibly to my mind a nocturnal adventure, of which I was the hero. My bedroom was one of four rooms in a cottage which was situated about 100 yards from the main building. The room adjoining mine was occupied by a youth, T. W. L. by name. The room that Oltman had slept in was overhead. My bedroom opened into the fourth room, which was empty. There had been several rumors afloat, that as the murderer had the key of Oltman's bedroom, he would visit it to seek for more plunder, consequently we were all on the *qui vive*. The following is my adventure:

It was the night after the murder, the "very witching hour" of midnight, the time most suitable for the accomplishment of deeds which fear the light of day. I slept and dreamed. At first my visions were of a peaceful nature. Methought I viewed once more the *classic* buildings and venerable pile of Queen's, and I even fancied I could hear the familiar strains of "Old Grimes" varied, strange to relate, by snatches of that touching melody, so beloved by ye disciples of Aesculapius, viz., "Saw your leg off." But such a pleasant vision and such melodious sounds could not but be short-lived. The scene changes. Yesterday's tragedy is being re-enacted. There, yes, it is not fancy, there lies the bleeding form of Oltman; and hark, are those groans that proceed from the prostrate body? Even so. "Help, help!" I cry. Ah! now the vision fades and I awake, to find that I have been dreaming. Again I seek repose, but am awakened this time by a blood-curdling sound, a human groan. No dream this time, I assure you. I listen, the groan, accompanied by mysterious thumps, is repeated. Where do these sounds proceed from? From Oltman's room. Thump, thump, thump, groan, groan, groan. These sounds had continued for 15 minutes before I thought of consulting my friend T. W. L. in the next room. As soon as the thought did strike me, I sprang from my bed and awoke him. "Those sounds," he replied, in answer to my interrogations, "those sounds, yes, I know what they are, they are made by hoot-owls on top of the house." "Oh!" I answered, considerably relieved, "but what causes the thumps?" "The owls on the peak of the house, hopping from one gable corner to the other." The cottage was a story and a half high. My mind thus relieved, I retired again to seek oblivion. (N.B. I had never heard hoot-owls, up to this time, hence the scare.) The cook of the Villa, an Englishman, who was of a rather superstitious train of mind, used frequently to ask me, if I was sure "Those were 'oot (h)owls 'ootin' (h) in the 'ouse, (h) or (h) Oltman's spirit agroanin'."

ANON.

Almost every one in California carries a revolver, and does not hesitate to use it either, although the weapon is often more dangerous to the owner than it would be to an opponent, as the following incident will show: One of my fellow-boarders had bought a revolver and was showing it to a friend, H. B. W. It was loaded, and H. B. W. was given permission to fire it off. After he had fired two shots he handed the weapon back to the owner, and asked him if he (the owner) wouldn't fire the remaining three shots? "No," returned the owner, "I don't like to." "Why?" "Because I never fired off one before." "Well, the sooner to begin the better," replied H. B. W. After a "deal of persuasion," the owner was induced to "screw his courage to the shooting point." Position of shooter: legs widely spread apart, pistol arm stretched to its utmost, revolver pointing to all quarters of the compass, eyes shut, face pale and averted, breath drawn; general expression—fear. Bang! Sigh of relief from both parties, that the *experiment* has proved bloodless.

Heretofore I have said nothing as to the social qualities of Californians. As a rule they appear to me to be inhospitable, selfish set. Everyone seems to be suspicious of the other, and of strangers particularly. Such are my impressions, but they only extend to those settlers who have been a long time in this State. They may be hospitable and sociable, but I have never found them so. After spending a very pleasant winter at Los Angeles, I determined to start north by the end of April. My first impressions of Los Angeles had long since changed to far more favourable ones. The rain wrought miracles in the appearance of the country, and by the time of my departure, everything was in a flourishing condition.

This time I travelled from Los Angeles to "Frisco," by rail. On the journey I saw a species of cactus, from which paper is made. It is peculiar to the Mojave (pronounced Mohavey) Desert. The greatest elevation reached on this railroad is the Tehachapi summit, which is 3,964 feet above the sea. After passing a place called Gerard, we pass over what is called the "Loop." The railway track, instead of continuing straight, winds around the mountain and crosses itself, thus making a regular loop. The elevation of the higher end of the track is 3,030, and of the lower, which passes *under* the other end, 2,950. The journey from Los Angeles to "Frisco," a distance of 470 miles, is performed in 24 hours. Before leaving California for British Columbia, it may not be out of place to mention a few of the natural curiosities for which this State is so noted. *In primis* there is the Yosemite Valley, acknowledged to be the finest piece of scenery in the world. Near the Yosemite, are the Calaveras and Mariposa Groves of big trees. In the former grove the diameter of the largest tree is 33 feet, length 435 feet (this tree lies on the ground.) The number of trees in this grove is 93. The largest tree in the Mariposa is 33 feet in diameter. There is also a prostrate hollow trunk, through which a man can easily ride on horse-back. But the largest tree known is situated near Visalia, on King's River, it being 44 feet in diameter. The name at first given to these trees was Wellingtonia, which was conferred upon them by an Englishman; this name, however, was changed by the Yankees, and they now bear another name, which I cannot at present call to mind. Further north, about five miles from Calistoga, there is a forest of petrified trees, which covers about 30 acres of ground. A section of one of the trees, some two or three feet in diameter, may be seen in the court-yard of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. The largest tree in this forest is 11 feet in diameter. The Geysers, situated a few hours' ride from "Frisco," are a collection of hot and cold mineral springs, which prove a great attraction to invalids. The above are *some* of the natural curiosities.

On the 30th April, '78, I bade farewell to the "Land of

Gold," well pleased with the prospect of standing once more under the ample and all protecting folds of the Union Jack. What a sense of security the sight of that flag inspired me with, after holding so long the *uncertain tenure of my life* under the Star Spangled Banner.

H. B. W.

"WHAT GREAT MEN WE ARE!"

BY PROWLER.

THERE is the student who is slowly consuming with the fires of genius, who is too gifted to study. Other fellows may "go and work like horses," when he sees any such fellows, he will draw himself up and survey them from head to foot with the most ineffable contempt. Something in him, he knows not what—a genius which cannot bear harness, a nobility of nature which forbids descent into the arena of competition, a divine indolence, an ethereal carelessness—something grandly unpractical, but exceedingly superior has hindered him from being the wonder and admiration of the whole College. He lives as it were before a looking-glass and contemplates with awe what a figure he would make among "those chaps" if he only deigned to try. Time moves on, and while it carries some to the haven of gold medals and scholarships and certificates of merit, and a whole lot of other things of grand import, he whom nature has supplied with an overplus of ability (something she does so seldom) stalks away from the building on Convocation Day, remarking to himself that the whole thing is *beastly*. The capacity he supposed to be in himself may really have existed, and it may still exist, but the time which should have been spent on its cultivation and development has gone in admiring it; it has been frittered away in little exhibitions, and his fellow-students seeing no signs of it believe it never existed but as an hallucination of demented vanity. Superlunary students will not do as other people do, they will not condescend to the menial steadiness of routine. They are comets, uncatalogued stars, wild erratic beings that cannot be calculated upon. If a *genius* studies for the Church he will go round among his friends, as if he were overflowing with extra-human inspiration, and declare, as if "ex cathedra," that success in the Church will be in the inverse ratio to success in College. "What need has a minister of chemistry?" one remarked the other day with awful severity—one who is now a Moody and a Sankey combined, on a large scale. Let the country wait with patience, if it is being bored with dull sermons now, if there are poor lawyers and worse doctors abroad, the day of happy deliverance is at hand; wait till the geniuses are let loose and things will be put to rights very soon.

Again, there is the student, who lives that he may impress every one with his greatness, his dignified bearing, his transcendent superiority. He *looks learned!* Why, how could he look otherwise! The truth is, that every movement of his body is a learned movement. He listens, as a learned man should listen; he walks, as a learned man should, slow, solemn, heavy. His mouth is a learned mouth. When he stands, he does not stand as common people might stand, but as one who knows everything that should be known. If a person speaks on doubtful questions, if he mentions theories that seem to lead into heresy, he will profoundly shake his head, as if he had wandered there and knows all the ground. Does the professor make a remark that is of more than ordinary difficulty of comprehension, he smiles with evident relish, as if that were a morsel for him especially. If a person dies or has the good nature to do something similar, our profound student snatches at the opportunity, is ready with a resolution of condolence, has it passed "*nem con*," and you will read in the evening paper, "moved by ———, B.A., Resolved,

&c." Here follow adjectives innumerable, which belong to the category of the *solemn*! He makes it a point of especial importance to be imposing—impressively so—to the freshmen. *Ahem!* He talks in a learned language, not real Latin of course, for of real Latin he is very chary, but he inserts bits of Latin in his orations not to make his meaning clearer, but on the contrary to wrap it in such an amount of sound as shall invest it with a dignity and pomp calculated to humble and prostrate the hearer and reduce him to the desired docility. Let him go to a party—Ah! there is the place for him to display himself. You will see him sailing grandly from room to room giving orders and directions, as if the comfort of every lady under that roof depended on him alone. He looks *unutterably* important now. Could the cup of human pleasure be more full! See him squint slyly at his grand attire, and could you wish him any more happiness! After a while you will see him rushing (alas! that he should rush) to and from the refreshment room with loads of provisions, as if the whole female community were suddenly found to be in a state bordering on starvation. After making a lavish display of the number he has—fed and—comforted, he will march with grandiose airs to some shy freshie who has received scarcely an introduction to any one present and remark, that he really does not see why students don't make themselves agreeable to the ladies—he never found any difficulty as he, the freshie, might see. After delivering himself of this sage and profound observation, he moves off and looks up to the ceiling as he moves.

Again, there is the lazy student. He is strenuously idle. Does he start smoking, nothing will move him till the cigar is finished. Perhaps he may lean with his hands, in his pockets against the reading-room door, and there he will lean until it pleases him to do something else. He will not move away at any one's beck, because there is less exertion involved in saying "Go off" than in moving to let his neighbour pass. He eats his victuals regularly, because he does not wish to trench on old habits. He would study if some one would turn the leaves of his book, but he can't be bothered with such things. You will see him going along to College invariably late. You could not persuade him to go anywhere else than to College were you to give the most weighty reasons, as such would necessitate the forming of a new resolution, and "he can't be bothered."

There is the sarcastic student, he who is bitter. He who is always saying sharp things. There is the student who is tremendously in earnest about some studies and neglects others altogether. He looks like the blending of two failures. What in him amuses or pleases one class of people, horrifies or bores another. We see, how often, the student who is deep. O! how deep. He lives in the region of the immensities. He wears a round, solemn face, most awfully so, as if he were ready at any moment to unravel the mysteries of the universe to the unthinking crowd, if he only thought it worth his while to notice them. If a little bit of a freshie asks him for a pen, or makes a remark that it was his opinion that it was a cold day, the *deep* student turns his face full upon the grinning, good-humoured freshie, and then moves off, his face like a frowning mountain. He is generally remarkable for a Pythagorean silence. He never altogether hears people when they address him. Those beneath him, who don't know much—he passes by, or answers monosyllabically, perhaps, with a stony stare or august nod. It is all very well for common people to waste time on those who are ignorant of Plato's ideal theory or the Hebrew verb, common people might answer little silly questions, but that he who is full of learning, who has mighty thoughts—who scarcely vouchsafes a reply to any one save a third year man in Divinity, that he should condescend to an

entire sentence for the sake of the enlightenment of a sophomore, is more than ought to be expected of human nature. Would it not be well if our students generally would copy from the *deep* student! What a tremendous power, a majestic bearing and an awe-inspiring solemnity of visage it would give them. If a student is a teacher away in the back townships, what an immense influence he must exert if, by continually using very long words about Newton, Socrates and Plato, he would make his trustees and gradually every old lady in the section wonder how one small head could carry all he knew. Then would it not be useful for him who is to become—"a clergyman" to know how to impress people with his learning. What is the use of students working every night, wasting time and money, at Greek and Hebrew verbs, if they can't make a congregation aware of the superiority of their knowledge? We do think that, by a good deal of perseverance and practice, any student who now has the faculty of looking impressive to the slightest degree, would be able so to get the mastery of a congregation that he would be looked upon as the *great man* of the place his whole life long. At what a high state that minister has arrived, who, instead of minutely answering the questions of a saucy parishioner, is able to do his duty amply, by dimly signifying that he is aware that some one has said something or other, but that he cannot at present give any more attention to it!

PERSONAL.

MR. J. I. McCracken, B.A., '74, of Ottawa, has been appointed Deputy Clerk of the Crown for the County of Carleton. It is always gratifying to hear of honours being bestowed on Queen's men. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. McCracken on his appointment.

MR. John Gordon, B.A., '61, has retired from the office of the ministry, and now makes his bow to the people of Brockville as a barrister. We wish him the greatest success.

In glancing over the *Parliamentary Companion* we see that, in the present Legislature of Ontario, there are six graduates and alumni of Queen's. In the same body there are two Trustees of the University.

MR. Thomas Masson, an old gentleman residing near Ottawa, says that the JOURNAL is the only newspaper he ever reads. Such high-minded and sensible people are rare. If some of our younger readers took as much interest in us, and had as good taste as Mr. Masson, the success of the JOURNAL would be forever ensured.

THE sons of Queen's are distinguishing themselves in the Municipal affairs of the city. The following are members of the Kingston Council:—John McIntyre, M.A. '72, Thos. H. McGuire, B.A. '70, Jas. McCammon, M.D. '63, Samuel H. Fee, M.D. '62, J. K. Oliver, M.D. '68, James P. Gildersleeve, LL.B. '63. With such a number of learned graduates it is no wonder that the Council remains in session till 1:30 A.M.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

IT must be gratifying to our correspondent, from the "Far West," Mr. H. B. Walkem, to learn that his letters are so well received. Everybody is delighted with them.

"Who is Curfew?"

ACCORDING to the *Presbyterian Record*, there are to-day three of the largest congregations in the Dominion looking for a pastor. Our students in Divinity should hold up their heads, Queen's has as able men as can be found anywhere.

It is simply disgraceful for any student to tear down a notice put up by the Secretary of a Society, before the meeting comes off. To say the least, it shows a great lack of common sense on the part of the perpetrator of such an insult.

A STUDENT was writing an essay for a lazy or brainless companion. For hours he was toiling at it, till his brain became weary and his eyes almost dim. At last the weary, willing one had to ask him to let the rest stay till morning. "Yes," replied his *sympathetic* chum, after a minute's thought, "but you may be worse to-morrow."

Do THE freshmen ever consult Webster on the meaning of "annihilate." If they did, we think they would be forever silent in a certain class.

THERE is a story going the rounds, of a freshman who asked at the library if there were any of the Terra-Cotta works in. He meant Schonburg-Cotta.

WE regret to learn that Mr. William Butler, '82, of Mill Point, will not be able to be with us again this session. He hopes he will be able to be back next session. We hope so, too.

A FRESHMAN's gown was hanging peacefully on a peg in the hall on Friday evening, when, by some chance, it became ignited from the gas-light. The devouring element spread with fearful rapidity, and greedily licked up the large quantity of red tape and stiff lining usually found on a freshie's gown. The flames were ever and anon seen bursting from the armholes and—we regret to say—airholes. As the flames reached its highest point, two sophomores appeared on the scene and heroically succeeded in saving the lives of the inhabitants of the adjoining coats and hats. In the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," such a conflagration has never taken place before about here. We believe a project is on foot for holding a "charity concert" for the injured parties.

IN a mathematic class the other day, in the course of demonstrating a proposition, it was shown that a certain S. L. (Tilley, we presume), was equal to N. P. This, of course, was met with shouts of disapprobation by certain members of the class, and correspondingly warm manifestations of joy by others.

AN unusual uproar was heard not long ago in the reading-room, whereupon a timid divine, who is easily abashed, crept up to the door and peered in through an airhole. When, lo! what a sight met his gaze. A dozen freshmen were seen locked in each other's warm embrace, dancing about the room in a hilarious manner, and through the clouds of dust came pealing forth, in the language of song, the following spirited resolution, which made our poor divine stand aghast:

"We don't want to crib, but, by jingo, if we do,
"We've got the cribs, we've got the books and got the
pockets, too."

A FRESHMAN remarks that he is unable to get up his classics, since he is troubled at nights with "indyspepsia."

In the spring the reverend Senior braces for the final grind;

In the spring the nobby Junior lets his hair grow long behind;

In the spring the jolly Soph'more sees his former toughness wane;

In the spring a Freshman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of cane.—*Acta*.

OUR facilities are just as extensive as those of Cornell, for some of our worthy Professors also give lectures fully illustrated—by cuts.

WHAT will these freshmen do next? Has their bump of reverence been totally annihilated, or have they ever been blest with that bump? Listen all and hear the latest. There was an uproar in Divinity Hall last week; ye reverend theologues stood aghast, for lo! in their hall, their own private sanctum, which may not be invaded by the unhallowed shoe of any Arts undergraduate, on their blackboard which stands behind that rostrum, from which, for many years, reverend professors of Divinity have striven to hammer theological knowledge into the skulls of those graduates of Queen's, who had determined to turn their attention to the Presbyterian Ministry, there in that most sacred spot of all some one, braving all the vengeance which was so sure to fall upon his devoted head, had stood and written lines which most scandalously reflected on the dignity of some of those horrified Divinity students, either by making remarks on their hard-won degrees in Arts, or by touching them in some tenderer spot. But all those who stood there did not wear the same expression of countenance while gazing on that board, one phiz that towered above its fellows beamed with a most knowing smile, as there flashed across the memory of its owner certain words which, without meaning when he heard them, had now to him developed new strength and beauty. Silently stealing forth, he meandered among the unsuspecting freshmen and sophomores, "seeking whom he might devour." At last he spied his victim, and with seductive wiles enticed him into the hall to face those outraged divinities. Then—the door being carefully shut—he loudly proclaimed that the culprit had been discovered, and demanded that a Court should be immediately organized for the trial of this flagrant misdemeanor. Could words describe that Court! Seated on the bench was one whose piercing features and immovable expression, together with his generally sober and solid appearance, stamped him at once as a born judge. The prosecuting counsel was one, whose commanding appearance and burning eloquence was such that the prisoner wondered that he had ever dared to make fun of that chin, that now so rapidly manufactured such impassioned music. He was supported by one, whose mild demeanor, most effectually refuted the assertion on the blackboard that he was a "Doctor of sarcasm." But the prisoner was not left alone; after the counsel for the prosecution had brought forward their charges and the evidence in support thereof, there arose one, whose three years cramming of Hebrew and theology, had not extinguished the memory of the time, now six years gone by, when he himself was a festive freshman, "Your Lordship will observe," said he, "that there is a Greek letter in one of the names, this letter being put there unintentionally, shows that the writer must be one who is familiar with Greek and therefore could not have been a freshman." Thereat up rose the counsel for the plaintiff, in spite of his wonderful self-command, showing his indignation at the paltry plea that had been advanced. "Your Lordship," said he, "needs not to be told by me that that letter is formed only as a beginner would form it, and the prisoner will admit that he has just begun to learn Greek." This fact was undeniable, and when coupled with the fact that the prisoner was able to fully explain and interpret a deeply hidden allusion in the writing on the wall was sufficient, in spite of his protestations, to commit him. But let us draw a veil over this harrowing scene. History justifies our saying that it is not well for humanity to gaze on the punishments inflicted by theologians.

THE contractors are laying down the building material for the new College.

THOSE who perpetually wear Scotch caps should provide themselves with the luxury of a veil, to preserve their colour against March winds.

WE remember how enthusiastically Stanley, the African explorer, declared that he succeeded in discovering the "missing link." We doubted the statement then made; and time has verified the truthfulness of our doubt, which the following quotation from an Autograph Album, inserted by a self-conscious sophomore, will prove: "In the chain of your friends, consider me the missing link." Darwin will be here soon.

AN amorous junior lately contrived a new method, for making visits to his lady-love. Arrayed in a pair of rubbers (one his own, the other his room-mate's), he proceeded to her residence and spent the evening most gloriously. He afterwards took his leave, minus the rubbers, and returned home chuckling with delight at the thought of being compelled to return for the rubbers that he had purposely left. Next morn, as his mind was unwrapped in those joys in which he was soon to participate, when she, who was his all, would again smile on him, a rap was heard at the door, and to his amazement and sorrow the missing rubbers were quietly handed in. He has not since tried the old rubber scheme.

It is somewhat unfortunate to be under the average height of human beings. That young sophomore must have felt so when told to leave the class with the additional sentence, "that short work would be made of him."

WE are pleased to learn that the sophomore class has received an addition to its ranks, one who will no doubt surpass them all, since he seems more eager for his M.A. than any of his brother sophs.

WHAT is the "Court of Iniquity" doing? Are its austere officers talking, or on a journey, or amusing themselves in the lucrative pursuit of Ethics? How loud must the saucy freshie call ere they are aroused! Is the lion's roar not already deafening? For on one hand is a diminutive fresh, who can only look straight ahead of him for the huge collar which will in time cut off his ears; on the other a soph, defying the jurisdiction of the powers that be by his insolence; in the class-room they recite in a pompous manner that would ill-become a senior. Arise! ye judges, and rule the earth in righteousness.

How humiliated that freshman must have felt the other evening while walking up Princess Street with a charming young lady on his arm, warning the innocent creature against the current fallacies made use of by dancers. Just when he was about to crown his argument by referring to the case of Herod and John the Baptist, a grave and reverend senior, walking up behind him, called out vehemently, "Court!" "Court!" Freshies, you should have seen how your brother trembled, blushed and turned pale.

THE Rev. John Thompson, now lecturing in Divinity Hall, preached in Chalmers' Church last Sunday morning, and the Principal in the evening. The Principal is to give one of the Annual Educational Sermons of the Sydenham Street Methodist Church to-morrow evening.

A REGULAR meeting of the Elocution Association was held on Friday evening, March 7th, the President presiding. It was resolved to have public readings as soon as convenient. The first reader of the evening was Mr. J. Chisholm, who told us a good deal, if not all, about the greatness of Napoleon. His reading was very distinct, but he seemed to have considerable difficulty in convincing his hearers that the "Little Corporal" was great. Mr. Geo. MacArthur followed in "Pursuit of Happiness," and turned first a Miser, then an Epicure, and finally a Philosopher. We think he could find a shorter road to happiness than that. Mr. Johnston then undertook to ring the bell, and in doing so scared the owls from their slumbers. If Mr. J. would try to ring only one *belle* at a time, we do not think it would cause any alarm.

THE meeting of the E. A., on March 14th, was very poorly attended—just a quorum and nothing more—only one of those who had been appointed to read dared to face the trying ordeal of reading before his fellow-students, and of listening to their criticisms. Mr. Somerville was the victim, and we admire his pluck when even the hearts of B. A's sank within them and they were conspicuous by their absence. Mr. S. played the role of a Knight, and appeared in Spain, striving to get his sire released from prison, but as far as he got in his adventures had not succeeded in doing so. If he continues his efforts, there is a sad disappointment awaiting him. When he began he complained of the smallness of the audience, but they gave him no reason to complain of the *smallness* of the criticism. As the attendance at the meetings was so small it was resolved to discontinue the meetings for this session.

ONE day last week while walking through the halls the sound of music gently ascending awakened us from a serious meditating mood into which we had just then fallen. On inquiry we learned that the National Anthem was sung in honor of the fact that Snowball's Plane and Spherical Trigonometry had succumbed to the more humanizing study of Conic Sections.

A PATRIOTIC student entered into his class on the 17th wearing a shamrock in commemoration of the day, when he was thus accosted by the Professor:—"Well, Matthew, are you an Irishman?" "No, Doctor, mother was though."

GLEE CLUB practice every day (Sunday excepted) from from 12 to 12:05 in the hall.

TRUTH must come out some time. Our printer the other day for "conic sections" gave us "comic sections," but a senior who has been there, observes that they would be better called "chronic."

At a meeting of the Alumni of Queen's, held on Saturday, the 8th inst., it was resolved, in order to make up the additional amount required for the erection of the new buildings, to canvass those citizens who have not as yet been called upon for subscriptions. The response, we feel assured, to this appeal will be characterized by Kingston's usual liberality.

THE contracts for the work were signed on the 11th instant.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

THERE is at the present time one item of news which is common to all colleges, and being common to all therefore hardly deserves the name of news, that is, that students generally are quieting down and are going in pretty heavily at work for the closing examinations. However, in spite of this, the "College World" includes too much for one to be able to say at any time that all is peace and quietness therein, more especially when one remembers who the inhabitants of the "College World" are. At present there is much of a sameness in matters outside of studies. Annual reunions are being discussed, for those Universities where there has not just been one are in a foment of preparation for one. Sporting also occupies the attention of a good many of the Colleges. Now that the bonds of winter are being loosed and the waters are appearing free from ice (in more favoured climes, however, than this), boating is becoming the favourite pastime. The principal boat race of interest to us is the annual race between the Oxford and Cambridge boat crews. This comes off on April 5th, and both crews are now steadily preparing for it. The Oxford crew has the disadvantage, of being almost entirely composed of new men; while the Cambridge crew is composed of men more experienced, farther ad-

vanced in preparation, and more strongly built. The crews were expected to reach Putney about the middle of this month. Speaking of the Oxford boat crew, reminds us of an item we noticed in the *Mail* last week: "A member of the Oxford University boat crew was recently the defendant in a breach of promise case, which was settled by agreement to pay £200 damages and £100 costs. There were 600 love-letters in the case."

WE add a few items of general College news;

CALISTHENICS are becoming more popular at the Wesleyan Female College at Hamilton.

IN the School of Letters and Science at Columbia there are now 246 students, altogether including the schools of Mines, Law and Medicine there are 1,410.

THE first college journal was published at Dartmouth in 1800. (?)

IT is estimated that the number of students exiled to Siberia from the various Russian universities since the beginning of the year exceeds 600.

JAPAN has one university, at Tokio, the capital, and about a dozen colleges throughout the empire, devoted to agriculture, law, medicine, etc. A permanent fund of \$8,000,000 has been established for the purposes of education.

EXCHANGES.

WE took a holiday last issue, partly because we were lazy and partly because our Managing Editor told us that he could waste no space for us. This week, however, our exchanges have so accumulated on our hands that we think there would have been less work on the whole had a share of them been tackled in our last issue.

THE first one we lift from the table is the *Columbia Spectator*. We start to read its first editorial, "With this number of the *Spectator* a new corps of editors take up, etc." We think that is enough of that editorial. Having read in the last three issues that the board of editors was about to be changed, or was being changed, or had been changed, we are commencing to think that there must be some remodelling of its management. Please let the matter rest here, *Spectator*, and instead of agonizing over some new form of expressing this bit of old news, just take it for granted, that after three separate assertions of the fact, the public will believe you, and devote your attention to cartoons and sporting.

THE *Roanoke Collegian* is always welcome. It always has a good supply of readable articles, and nearly all its departments are well conducted.

Acta Scholastica is well on the road to improvement. Its articles are of a first rate quality if not quantity, and though we are afraid from what it says that it is no better supported than the ordinary run of College papers, we wish it all success both in a pecuniary and literary way.

WE are glad to welcome the *Portfolio* for the third time. We find that it has by no means degenerated but still keeps up the high character of its first public issue.

OUR congenial old friend the *Dalhousie Gazette* is the next one to lift its head from the surrounding waste paper. We find in it some of the best contributed literary articles that ever appear in any of our College exchanges. Its editorials also have a good healthy tone about them. We think, however, the column of Inner Dalhousie might be improved, there seems to an outsider to be rather too much personality and too little point about many of the allusions.

BUT here comes a new face to which we turn with a good deal of interest, *Acta Victoriana*, a monthly journal published by the students of Victoria University. It is well filled with matters of Collegiate and general, literary interest and is a welcome addition to our exchange list, not the less welcome as it comes from a sister Canadian University.

WE miss the *McGill Gazette* and *Acta Columbiana*, they not having now for a long time arrived at our sanctum.

THE *Oracle* we are glad to see here again after a long absence. It reads and looks well.

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Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

AS we intimated in our last issue, we are now able to announce the date of the visit of His Excellency the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness Princess Louise. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness will arrive in Kingston on the afternoon of Thursday, the 29th May, and on Friday, the 30th May, will lay the corner stone of the new College buildings and visit Queen's College. We believe we have good grounds for saying that in all probability the University Council will arrange for a special Convocation to be then held. We are gratified to be able to state with certainty, that Her Royal Highness has graciously consented likewise to lay a stone, or in some other way as suggested by the Senate mark her visit to the University by some special act.

THE next issue of the JOURNAL will not appear until after Convocation Day. We will then be able to give a detailed re-

port of the formal closing of the session. In order to compensate in some measure for the delay, one of our pages will be adorned with a superior cut of the new buildings, which is now being prepared for us by a first-class firm. This will no doubt be gratifying to the curiosity of the graduates and friends of Queen's, who have so liberally given her a helping hand.

WE take this opportunity of thanking our friends who have so liberally supported us during the session, which is now all but past. We are able to trudge on with lighter hearts when we feel that our efforts have been appreciated. But while thanking these friends, we are sorry to state that there yet remain a number who have negligently omitted to send in their subscriptions. Our expenses have been heavy this year, we are yet in our printer's debt, and since writing on this subject is distasteful to us, we hope those who have not as yet paid up will do so without any further reminder. We acknowledge all receipts.

WHAT has become of the Athletic Association? We hope *all* the students are not so busy but that some attention can be paid to this useful body, and arrangements made for the usual games and exhibition at the beginning of next session. For the last few years this matter has not been attended to until within a few days of University day, and, as might be expected, the interest in the games has for that reason been somewhat diminished. If any attempt were made this session to give a start to a gymnasium, of

course this subject would be brought up. But whether we have the gymnasium or not, let us not permit these games to die out, but see that all possible arrangements are made for their benefit before this session closes.

THERE is being discussed in some of our contemporaries the necessity for a third personal pronoun, singular, of a common gender. This lack in our language has often been felt by all, and still no attempt worth speaking of has ever been made to supply the deficiency. The most acceptable proposal we have yet heard is one suggested by the *Ohio Educational Monthly*. It is that we use "they, theirs, them" in the extended form in which the pronoun "you" with its compounds is used. This has been done by many writers of acknowledged correctness, and it is almost universally used in every-day conversation: and still any one of us would say that grammatically it is an incorrect expression. Why not drop this fiction and let this use of the pronoun be openly accepted? as it long has been in reality. Some word is needed to fill the vacant place: to invent a new one would perhaps be easy, but to introduce such a new one into general use would be almost an impossibility. Instead then of being longer thus crippled in speech, let us overcome the qualms of our delicate grammatical conscience and hereafter not only use but openly avow the pronoun "they" to be virtually of either number.

THE library has received a valuable addition from a source and in a manner that enhances the value of the addition. The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, in answer to an application from the Senate and Trustees have made a grant to Queen's College of all the publications of the Scottish Record Society. These records have been published in folio volumes for a great

many years, and consist of the ancient charters, minutes of the Privy Council, and everything bearing on the antiquities, history and monuments of Scotland. The application was made on the ground that Queen's having been established by Scotchmen, it was fitting that all such records should be in the library of the University. Though the Lords Commissioners are very chary in granting such applications, and have no intention of relaxing their rule on the subject, they granted the request made to them, having "had regard," they say in their letter, "*inter alia* to the circumstances that this University is incorporated by Royal Charter, and bears the Queen's title." The thanks of every friend of the University and of all Scotchmen in Canada are due to the Lords of the Treasury and to the Colonial Office for their kindness in so promptly acceding to the request of the Senate and Trustees in this matter.

THE approaching final examinations in Arts reminds us of a proposal which we have often intended to make but which as often we have neglected. We have in Queen's a system of examinations for prizes, which has everything to be said in its favor for the tendency it has to promote thoroughness of work, and to correctly fix the standard of rank among the students. Before the change in classwork these examinations were held monthly, and though now the number of examinations depends on the number of hours a week a class is held, the old name is still retained by many, and the system is virtually equivalent to the old one.

This system of examination for class prizes is one the fairness of which has never been questioned. The frequency of the examinations causes even those whose whole study is cramming to have at least some knowledge of the subjects on which they are to pass, even a longer time before the ex-

aminations than a few short weeks. This being the case, why could not these results be incorporated with the results of the final? Every student, and every person who is accustomed to have his scholarship tested by written examinations most thoroughly knows the feeling of insecurity that possesses the mind when the work of several months is made to depend on one short examination of a few hours. In most colleges these examinations are in the spring. The hard work which every student goes through immediately before the examinations weakens him and makes him more than usually susceptible to the colds which our changeable spring weather is only too apt to generate. Too frequently a cause of this nature affects the student's standing. This, of course, cannot be helped in any spring examination, either oral or written, and consequently we think that our proposal should be the more readily accepted. If the sum of the results at the monthly examinations were made equal to the sum of the results at the final, the sum of both being made the maximum, it would not only give good students a fairer opportunity to obtain their correct standard, but would also cause better attendance at the monthlies among those who need it most, though we are glad to say that the monthlies always have been well attended, considering that they have only been competitive examinations.

ONE of the greatest desiderata in our new College buildings is a reading room, in which students may not only read newspapers and periodicals, but also consult books that are too heavy or too valuable to be taken home. In order that the room may be wholly devoted to such uses, it is necessary that there should be in addition a students' room for whistling, chaffing, and such-like laudable occupations sure to be indulged in when and where waiters on classes most

do congregate. Both rooms are provided for in the new buildings, and so all tastes have been consulted. This will be good news for those who have hitherto pursued their investigations into newspaper literature under disadvantages, and for whom anything like study in a room near a great library has been an impossibility. One of the chief charms of life in Ottawa is in the conveniences furnished to students in connection with the magnificent library, so magnificently housed in the most beautiful of the Parliament buildings. It is an unspeakable comfort to have quiet surroundings while studying, and to know that any book you are likely to need is within call. For every one has not the concentration and energy of Hugh Miller, who kept up a fond acquaintance with his favourite authors in his dismal barrack, filled with a rollicking, boisterous squad of masons. Think of him, amid all the discomfort and interruptions of such a place, lying on his back with the book spread out within a few inches of the fire, an odd volume probably picked up from a wandering peddler, and his greatest grief that he was sometimes forced to close the book, when through continued rain the peat became so soaked that it refused to give out any flame. Which of us has to drink of the Pierian Spring under such difficulties! And yet these very difficulties were an important part of Hugh Miller's education. Take comfort in the thought, ye who have sometimes grumbled at the occasional hilarity of fellow-students in the roomy and secluded reading room you now enjoy, and at the same time look forward to the good time coming. Some of us shall have passed away from college life before the session of 1880, when all good things are to be enjoyed. Let our consolation be that we threw on difficulties. After all, the great evil of the present day is that we read too much and think too little. Better one book digested

than a dozen skimmed. Master Tyndal on Heat as a Mode of Motion, or Kant's Critique, or Lyell's Principles of Geology, or Butler's Analogy, or the judicious Hooker, and you have effected more in the way of mental gain than by skimming a library. Coleridge, tells of four kinds of readers: The first, like the hour-glass, their reading like the sand running in and then out and leaving not a vestige behind. The second, like the sponge, imbibing everything only to retain it in the same state, or perhaps dirtier. The third, like the jelly-bag, allowing the pure to pass away and keeping only the refuse and dregs. The fourth, like the slaves in the mines of Golconda, throwing away the rubbish and keeping only the gems and gold. It needs an education to know how to read. And the essential part of the education is to know that there is no way of success except through hard work. Gibbon said that he usually read an author three times: first, curiously, to take in the general design of the book and the leading of the argument; secondly, to fix the facts and principles in his mind; and thirdly, to criticise, to mark its beauties and blemishes. Editors take the third reading first. It is their profession. In making this confession, we offer ourselves as "the frightful example," and not at all as the worthy objects of imitation. To all students, we say, go and do otherwise, and don't wait till the new reading and consulting room has been provided.

COMMUNICATED.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

To the Editor of the Journal.

ALTHOUGH most of the students are now on the *home stretch* in the intellectual race-course, perhaps it may not be out of their way to bestow some attention on matters relating to the *corpus sanum* as well as the *mens sana*.

I would like to call the attention of the students to the athletic sports. Would it

not be better, if the Athletic Association (to whom all the students belong) held its annual meeting, to appoint officers for the management of the sports, before the close of the session? For this reason, that as very few of the students arrive in the city, until two or three days before University Day, and as proper arrangements cannot be made in that short time, the few students who are resident in the city have all the burden and responsibility of making them by themselves; and as their views are not always the views of all, dissatisfaction is often occasioned. Besides, if it were known for certain that the sports would be held, the students could train for them during the summer, and this training would also be of service to them in the foot-ball field. And, sir, if we may judge by the physical excellence shown at last year's sports, when all the contestants were "raw," we may safely say that with training our students would turn out really first-class athletes. But it is ridiculous, as well as injurious, for any one to engage in such contests as the mile run and two mile walk without practice before hand.

A word about the prizes. I hope sincerely that the custom of asking aid from outsiders will be henceforward abolished. Let all subscriptions be voluntary. If the members of the Senate would give a champion medal instead of the large contributions they have heretofore given, I am sure every one would be well satisfied. But let all pecuniary aid be from the students themselves. Of course in that case the money value of the prizes would be less than usual; but a student does not care for the value, he only cares for the honour of the prize. Last year over \$70 were spent for prizes, half of this at the outside would be amply sufficient.

I am convinced that if the Association will use the "dumb-bells" I have suggested, it will jump beyond the "heel-marks" of previous years. Yours truly, 10/27/77.

ROYAL COLLEGE.

TWO weeks ago last Wednesday (19th March) the lectures at the Royal College were closed by a Valedictory from Prof. Lavell. A short season of quiet followed, of quiet that was hardly rest for primary and final students who were preparing for the last tug of the season—the closing examinations. A week ago to-day, however, these closed with the following result:

Final—in order of merit.

W. H. Henders on,	
J. C. C. Cleaver,	
G. C. T. Ward,	
P. C. Donovan,	} Even.
W. A. Lafferty,	
R. A. Leonard,	
R. N. Horton,	
G. W. Judson,	
W. F. Cleaver,	
Geo. Newlands,	
T. R. Hossie,	
R. K. Kilborn,	
R. H. Abbott,	

All these gentlemen passed without an oral, and fully deserve all the congratulations, which we do not doubt they have already received from fellow-students and others, on the successful passing of this their final examination for the degree of M.D.

The primary examination resulted as follows:

Without an oral—order of merit.

J. E. Galbraith,
H. H. Chown, B.A.,
John Odium,
Chas. F. Empey,
W. A. Lavell.

The following were submitted to an oral:

Thos. Wils on, B.A.,
H. H. Reeve,
W. H. Waddell,
L. E. Day,
J. H. Knight,
J. G. Clark,
W. D. Reid,
C. R. Dickson,
M. McPhalen.

Besides the gentlemen above named W. Clark, M.D., a graduate from one of the American colleges, who has been attending classes at the Royal College in order to obtain a Canadian degree in medicine, was submitted to a searching, written and oral examination in both primary and final subjects, in which he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the examiners, and therefore his name must be added to the list of graduates in medicine for '79.

The primary examination was also a competitive one, but the results in this respect have not yet been announced by the College Faculty, the honors being the gift, not of the University, but of the Medical College as a separate body.

Although the University examinations have closed, the meds. are not yet free. Under our law the degree alone from any University is not sufficient. Those desiring to practice in Ontario have yet to pass the examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. These examinations are annual, and therefore all the students are immediately interested in them. They are held simultaneously at Toronto and Kingston, beginning on Tuesday, 8th April, at 8:30 o'clock a.m. The examinations here will be held in the City Hall on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th days of April. The first year students have only an oral examination, which will be held on Thursday morning, the 24th April. The orals on the written examination will be held here on Friday, 25th April, at 4 p.m. In our next issue we hope to be able to announce the success of all the candidates from the Royal.

What I Know About the Ottawa River.

ITS RAPIDS, RAFTS AND SLIDES.

READER, if you imagine that this is to be a statistical essay, stop. If you think that in it you will find an estimate of the number of rapids and falls in the Ottawa, and the amount of fall in each, be persuaded that if you read on, you will only be disappointed. Nor does the writer of this even know how much timber goes down the river every year, nor can he describe the exact construction of either rafts or slides. To find out these important items, you are referred to works specially bearing on the subject, of which I doubt not there are many. No, reader, I am only one of those four travellers mentioned in former numbers of this JOURNAL, and whose course was partially described under the head of "Summer Reminiscences." We bade good bye to you on the shores of Lake Nipissing; since then we have travelled many miles, through river, creek and swamp, through huge pine woods, over rocky portages, across beautiful island-dotted lakes, and last have rushed down the rapids of the Matawin, out upon the bosom of the swift flowing Ottawa. And aptly does this term describe it to one who is first introduced to it at the village of Mattawa. A powerful rapid, situated at the junction of the two rivers, has to be run before one is able to land in the quiet cove. Then a stretch of twenty-two miles, which the current, aided slightly by the wind, carried us over in about four hours. Then three large rapids, known as the Deux Rivières (which name rightly belongs but to the lower one), which rapids cause a portage of about four miles. Then after another clear stretch of ten miles, still another large rapid, the Rocher Capitaine, with two miles of a portage. Then eighteen miles of a strong current brought us to the Des Joachims Rapid, also unrunnable by our canoes, causing another portage of two miles. Here we came to Deep River, and then and then only were we no longer reminded of the fact that the Ottawa is a swift-flowing river. Deep River is a stretch of the Ottawa, about twenty-five miles long, in which there is not a bend. It obtains its name from the fact of its great depth, which is such that though comparatively narrow, there is not in it a trace of a current. The northern shore consists of hills, which rise to an average height of eight hundred feet above the surface of the river. The southern shore is hilly, but not comparable to the northern. Toward the lower end of Deep River rises the Oiseau Rock, which rises so perpendicularly from the river, that a stone let drop by one standing on the edge of its summit would, after a sheer fall of seven hundred and fifty feet, strike the water near the foot of the rock. This spot is quite famed throughout the surrounding district and the legend-loving treasure a sorrowful tale of an Indian maiden who—but surely everybody knows the rest.

Though every incident connected with our run along this piece of water is firmly fixed in my memory, I have not space to dilate on it. I cannot describe either that delightful paddle in the calm of the evening, the gorgeous sunset, a picture having for its frame work the ranges of hills between which we were travelling, the still clear night, the gusty morning, and many other items which would always be much dearer to our memory than interesting to any reader. Nor can Allumette Lake, into which the Ottawa widens after leaving Deep River, delay us. This lake is about twenty miles long and three or four wide. It has in it many beautiful islands, and we have heard it stated before now, that it is more beautiful than the Lake of the Thousand Isles. Individually the islands as to their foliage are undoubtedly picturesque, but they are low, and are neither so numerous nor so romantically situated as that far-famed stretch of the St. Lawrence

At the foot of Allumette Lake, on the southern shore, is situated the thriving town of Pembroke. Here we received a most cordial welcome from friends, sons of Queen's and daughters of Kingston. We also here had an experience of what wind storms on the Ottawa can be being detained here two days. By the aid of a shanty boat and some friends we started off once more. Four miles below Pembroke are the Allumette Rapids, which we partially portaged and partially ran; then six or eight miles more brought us to the Parquette Rapids, which we ran bodily. I wish I could describe the running of a rapid. The rushing, boiling water. The straining of every muscle, the quickening of every sense, the knowledge that your life depends on successfully mounting every swell, overcoming every hostile eddy and dodging every rock. The grand excitement of travelling in a canoe at the speed of an express train, and feeling your inward strength and energy developing at the thought that for once, no human power but your own can aid you, that you are dependant on no muscle but your own. It is a time when nerves must be most completely in subjection, and when the slightest sensation of fear would be apt to capsize you. Owing to the fact that in running a large rapid, the canoe should travel slightly faster than the current, hard paddling is necessary, but I think I can safely say that one feels more inclined to paddle hard then than at any other time. The Ottawa, between these rapids and the Calumette Rapids, presents much beautiful scenery, especially the stretch north of Calumette Island. This channel is rather narrow, and the current rather strong, and the scenery, though quiet, is very attractive. Of course now we were once more in civilized parts, substantial farm-houses were numerous, and every few miles a small village would be passed. The villages we rarely visited, and only stopped at the farm-houses to get an occasional supply of life's necessities. We reached Bryson, situated at the head of Calumette Rapids, early one morning. Here we saw our first slide. These timber slides are built over rapids, which a raft cannot run, are solidly formed of heavy timber, are made about twenty-six feet wide, and of various lengths. Every one has a particular steepness of its own, depending entirely on the fall in the rapid or fall over which it is built. The water rushes through these with terrific speed. In order to prevent the cribs (compartments of the rafts) from coming down these too quickly, there is rarely more than six or nine inches of water in them, consequently the bottom of the slide acts as a kind of a break. At the foot of many of these slides there is quite a plunge, and that was the case in this instance, and, as all the cribs for the season had passed through, we had a short portage in order to reach the foot. Here we found several cribs belonging to two different rafts, parts of which had already gone down the rapids and slides ahead. These cribs are about 25 feet wide, being 30 to 60 in length, made of solid squared timber, laid side by side and fastened together by four or five logs of the same size as those below, being crossed above them. These upper timbers are fastened to the outside timbers of the lower layer, and then wedges are tightly fastened in to prevent the loose logs in between from coming out. Sometimes these cribs get pretty hard knocks, and then the passengers have to look out for themselves, as the probability is it will come apart. Sometimes lives are lost. Usually, however, they are safe and solid enough. We did not stop this time, however, to find this out, but kept on down a small rapid, about a quarter of a mile below, and then came to another large fall and rapid, over which ran a large slide. This was the Mountain slide. Intending to portage over this, we stopped and carried our goods to the foot of the rapid. When there, we noticed that the fall at the foot of the slide was only about a foot and a half, and that in the slide itself, though at one

spot it was very steep, there was not a break. The suggestion of one of our number was all that was needed. We determined to run the slide in our canoes, and to the horror of some raftsmen near by we did it, one canoe at a time. How we did it is another question. We came down so fast that breathing was out of the question, the fall at the bottom and the speed of our fall sent us under water to our shoulders, but after going forward several feet, we shot out again, and sent enough water out of our canoes to enable us to paddle safely through the surrounding eddies to the shore. It was tobogganing on a large scale, and as long as one kept his wits about him, was perfectly safe, provided only there had been no saw logs at the bottom; these were there in our case, brought there by the eddies. That we did not strike them may be known by the fact that we all got safely home.

Our next few miles were travelled on a crib. On this we ran several rapids and one large slide, this was interesting, but not nearly so much so, as performing the same operation in a canoe. Once more in our canoes, we passed the village of Portage du Fort without a call, and after a run of a few miles down one more rapid, the Snows, we found ourselves on Chats' Lake. On this lake we had quite a travel on a raft, which we had overtaken. These rafts consist of about a hundred of the cribs we have described. In the centre is a large shed, with a hole in the roof; below the hole is the fire place, made of a large but low box, formed of heavy timber, and filled with sand, and on this a regular camp fire is built, and we can vouch for it that a pleasant evening can be spent, gathered round this fire with the lumbermen, on a summer's evening. That night we slept on the raft, and, when we woke next morning, found ourselves at the head of Chats' Rapids. These are five miles long, and in canoes make a very pleasant run, though in our case one of the canoes would have badly fared, had it not been for the coolness of its occupants in choosing to run on a rock rather than go over a fall, which they came across in dodging a crib, and patching up the canoe afterwards sufficiently to run the remainder of the rapid. At the foot of the rapids is a fall, and over this fall is the steepest slide on the Ottawa, having a fall, we believe, of 40 feet in 300. We ran this on a crib, and it did make a glorious run, which was so much enjoyed by us that some of our party repeated the experiment. This was the last slide or rapid until we came to the city of Ottawa. The river for this stretch, though not particularly striking in its beauty, well repaid the trouble of the trip along the river. At last a pile of buildings came in sight, which we did not need to be informed were the Parliament buildings, and soon we came to that network of booms which fill the river for two or three miles above the city. Safely threading our way through them, we ran a couple of small rapids, and overtaking a crib prepared to run the Chaudiere slide, but in this we were doomed to be disappointed, as there was a jam in the slide. Then we bade good bye to the Ottawa, and, after devoting a few hours to seeing our friends and the sights of the Capital, we found our way to Rideau River, and had started on our quiet trip across the country—home.

X. Y. Z.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WE hear some anxious inquiries as to what provision has been made for a gymnasium in the new buildings.

A GRAD., who is studying law, being asked by a lady friend, what he intended doing when he got through? replied that he thought of settling down in some place where members of his profession were scarce, and where he would find himself a necessity. "Oh! don't do that," exclaimed the sweet girl, "for necessity knows no law!"

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—A to B (whose presence doesn't make reading any easier), "B, I see the door is open. Shut it, like a good fellow, on the outside. Come again, if you haven't time to stay, and whenever you find yourself in the neighbourhood of our boarding house, stay there!"

THIS burning of the midnight oil and contemplation of text books in the wee sma' hours of the morning is hardly conducive to early rising, and causes one to cherish with peculiar fondness the following version of "The early bird catches the worm," which first appeared, we believe, in a paper published at the Omaha High School:

"Poor foolish worm! if he had lain
Snug in his earthly bed,
That early fowl had never made
A breakfast of his head.

At noon, no doubt, the bird had sought
Some distant forest bough;
And if the worm had slept till then
He might have lived till now.

Take warning, early risers, all,
And heed the lesson taught;
The worm that lies in bed is safe,
The early worm is caught."

ONE of our law students proposes the following question: Being asked in an examination in the case of a farm owned by a widow during her widowhood to whom the emblements would go in case she married in midsummer, 1st, when she worked the farm herself; 2nd, when it was worked to a tenant renting from her, and answering that in the first case as the estate was determined by herself, the reversioners would have the crops, etc., but in the second, the tenant would retain them, he says, "A nice question of law might arise if the tenant married the widow. We think it would go hard with the tenant, unless he could prove that from the aggressive habits of widows in general, he couldn't help himself, and of course in that case it would not be his fault that the estate was determined." We would like to hear the opinion of some of our legal friends on the subject?

THINKING that tournaments are all the fashion these days, two Divinity students and a law student determined to have a musical tournament the other evening. They had. It came off at one of the boarding houses (that house where the boarders call themselves howlers) last week. None but the judges permitted themselves to be present. Invitations were freely issued, but somehow all those invited had engagements elsewhere. We were not there. We thought we could spend a much more pleasant evening at the dentist's. We mentioned the affair with the names of the competitors to a legal friend, whereat he said, "They shouldn't have called it a tournament, but a turn-'em-out. It must have been pretty hard on all parties, for as they came out in several pieces, they must themselves have been badly damaged." This was sufficient. He had punished us so badly, that we almost thought we would sooner have been at the tournament. We tried afterwards to find out how the thing resulted. One of the parties said that the law student came out between the two Divinities, a rose between two thorns as it were, but we could never get this corroborated by the judges; they did not seem to want to talk about it, and shivered a little, and when we pressed the matter, they told us if we did not stop they would corner us some day, and have those rivals repeat the entertainment before us, and then we could judge for ourselves. We immediately assured them that we had not meant to trouble them, and hastily said good afternoon. We've dodged those men ever since.

Ignorantia legis non excusat, is what the Law Examiners say to the plucked ones, and it cuts them to the heart, for they thought they knew all about the application of that maxim before.

PROF.—"Mr. — you have confused the matter somewhat; you've put the horse before the cart, Sir." *Student*: "Well, that's where they usually put him, is it not?"

A STUDENT, who had been told that a fool could ask as many questions in an hour as a wise man could answer in a lifetime, exclaimed "ah! then it is easy to see how the Profs. managed to pluck me last exam."

OUR Divinity students have been holding secret and even public caucuses concerning the action of the Government in levying such heavy duties on the books which our divines must use. A deputation will be sent to Ottawa to wait on the Hon. Minister of Finance, who may expect to lose his seat at the next election if he does not accede to their request and suffer Divinity to exist.

EARLY to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise:
But early to ryes and tardy to bed,
Makes a man's nose turn cardinal red!—*Ex.*

WHEN the Freshies read the notice on the billet board the other day stating [by order of the Senate (?)] that those who were interested in the final exams, should read the announcement on the blackboard, in the Ethics classroom, there was a general stampede thither. Imagine the look of disappointment depicted on those intellectual (?) countenances when they beheld only the words "April Fool."

The following simple, loving lines were sent by one of our boys on the 14th February last. The reason we are so late in publishing it must be apparent to all:

MY DARLING.—By the relentless intervention of the invisible hand of fate, I have been prevented from precipitating myself at your feet for the entire absolution of the collectaneous calumny which has been so slanderously conglomerated upon the unblotted and unsophisticated face of my stainless reputation, and with which I have been so maliciously circumvallated, that I apprehend the most mountainous, colossal, herculean difficulties in perfectly discarcerating myself from the criminalous machination in which I have been so unmercifully immured, that I was fearfully apprehensive that I was most inextricably involved. But ah! most superhuman fair one, I have been so unutterably bedazzled by the luminous emanation and sunlike effulgence of your charms, that notwithstanding the acrimonious criminations which have been superinduced upon my character, I am again induced to obtrude myself into your presence. Do not for a moment doubt the moveless stability and fathomless profundity of my love; for the flammiferous monocular autocrat of day shall cease to irradiate the umbrageous recesses of the forest, the translucent queen of night shall cease to perambulate the diphinous and stelliferous concavity of the cerulean heavens, the horisonous boabion of heaven's horrific artillery shall cease to bellow forth its terrific peals, the forky-coruscation of heaven shall discontinue to blaze forth its sulphurous, igneous fulgor from the ignivomous clouds before my love shall be extinguished. Could the manifestation of the keenest remorse, or the exhibition of the most compunctionous pangs of conscience elevate me one millionth of an inch in your favour, I would immediately commence

"Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire, they might drown
The wrath of heaven and quench the mighty ruin."

Ever your adoring,
G. P. SQUIGGS.

A HOPELESS CASE.—An important sophomore, who signs himself "——, M.L.," and who figured prominently before the Court of Iniquity this session, has been daily growing worse since. Day after day Cupid's arrows sink deeper into his loving heart. Tender in years and inexperienced in the ways of the world, hopes and disappointments are making fearful ravages on the poor youth. His meals often remain untouched. His rest is disturbed by wretched dreams. Still his medical adviser had faint hopes of his recovery until he began writing poetry, when his anxious friends were solemnly warned to prepare for the worst. That he cannot recover will be seen from his last effort addressed to the fair disturber of his happiness:

Would you and I were angels Sal !
Far hence we'd wing our flight ;
Through realms of space we'd cleave the air
Among yon orbs of light.

Nor time nor space our progress stay,
We'd ever onward go ;
Around the sun, among the stars
We'd sail through endless day.

Those "plodding loons" so far below
We'd evermore despise,
As earth and sky divided are
So far from us removed.

No converse more with them we hold
When thus we sail away.
My angel, Sal, your angel, I,
Together we shall roam.

THE following items have been going the rounds (in whispers) since the recent medical examinations: In one examination, a student being puzzled over a question, wrote it out and passed it on to one near by, whom he thought would know it. Number two, instead of answering it, wrote another question on the same slip and passed it on to a third. The third man answered both, writing the answers on opposite sides of the one piece of paper, he then handed it back to number two, who, looking only on one side, and seeing there the answer to number one's question, thought there was nothing there for him, and handed it to number one. But number one found there the answer to number two's question, and thinking that number three was mixed and had misunderstood his question, *he* put the paper in his pocket. When he came out after the exam. and was clearing his pocket, he looked again at this slip, and to his surprise found there the answer he wanted. He then investigated farther, and number two coming out at that minute, they compared notes and the mystery was revealed. Those two did not say much, but thought a good deal, and went away sadder, but wiser men.

EXAMINER in Botany—What is meant by a monœcious plant, and give an example? Student (who knows he is well up)—"A monœcious plant is one that has its pistils united by the medullary rays. A good example is the butterfly." And now that student thinks he was plucked because he said butterfly instead of buttercup.

A CERTAIN senior had a baby. Ask a young, aspiring M.D. as to the beauty of the little pappoose, and a certain noted classicist in the junior year, who gently and affectionately fondled it, as to the angel flesh of the wee thing, and a certain reverend widower as to whether the little visitor to his sanctum will bear christening. Tuesday was April Fool's Day.

ONE day last week a speculative junior was discussing, from an ethical standpoint, the injustice of making laws for the proper observance of the Sabbath. His learned harangue was suddenly brought to a close by an honest soph. suggesting—"The final is coming on; that accounts for it."

WE understand that some kind-hearted old lady, observing the budding genius of one of the "coming men," has expressed the desire that the following should be inserted in the College paper:

POETRY FOR SALE.

Oh! why should students waste their cash,—
Who have no cash to spare,
Why waste their cash on Shakespeare's trash—
Such trifles as are there.
When lo! the *freshie*-poet sells!
He's cheap we all must think!
A cent a-yard, is all his charge—
To pay for pens and ink!!

THE following is offered as a sample:

POEM ON A MOSQUITO.

Poor mosquito, if thee I could catch
For thee I would be a match;
Nor would I think it wrong
To stay the singing of thy song.
When spring comes, you will be there,
And give us a scare.
With mosquito to the right, mosquito to the left,
And of blood we are bereft;
When from thy bill I am once more free,
I think of thee.
Roll on, thou ugly, black mosquito,
For out of a hundred I can hit—two.
When the mosquito hummed round like a wolf in my ear,
And it gave me fear,
Then I thought, that a man who has no music in his soul
is not fit
To be or not to be even a mosquito—
O, but to rise,
Become excelsior and win the prize.

L. L. D. FRESHMAN.

"THE most brilliant student that ever went through Queen's College" was seen the other day on a prancing charger. He thought he would celebrate the announcement of his "impeccability," and at the same time exhibit his fair proportions to her whom his soul adores, as a "bold dragoon," if by chance she would be out for an airing. It was the first time he rode a steed. He backed the "animal" against a wood-horse, and with dexterous wriggling crawled on; then pointed for Princess street, smiling, spite of fear. But the small boy was abroad. "Mister, yer legs will fall off." The steed, disgusted at the small boy, started at a smart pace. But the "impeccable" was not prepared for trotting. His legs spread out more than ever. He lost his hat. He grasped his *Bucephalus* by the neck, his coat-tails wildly flapping round his ears. We saw him vanishing in a cloud of dust and—snow-balls carrying the brilliancy and impeccability of the College with him. When shall we see his like again! The College bard is writing an appropriate monody.

ONLY another JOURNAL.

ON the evening of Saturday, the 12th inst., the editors of the JOURNAL give in their report. On the same night the Board of Management for the ensuing year is appointed. Every student who has the interest of Queen's and its organ at heart should be present.

CONVOCATION on the 30th.

Is the Alma Mater Society to have a Banquet? If not we go in for a Students' Supper.

We are indebted to Mr. A. R. Linton, Secretary of the Elocution Association, for an account of the public meeting held lately, which is crowded out. Mr. Linton kindly furnishes us with any information concerning the Association. Secretaries of other societies do not appear ambitious to have the doings of their Societies made known.

DURING the next two weeks you'll see feathers fly. Some stand an awful chance of getting plucked, especially those chaps that always come out at the tail end. They won't crow much either.

STUDENTS, do not forget your friends, our advertisers.

THOSE who want the next JOURNAL, which is to contain a cut of the new buildings, should let us have their summer address.

WE heard a Freshie inquiring "what those benches were doing in front of the College?" He'll know too soon perhaps.

EXAMINATIONS begin on Thursday, the 10th April, and end on the 24th.

CLASS work closed on Thursday.

THE Montreal Meds. will be up next week to the Council Examinations. Our boys will no doubt give them a cordial greeting.

OH, ye poor Methodists! We extend our heartfelt sympathies to that poor soph. who, when arraigned before the "Court of Iniquity," said he was persecuted because he was a "Methodist." Surely he will receive his reward. But let him cheer up, for though he is persecuted yet he is not forsaken, he is not alone. Behold the number of "persecuted Methodists! We'll pass over the scholarships, &c., with which they've been burdened, over the offices thrust upon them, over the chief magistracy of the "Concursus Iniquitatis" and come home to our own dear JOURNAL. Just look for a moment at the staff; first, a Methodist is persecuted with the awful duties of a managing editor's post; then, they follow another out of College and even his B.A. does not protect him from being placed first on the role of editors; worst of all the iron gate of the "Royal" is no protection, but they snatch another poor follower of John Wesley from within its precincts and place his name second on the annals of ——. Oh! where shall we flee?

A FRESHMAN, reviving "fond recollections to memory dear," thus quotes Pope: "As the pants are beat, the twig's inclined."

EXCHANGES.

WE have been intently gazing for several minutes past on a contributed article in *Randolph Macon Monthly*, entitled "Easy writing is very hard reading." We agree with what it says, but dare not uphold the principle here, for fear some one that knows us will retort "Practice what you preach." At the same time, no one could be a confirmed reader of college papers without having that thought absorbed into his very marrow. We have often wished that *others* would take the advice of Sidney Smith when he said, "After you have written an article, take your pen and scratch out half of the words in it, and you will see how much stronger it is." It may, however, be easier to give advice than take it. We like this (March) issue of the *Monthly* very much, and think its editors are to be congratulated that it has so many good contributions from students.

Our attention is now attracted by a blushing face among the lot of exchanges given to us to crucify. We scan its pages, and our face grows redder and redder as we read on and the sun strikes its leaves. It is the *Seminary Times*, and were it not for the color of the paper on which it is printed, it would be an exceedingly readable journal. The contents are fair in quality, though rather chary of college news and anecdote. We looked for some information concerning the time when next we might expect to see it, but whether weekly, monthly or quarterly, is a subject on which its columns are profoundly silent.

And still another new face, *The Hobart Herald*, a monthly journal of twelve pages of reading matter, published by the students of Hobart College. We like its tone. It is thoroughly collegiate, and by no means bashful in saying what it means. Print and paper both are good, and we hope it will receive the support it deserves.

We would like the *Tyro* better, had it more original matter in it. It purports to represent the inner life of the *Canadian Literary Institute*, and still in its monthly quota of twelve pages, seven and three-quarters are occupied by selected matter, most of which the majority of its readers have in all probability seen before. While not quite four pages are devoted to editorials and college news, and even in this the printer's leads occupy so much space that it is doubtful whether they intended to leave the page entirely blank or not. Brace up, *Tyro*, and have some style about you. Your selections are good, but they are not what is wanted.

We notice that the last number of the *University Herald* accounts for the delay in its publication, by saying that one of the members of the board had been sick. We look up a few inches and see that the *Herald* is published by a board of seven editors. Only seven. If one would delay it so long, what a fearful calamity it would be if two were sick! Would the paper be ever published? We wondered which one it was, and read over the names of the editors, and came to the conclusion that there must have been three of them sick. And this is how we did it. There are nine names given. But the *Herald* says expressly that these nine are not nine, only seven. Therefore there must be a reserve of two. Now if only one of these nine were sick, there would still be eight left; if there were two sick, there would still be seven left. But the *Herald* says that there are only seven, and one of these was sick, so there could only be six left, therefore there must have been three sick. But no! It says editorially there was only one sick. How can this be? Ah! we have it. It is a fiction when it says there are only seven. A pious fraud intended to detract attention from the fact that there are nine on the board, and these nine are like those of nursery tale fame, of whom it needed the lot to make a man, whom the *Herald* means when it says his sickness delayed its publication. Verily "*Perseverentia omnia vincit*."

Laurence Sterne, Addison and Keats, are all sketched in the April number of Rose Belford's *Canadian Monthly*. The sketches and criticisms, by different hands and of varied fullness, are extremely entertaining and instructive. An article on "Halifax," and one on the "Duration of the Legislative Assembly," refer more particularly to the Canadian history and constitution, while the article by *Fidelis* on "A Pressing Problem" is of wider import, and should be carefully read by every one.

In this number, "The Monks of Thelema" hold their farewell chapter. The two other continued stories, "Fallen Leaves" and "Under one Roof," show no signs of diminished strength.

A few poems, one especially on "Niagara" by Nicholas Flood Davin, offer welcome variety.

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

A T chapel exercises the other morning, the professor was reading the passage: "And behold a greater than Jonah is here." At that instant the chapel door opened, and in stalked a tardy six-foot freshman of massive bulk. The students straightway acknowledge the truth of the passage.

SHE sang soprano sweetly—
Her voice was like a lyre;
But on Sunday she ate onions.
And busted up the choir.

THE Danbury *News* has ascertained that Paris Green did not exactly kill the potatoe bugs, but it so impaired their intellect that they have gone to eating Canada thistles.

THAT was a good though rather severe pun which was made by an Edinburgh student (and he was not the brightest of his class either), when he asked: "Why is Prof. — the greatest revivalist of the age?" and, on all "giving it up," said, "Because at the end of every sermon there is a great awakening."

EVERY one must have heard of Lord Ellenborough (Erskine). One day in passing an empty tea-box he wrote upon it *tu doces* which piece of Latinity being translated means *thou teachest* (tea-chest).

AT Ann Arbor one of the students bet the crowd that one of the professors in the law department would treat them. After the money was put up, some one asked, "What will the professor treat us on?" "Treatise on international law," was the reply. After which there was an awful silence.

"There's a metre dactylic, there's a metre spondaic,
There's a metre for a laugh and a groan;
There's still yet a metre by no means prosaic,
'Tis to meet her—by moonlight alone!"—*Ex.*

"NATURE abhors a vacuum," remarked the philosophic prep., as he quietly stuffed his inner man from the professor's back fruit orchard. "Force is an agent that causes motion," murmured the prof. as he rose up out of the weeds and gently caressed the prep. over the ten-foot fence on his pedal tip.

AN AWFUL MYSTERY.—

"What made the ark to move along?"
I've pondered o'er and o'er;
At last I have the riddle solved—
'Twas paddled by a *Noah*.

WHEN a long-limbed fielder was told that he looked like a spider, he replied: "Yes. I can catch a fly every time."—*Ex.*

Two sophomores enter a horse-car; the first takes the only vacant seat, and the second sits in his lap. Presently a young lady enters, and the second soph. rising, says, "Take my seat madam." Fact.

A student in an Eastern Academy is reported to have patented a remedy to cure the singing of such melodies (?) as "Whoa, Emma?" "Sweet By-and-By," "Nancy Lee," and "Grandfather's Clock." It consists of one part Arsenic, two parts Paris Green, one part Strychnine, &c., until a compound has been made that would kill a horse, or a man with a hoarse voice.

A Sophomore, on being asked for an excuse from chapel on Sunday, said he was out walking, and was so far from college when the church bell rang that he could not reach the chapel in season, and so attended the village church. "Who preached there?" asked the Professor. "I don't know," said the student, "some stranger." "Indeed," was the reverend gentleman's response, "I am surprised you did not recognize me."

A——KISSED his girl the other night, and asked her if she felt his moustache. "Oh, no!" she said, "I felt a little *down* in the mouth."

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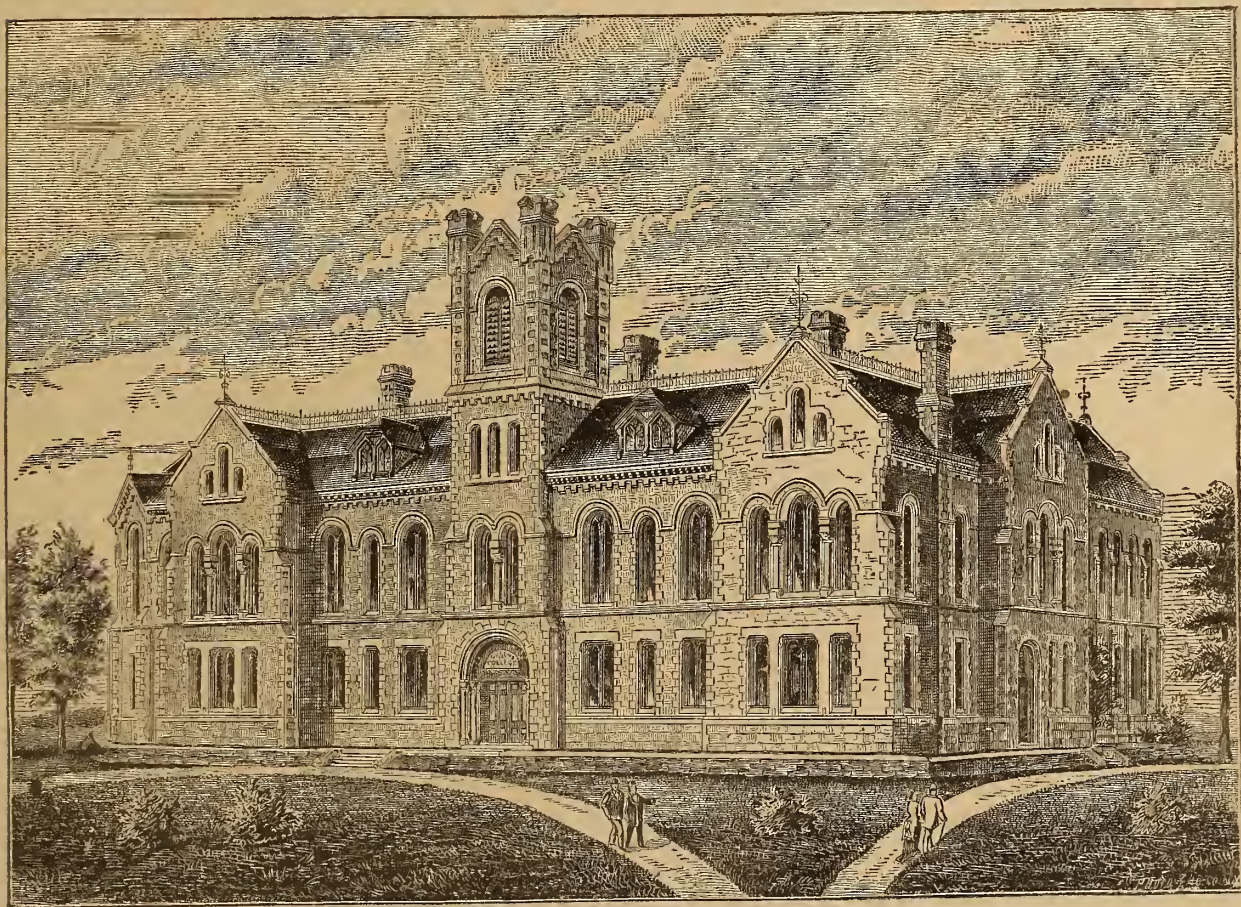
TORONTO.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES,
VOL. I. No. 12.

KINGSTON, CANADA, MAY 3, 1879.

OLD SERIES,
VOL. VI. No. 12.



NEW BUILDINGS, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

IN presenting our subscribers with a cut of the new and large addition to our College premises, we thought it would be incomplete without some description of that most important part—the interior arrangements. Let our readers then look a year and a half ahead, and imagining that they are participating in its opening ceremonies, allow us to act as their *cicerone* in their inspection of the interior. Approaching the building we find that it stands on an elevated piece of ground and facing southward, overlooking the western part of Kingston harbour. It is built in the Norman style of architecture, is of Kingston limestone, faced with Ohio free stone. The principal entrance is in the centre of the main front. Entering by

this door, in size 8 x 9, the whole doorway, including facings, being 12 x 16, we find ourselves in a vestibule, about 16 feet square; passing through we come to a large hall, in front of us the main staircase leading to the first floor, and on either side a corridor, 12 feet wide, leading to the class-rooms, etc. Turning to the right and passing along this corridor we come first of all to the class-room for classics, 25 x 30, and with a height to ceiling of 14 feet. This is in the front of the building, and has on the west side a small private room for the professor. Next to this room and at the south-east corner of the building is the logic class-room, 21 x 30, with the professor's room to the north of it. On the north side of the corridor and in

the northern wing of the building, immediately under the Convocation Hall, are two class-rooms, each 32 x 22, the one to the west being for natural history the other for chemistry. From the chemistry room there is an entrance into the laboratory, which is to the north of both class-rooms, and is in size 16 x 45. At the end of the corridor on the eastern side of the building there is a side entrance (shown in our cut), and near it is a small cloak-room. There is also a private entrance to the laboratory. Both natural history and chemistry class-rooms have a professor's room attached. Retracing our steps, we pass the staircase to the western part of the building. The western part of the main front of the building we find devoted to physics and natural philosophy, there being a class-room 21 x 36, a room for apparatus 25 x 30, and a professor's room. On the other side of the corridor is the Senate Chamber 20 x 30, off it is the lavatory, etc. At the end of the corridor we come to the museum. It, with the library above, forms the western wing, in shape it is semi-circular, its greatest length is 71 feet, its greatest width 40 feet, in height it is 16 feet, being two feet higher than the rest of the main floor.

Ascending the main staircase we come to the first floor. Going toward the eastern end of the building, we find on our right the Principal's class-room, 25 x 30, with a private room off it. Adjoining it, at the south-eastern corner is a class-room, 21 x 22, with a private room also. At the eastern end of the corridor is a students' room, 14 x 14, "for whistling, chaffing" and roughing it generally, as we mentioned in our issue of four weeks ago. On the north of the corridor is the entrance to Convocation Hall. This hall (shown in our cut on the right hand in the background) is 60 feet long, by 45 feet wide, is lined with white brick, with red brick dressings. It is roofed with trussed principals and has a panelled ceiling, all its wood-work being of oiled pine. The average height of its ceiling is 32 feet, the highest part being 40 feet. At the northern end is a platform and at the southern a gallery, the approach to which is outside the hall. The seating accommodation, gallery included, will be between six and seven hundred persons. Going toward the western end we find immediately over the main entrance a reception room for visitors, about sixteen feet square. Passing on we come to the history class-room, 25 x 30, adjoining it farther on is a reading-room, 21 x 35. On the other side of the corridor is a class-room, 20 x 30, with a private room off it. At the western end of the corridor is the entrance to the library, which is immediately over the museum above mentioned. It is also semi-circular, and its dimensions so far as length and breadth are concerned are the same as the museum, but its height is 24 feet. Round the circumference are eleven compartments, a window in each, shelves on either side. There is in this room a gallery giving more book room. We understand there is accommodation here for 30,000 volumes. Besides the entrance from the corridor, there is also an entrance from the reading-room. The ceiling of the library is to

be panelled and trussed, the wood-work as in Convocation Hall, being of oiled pine. The floor above is not yet to be finished. The two floors we have described with the buildings we now have (but which we have not been able to give in our cut), giving sufficient present accommodation for all departments. If, however, it is the right season of the year, we would advise all lovers of beautiful scenery to ascend still higher till they come to the top of the tower shown in our cut. They will then be 83 feet from the ground, but half as much again from the surface of the lake, which will be before them in all its beauty. We will not attempt to describe the view to be seen therefrom, but will invite all who can to come and look for themselves. By the time another session has gone, that part at least will be open to inspection. We almost forgot to state that in the basement is the heating apparatus—as the building is to be heated by steam. Here also are the Janitor's rooms.

Before concluding we wish to tender our thanks to Mr. R. Gage, Architect, of this city, who is now superintending the erection of this building for Messrs. Gordon & Halliwell of Toronto, the Architects, for his kindness and courtesy in explaining and describing to us the interior arrangements above given.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON the 6th April our Alma Mater sustained a severe loss by the death of Mr. Ireland. For nigh twenty years he had filled the office of Secretary of the Board of Trustees and had also discharged the responsible duties of Treasurer during the greater part of that period. A more capable, faithful, accurate, and painstaking official there could not be. He was marked by a sensitive appreciation of duty and habits almost painfully methodical, of unbending integrity and deep-rooted convictions as to the right, he could not be induced either by fear or favour to swerve a hairbreadth from the straight path. His name had become a synonym in the community for business, probity and strictness. He watched over the fortunes of the College with the deepest solicitude and guarded its finances with anxious care. The Endowment movement of 1869 added greatly to his labours for three or four years, yet it was delightful to behold the fond interest which he took in its gradual advance to complete success. As a father gazes with wistful eye on the steady rise of his child, so Mr. Ireland evinced unfeigned, almost boyish, pleasure at each fresh proof of the progress of the Endowment scheme to the desired goal. A like enthusiasm was kindled in him afresh, as he saw Principal Grant launch his grand movement for a further Endowment, and as he observed with wonderment and delight the rapid strides made towards a realization of the sum proposed. He has passed away at a ripe age, occasioning a vacancy which it will be difficult to supply, and leaving a name of which his children and friends may well be proud. At his tomb might well be pronounced the eulogium passed by Morton over the grave of Knox: "There lies one who never feared the face of man!"

The Queen's College Journal

Is issued FORTNIGHTLY during the Session by the ALMA MATER SOCIETY of the University.

Managing Editor, - - JAS. V. ANGLIN.

Editing Committee.

J. R. LAVELL, B.A.,	WILLIAM STEWART,
H. H. CHOWN, B.A.,	A. B. MCCALLUM,
JAMES ROSS, B.A.,	JAMES SMITH.

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Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

TO all whom it may concern. Our managing editor will be in the city all summer and will be ready at all times and seasons to give receipts for all sums due to us, on receipt by him of the cash. We hope it will be remembered that even we cannot get on without money, and that action thereon will immediately ensue.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE.—So say we all of us in reference to those less than empty honors, with all the honor left out, our late College Fellowships. May they have an eternal sleep with no chance of disturbance, unless it be the exceedingly remote one, of a far more glorious resurrection. Till that probably far distant day come, we think there are few of our readers, who were acquainted with them that will not repeat with us, "Let them R.I.P."

NOT caring to be saturated with riches, the JOURNAL has determined to devote its spare cash to the furthering of literary enterprise among the students, and consequently, as will be seen by reference to the report of the last meeting of the A. M. S., two prizes are next session to be offered for the best literary articles published by us. The judges are to be chosen from the gra-

duates, and most if not all of the articles sent in will be published, though without the author's name. We hope by this means that next year's Editing Committee will have an abundant supply of what we this year most lacked. All students are invited to compete.

TO THE STUDENTS.—We wish each student who reads this paragraph to consider himself an agent of the JOURNAL, and to that student we would say: If you have charge of a mission never fail to advocate it among your parishioners; if you are rusticated in a country home preach it up as the *beau ideal* of elegant literature among your neighbours and their daughters (if you know any); if in a doctor's office prescribe a large dose of it for your patients, or if perchance you have dared to venture in a lawyer's den, persuade the clients that by reading it all temptation to quarrel with their neighbours will be easily withstood; or even if you venture out of the bounds of civilization and mingle with our copper-coloured brethren, prove to them by the traditions of their forefathers, that by reading it they may some time discover a means of regaining their ancestral possessions. In short, always have a copy of the JOURNAL handy to show to your friends, and, if you do your duty, the JOURNAL will do all the rest.

WITH this number of the JOURNAL, the last of the present volume, this session's Editing Committee make their retiring bow. They entered on the session's work with fear and trembling. Though all green hands, they had a new venture to carry through successfully. An improvement in size, form and *price* necessitated some extra exertion on their part, which has been cheerfully given, though with what success it becomes not them to say. One consolation at least exists, we have not supplied any work for our plentiful crop of Offi-

cial Assignees, and in spite of the extra price, our subscription list is as large as ever. But we are not content that our successors should have any easier time than ourselves, consequently—as will be seen in another column—we have, *without increasing the price*, increased the size of our paper, by adding a cover, putting what advertisements we may have on it, and giving the space in the body of the paper now taken up by them to extra reading matter. In order to meet this extra expense we will need more *paying* subscribers, and therefore hope that our appeal to the students will find a ready response.

APPARENTLY the matriculation examination in Queen's as a matriculation is almost become a farce. We are informed in our calendar that, though not under certain circumstances necessary to graduation, it still has its advantages, one of these being, we are informed, that the student who matriculates is eligible for a scholarship. When a statement is put in this form, we presume that it is also intended to mean that a non-matriculant is not so eligible. This previously has been the belief, and in fact otherwise the statement is meaningless. This spring, however, at least two scholarships have been awarded to gentlemen who had never previously passed an examination in Queen's, and who never were in any way matriculated students. Now, however deserving they may have been, we contend that it is a bad precedent to establish and one that cannot but do harm. The principle is a bad one, and we hope it is not now too late to correct it. If, however, it remain as it is, we would advise all intending students—excepting those able to carry off matriculation scholarships—to neglect the matriculation work entirely, and before they enter get up as much as possible of the work of the classes they intend to take in their first year. With this aid they will be all the more able

to take a high rank, and if equal in brain power will have little or no trouble in taking both class prize and scholarship from those deluded youths who, acting by advice of the calendar, spent their time before entering in getting up matriculation work.

THANK you—that is if you are a subscriber who have paid up your subscription; or if you are a contributor who, having compassion on us and our readers, kindly volunteered “original selections,” literary articles, etc., thus relieving us somewhat of the wear and tear consequent on our editorial position; or if you are one of our advertisers, for patronizing our JOURNAL as an aid to your business; or even if you are the exchange editor of one of our contemporaries, if from you we have received kindly notices and encouraging words, mingled occasionally we suppose with gentle reproofs; but especially if you are our printer, than whom no one could be more obliging and attentive and who have ever acted as though in a printing office nothing could happen in any wise to ruffle a mortal's temper. In fact we thank you, unless you are a delinquent subscriber, or an unfair critic, or one of those blots (insignificant ones we are glad to say) on the freshman class who, loud in their complaints about us, try at the close of the season to effect a compromise as to the amount due. We are glad to be able to state, however, that the majority of our readers, remembering our youth and innocence, have sufficient consideration not to expect from us either the wisdom or sobriety of old age, and to these all we say, that if ever again in after years any of us find occasion to embark once more in a journalistic vessel, we hope he may have as pleasant an experience as that which this number of the JOURNAL terminates.

These two lines that look so solemn,
Are put in here to fill this column.

CONVOCATION DAY.

FORMAL CLOSING OF THE SESSION.

THE annual Convocation was held last Wednesday and, as usual, the Hall was densely packed. Very few graduates from a distance were present; they are probably reserving their visit for the more imposing ceremonies a month later.

Several commendable changes were made in the procedure: the *sponsio academica* was put to the graduating class in an interrogative form, saving them from the rather tedious repetition of clause by clause after the Registrar; their comfort was further promoted by the Principal's requesting them to remain seated during the delivery of the address: the reading of the minutes of the last convocation was dispensed with; and lastly and chiefly, there were no Fellows elected—a consummation which we have for a long time devoutly wished.

The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Grant, presided and Convocation having been formally opened, the prizes were distributed, and the Registrar announced the following as

Passmen in Arts.

JUNIOR LATIN.

1, H. M. Froiland, Kingston; 2, Robert Moir, Hay, Huron County; 3, John Hay, Pinkerton; 4, Archibald McLaren, Lakeside; 5, Samuel Pinkerton, Walkerton; 6, Horatio V. Lyon, Storrington; 7, Alex. J. Stevenson, Brockville; 8, Alex. C. Morris, Toronto; 9, John Young, Colborne; 10, Alex. McLeod, South Finch; 11, Wm. Spankie, Williamsville; 12, E. Forrester, Mallorytown; 13, William Morris, Toronto; 14, Henry E. Young, Napanee; 15, Joshua R. Johnson, Chesterville; 16, James Brown, Beaverton; 17, Richard W. Irvine, Belleville; 18, Isaac Newlands, Kingston; 19, Herbert B. Rathbun, Mill Point; 20, Archibald Ferguson, Point Frederick.

SENIOR LATIN.

1, Daniel McTavish; 2, Adam R. Linton; 3, Henry C. Fowler, Kingston; 4, Bidwell N. Davis, Pittsburgh; 5, John P. Hume, Burnbrae; 6, Henry H. T. Shibley, Kingston; 7, Herbert M. Mowat, Kingston; 8, Wm. Meikle, New Glasgow, N.S.; 9, Robert G. Feek, Guelph; 10, Jas. Hutcheson, Brockville; 11, Alex. McTavish, Drummond; 12, James Sommerville, Uxbridge; 13, James Smith, Saugeen.

JUNIOR GREEK.

1, H. M. Froiland; 2, J. Hutcheson; 3, R. Moir; 4, J. Hay; 5, A. J. Stevenson; 6, A. McLeod; 7, A. McLaren; 8, J. Young; 9, S. Pinkerton; 10, H. V. Lyon; 11, W. Morris; 12, J. Brown; 13, I. Newlands; 14, A. C. Morris; 15, J. R. Johnston; 16, E. Forrester; 17, R. W. Irvine; 18, W. Spankie; 19, H. B. Rathbun.

SENIOR GREEK.

1, H. C. Fowler; 2, A. R. Linton; 3, D. McTavish; 4, B. N. Davis; 5, H. M. Mowat; 6, J. P. Hume; 7, H. H. T. Shibley; 8, R. G. Feek; 9, P. M. Pollock, Kingston; 10, J. Sommerville; 11, Jay N. Taft, Haber, N.Y.

JUNIOR MATHEMATICS.

1, R. Moir; 2, J. Hay; 3, J. Young; 4, A. J. Stevenson; 5, H. M. Froiland; 6, A. McLeod; 6, R. C. Murray, Pictou, N.S.; 7, J. Brown; 8, H. V. Lyon; 9, J. R. Johnston; 10, A. McLaren; 11, A. C. Morris; 12, W. Spankie; 13, E. Forrester; 14, R. W. Irvine; 14, H. E. Young; 14,

W. Morris; 15, H. B. Rathbun; 15, John Moore, Phillipston; 16, John M. McArthur, Martintown; 16, S. Pinkerton; 17, J. Sommerville; 18, P. M. Pollock; 19, A. Ferguson; 19, I. Newlands.

SENIOR MATHEMATICS.

1, J. P. Hume; 2, B. N. Davis; 3, J. Hutcheson; 4, J. Smith; 5, A. B. McCallum; 6, R. G. Feek; 7, D. McTavish; 8, H. C. Fowler; 9, H. M. Mowat; 10, A. McTavish.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

1, William Briden; 2, M. McKay; 3, H. H. McMillan; 4, Julien D. Bissonnette, Stirling; 5, Wilber Daly, Napanee; 6, James Downing, Kingston; 7, Marcus S. Snook, Kingston; 8, Robert Nairn; 9, T. A. Elliott; 10, John A. McArthur, Kincardine.

LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS.

1, W. Meikle; 2, J. D. Bissonnette; 3, J. A. McArthur; 4, W. Briden; 5, H. H. McMillan; 6, J. Downing; 7, G. McArthur; 8, M. S. Snook; 9, T. A. Elliott.

ETHICS.

1, A. B. McCallum; 2, F. M. McLennan; 3, H. R. Duff, Kingston; 4, M. McKay; 5, W. Stewart; 6, R. Nairn; 7, J. McCormack; 8, T. A. Elliott.

RHETORIC AND ENGLISH LITERATURE

1, H. M. Froiland; 2, J. Hay; 3, J. Brown; 4, A. R. Linton; 5, James Murray, Pictou, N.S.; 6, J. Moore; 7, I. Newlands; 8, P. M. Pollock; 9, A. Ferguson; 10, H. E. Young; 11, R. W. Irvine; 12, H. B. Rathbun; 13, J. M. McArthur.

HISTORY.

1, A. B. McCallum; 2, J. Murray; 3, M. McKay; 4, B. N. Davis; 5, J. Moore; 6, M. S. Snook.

FRENCH.

1, H. M. Froiland; 2, A. B. McCallum; 3, James R. O'Reilly, Kingston; 4, W. Stewart; 5, D. McTavish; 6, J. Hutcheson; 7, M. McKay; 8, W. Morris; 9, P. M. Pollock; 10, A. R. Linton; 11, A. C. Morris; 12, E. Forrester; 13, J. McCormack; 14, H. V. Lyon; 15, W. Spankie.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

1, W. Morris; 2, H. E. Young; 3, A. McLeod; 4, A. C. Morris; 5, James Brownell, Avonmore, O.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

1, W. Briden; 2, H. H. McMillan; 3, James Downing; 4, Robert Nairn.

CHEMISTRY.

1, W. Meikle; 2, J. P. Hume; 3, J. Murray; 4, H. C. Fowler; 5, A. McTavish; 6, J. D. Bissonnette; 7, H. M. Mowat; 8, J. A. McArthur; 9, R. G. Feek; 10, W. W. Daly; 11, H. H. T. Shibley; 13, J. M. McArthur.

Passmen in Theology.

HEBREW.

First Year—Donald McCannel, Collingwood.

Second Year—1, James Ross, Hyde Park; 2, Andrew Love, Scotland; 3, Archibald A. Mackenzie, P. E. Island.

Third Year—John Ferguson, Belleville.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

1, J. Ferguson; 2, J. Ross; 3, A. Love; 4, G. C. Patterson, Collingwood; 5, D. McCannel; 6, A. A. Mackenzie.

GREEK TESTAMENT.

1, J. Ross; 2, J. Awde; 3, A. A. Mackenzie; 3, G. C. Patterson; 4, A. Love; 4, D. McCannel; 4, Joseph F. White, Whitby.

CHURCH HISTORY.

1, J. Ferguson; 2, J. Ross; 3, A. Love; 4, A. A. Mackenzie; 5, D. McCannel; 6, G. C. Patterson; 7, J. F. White.

CHRISTOLOGY.

1, A. Mackenzie, P. E. Island; 2, John Ferguson, Belleville; 3, James Ross, Hyde Park; G. C. Patterson, Colingwood; 5, D. McCannel, do.; 6, Andrew Love, Scotland

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT INTRODUCTION.

1, James Ross; 2, John Ferguson; 3, A. A. Mackenzie; 4, G. C. Patterson; 5, Donald McCannel; 6, Andrew Love.

APOLOGETICS.

1, John Ferguson; 2, A. A. Mackenzie; 3, G. C. Patterson; 4, James Ross; 5, Andrew Love; 6, Donald McCannel.

HOMOLETICS.

1, J. Ferguson; 2, James Ross; 3, G. C. Patterson; 4, A. A. Mackenzie; 5, D. McCannel; 6, A. Love.

ECCLESIASTICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

1, J. Ferguson; 2, J. Ross; 3, A. Love; 4, D. McCannel; 5, G. C. Patterson; 6, A. A. Mackenzie.

TEXTUAL CRITICISM.

1, John Ferguson; 2, James Ross; 3, A. Love; 4, G. C. Patterson; 5, D. McCannel; 6, A. A. Mackenzie.

Passmen in Medicine.

PRIMARY EXAMINATION (Order of Merit.)

John E. Galbraith, Bowmanville; Henry H. Chown, B.A., Kingston; John Odum, Lucknow; Charles T. Empey, Kingston; Wm. A. Lavell, Kingston; Thomas Wilson, B.A., Glencoe; Wm. H. Waddell, Perth; Henry H. Reeve, Toronto.

FINAL EXAMINATION.

The fifteen medical graduates named below.

Class Prizes.

The numbers following names express the percentage of the aggregate marks obtained at the monthly written examinations during the session.

Junior Latin.—1, Hermann M. Froiland (89); 2, R. Moir (85); 3, A. McLaren (80); 4, J. Hay (78); 5, Horatio V. Lyon (74); 6, John Young (71).

Senior Latin.—1, D. McTavish (86); 2, A. R. Linton (85); 3, B. N. Davis (85); 4, H. C. Fowler (85); 5, J. P. Hume (84); 6, H. H. T. Shibley (81); 7, R. G. Feek (80); 8, Herbert M. Mowat (79).

Junior Greek.—1, H. M. Froiland (87); 2, Robert Moir (83); 3, Archibald McLaren (79); 4, Horatio V. Lyon (72); 5, John Hay (71).

Senior Greek.—1, H. C. Fowler (82); 2, Adam R. Linton (79); 3, Bidwell N. Davis (75); 4, John P. Hume (73); 5, D. McTavish (71).

Junior Mathematics.—1, Robert Moir (95); 2, John Hay (82); 3, Alexander Stevenson (82).

Senior Mathematics.—1, John P. Hume (95); 2, Bidwell N. Davis (85).

Natural Philosophy.—1, Wm. Briden (86).

Logic and Metaphysics.—For written examinations during the session—1, H. H. McMillan (83); 2, Julien D. Bissonnette (75); 3, Wm. Briden (71).

Ethics.—For written examinations during the session—Finlay M. MacLennan (88); Archibald B. McCallum (86).

For the best essay given in during the session—Archibald B. McCallum.

Chemistry.—For written examinations during the session—William Meikle, 86.2 p c; John P. Hume, 82.7 p c.

Natural Science.—For written examinations during the session—William Briden, 93.2 p c; Hugh McMillan, 86.7 p c.

History.—For written examinations during the session—1, Archibald B. McCallum (85); 2, James Murray, (79).

Rhetoric and English Literature.—For written examinations during the session—1, James Murray (86); 2, John Hay (84); 2, Adam R. Linton (84); 3, John Phillipston Moore (82); 4, James Brown (77); 5, Isaac Newlands (73); 6, Leslie Thom (70).

French.—1, Hermann Froiland (86); 2, Daniel McTavish (84); 3, Wm. Morris (74).

Hebrew.—First year—1, *James W. Mason (74); 2, George M. Thomson (72.) Second year—*James Ross (85.) Third year—1, *George McMillan (89); 2, *John Ferguson (77).

PRIZEMEN IN THEOLOGY.

Hebrew.—Third Year, 1, George McMillan; 2, James Ross; 3, John Ferguson.

Theology.—1, John Ferguson.

Second Year, 1, A. A. Mackenzie; 2, G. C. Patterson.

First Year, James Ross.

PRIZEMEN IN MEDICINE.

Certificates of Honor were awarded to W. H. Henderson and R. A. Leonard for the excellent manner in which they discharged the duties of Hospital Surgeons during the session.

Dr. Fowler, Registrar of the Royal College, presented R. N. Horton and G. T. C. Ward with prizes in cash of \$82 each for their efficiency as Demonstrators of Anatomy.

Honor Men in Arts.

William Stewart, first-class in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

William Briden, Odessa, first-class in Classics.

Daniel McTavish, Scone, first-class in Classics.

Hugh H. McMillan, Lochiel, second-class in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Graduates.

B.D.—John Ferguson, M.A., Belleville.

B.A.—James Awde, Portsmouth; Thomas A. Elliott, Brockville; Joseph McCormack, Lansdowne; Matthew McKay, Brantford; Finlay M. MacLennan, Kincardine; Robert Nairn, Scotland; William Stewart, Lancaster.

M.A.—Robert W. Shannon, B.A., Kingston.

M.D. (order of merit)—Wm. H. Henderson, Kingston; J. C. C. Cleaver, Trinidad; Geo. T. C. Ward, Cataraqui; P. C. Donovan, Campbellford; W. A. Lafferty, Perth; R. A. Leonard, Westbrook; R. N. Horton, New Dublin; Geo. Judson, Frankville; Wm F. Cleaver, Trinidad; Geo. Newlands, Kingston; Thos. R. Hossie, Perth; R. K. Kilborn, Frankville; R. H. Abbott, Wolfe Island; James A. McCammon, Gananoque; W. Clark.

At the conclusion of the ceremony of laureating the above named graduates the Principal delivered to them the following words of counsel :—

GENTLEMEN,—I congratulate you on having attained to the dignity of membership of the Convocation of Queen's University. The friends of some of you, perhaps, consider that your education is now finished. You, I trust, know that it is only begun. All that the University has done for you has been to give you the spirit of students, and methods of study. Your claim to be regarded as men of culture is that you have gained a scientific knowledge of your ignorance. That is much—unspeakably more than decades of cram could give to you. At so important an epoch in your lives as this you will gladly receive a few words of counsel from me, suited to your position as members of our fraternity of graduates, and to the spirit in which you should henceforth pursue your studies and live your lives. Each of you has probably learned already, to some extent, that to know himself he must know God, and that according to his knowledge of God is his theory of the Universe. To be assured that you stand on firm ground here is your first necessity. All roads lead to Rome. All subjects lead up to Theology. Very few of you intend to study the special science of Theology, but every thinking man must be a Theologian. He must have a theory with regard to the great questions that lie at the root of all thought and all interests. And his scheme of the Universe must be true to all the facts of the Universe so far as he knows them. This at his peril. Having got your *credo*, you will find that it has got you. It will dominate your whole life. Let this be the test to whether you believe or whether you are only highly educated parrots. According to your moral earnestness you will necessarily commend to others that which is highest truth to you. Agnostics beseech us to abandon the Christian hope for their dogged 'don't know' with assured confidence that a blank is more precious than a prize. One of them has declared that Christianity must eventually be stamped out like the cattle plague. Religion is pernicious, and religion is infectious; therefore the good of society demands that it be crushed out. I do not wonder at this intensity. No one will wonder at it who has read history and understands human nature. Even Pessimists press their message of despair on men as if it were a veritable gospel. Give us truth is the cry of the soul. And what men believe to be truth they will urge upon others, some wisely, others unwisely. No matter what your profession, you will preach to your fellows by voice or pen or life. Not from the pulpit chiefly have the most far reaching voices sounded forth to this generation, bidding men walk in the paths of faith and hope, or bidding them abandon the old gospel for the gospel of dirt. Statesmen from Bunsen to Gladstone, poets from Wordsworth to Tennyson, men of science from Faraday to Tait, literary men from Carlyle to George Macdonald, philosophers like James Martineau and Max Muller, these and a thousand others have been preaching sermons all the more influential that they are based on life rather than on texts. In searching for sure ground on which to stand, have regard to the spirit of the ages rather than to the spirit of the age. We are the children of this age and must be in sympathy with it; not in bondage to it, for we are the heirs of all the ages. The fashion of the day is tyrannous, but you prove your strength by resisting the tyrant. Correct the one-sidedness of the present by the other-sidedness of the past. Respect facts rather than the glittering generalizations of any writer. Respect the verdict of history rather than the paradox of the historian. When, for example, Buckle classes Scotland and Spain together, as the two most priest-ridden countries in Europe, ask why the outcome of the riding was so different in the two cases, and you will conclude that brambles and fig trees are not the same, and that it serves no useful purpose

to classify them as if they were. As to what the spirit of our age is men may differ widely. Their judgment will differ according to the induction they make. May we not venture to say that this age is above everything else critical? We hear of the modern criticism, of its achievements and claims in every department. Undoubtedly criticism has its value, but if this be the chief characteristic of our age, it cannot take the highest place, and it is all the more incumbent on us not to be its captives, but its masters. Merely destructive criticism is especially worth little. What, though the critic should prove that an ancient book in its present form is not the production of the man to whom it has been traditionally assigned, or that the ancient simple stories we regarded as history are myths, only pictorially and not literally true. We thank him for his service, but do not rate it as anything very wonderful. We have neither gained nor lost much. The critic has certainly not destroyed the great facts that the book or story bears witness unto, nor the spiritual truth which may even now "be ministering to our highest development." The facts existed prior to the writings that picture them, and the truth lives still. Judging, as men in earnest always will, from this point of view, from living facts rather than dead manuscripts, the vehemence with which the question as to the authenticity of classical and biblical books has been disputed in Germany, is indeed odd enough. Of course I do not mean to imply that modern criticism is mainly destructive. On the whole, it is reverent in tone and its aim is constructive. Niebuhr did not abolish the myths of Greek and Roman History. He interpreted them as expressing larger historical movements than our fathers had learned from the simple stories. And in the same spirit Ewald seeks to construct early Hebrew History. But the importance of this historical criticism has been greatly overrated. I have a good deal of sympathy with the remark of Goethe about its value. "Till lately," he says, "the world believed in the heroism of Lucretia, of a Mucius Scevola, and suffered itself by this belief to be warmed and inspired. But now comes your historical criticism and says that those persons never lived, but are to be regarded as fables and fictions, divined by the great mind of the Romans. What are we to do with so pitiful a truth? If the Romans were great enough to invent such stories, we should at least be great enough to believe them." Criticism is valuable. It has its legitimate field and its legitimate claims. Whether we accept its results or not, we must not interfere with its work. But aim at being something more than critics. Do something, and in order that you may do, believe. All the past ages teach us the importance of this. Rejoice in the triumphs of the present as much as you like, cherish heroic hopes with regard to the future, but be well assured, as Goethe again says, that "let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the gospel." Take your stand on the person of Christ and the supreme fact revealed by Him of the Fatherhood of God. The more you trust it, the more convincingly it will shine. Depend upon it, that fact is much grander and more life-giving, while it is not one whit more anthropomorphic than Strauss's *Universum*. Again, in your future studies, you can now afford to give your strength to some special department, and in taking up this speciality—whatever it may be—never be satisfied unless you get to sources. That is a much shorter method than taking things at second or third hand, and until you have followed it you have no right to consider yourself a scholar, or entitled to speak above your breath. On account of the excellence of the training given in the German gymnasia the Universities are able to set their students at independent work to a far greater extent than is possible in Britain

or America. In every German University the aim is to set as many students as possible at such work, whether it be to collate a root not yet illustrated, or to experiment in the laboratory on subjects hitherto considered elementary, or to count shells never before counted, or to trace a doctrine not yet historically described. As a friend of mine studying in Germany puts it, "we are told to find some bit of ground undug, and to go at it with our might and tell the world what our spade has brought to the surface." It is this independent study that constitutes the superiority of German scholarship and nothing contributes so much to it as the thoroughness of the intermediate education. Our Canadian High Schools and Collegiate Institutes are improving so rapidly that we are warranted in hoping that before long much of the work may be done in them that is now done in our Universities, and the Universities be free to advance beyond the mark where a halt is now called. In the meantime perfect your knowledge as far as you possibly can in some department, instead of fancying that your education is finished. Again, be not too eager to attract the world's attention. Every true man is modest. He shrinks from talking. I do not wonder that Bismarck groans over "the eternal talking and begging" he has had to do. It may seem inconsistent that one whose profession is to teach and preach, and who has had to press upon others with the cry of "give! give!" as often as the horse-leech, should sing the praises of silence and recommend it to others. It is like Carlyle extolling the excellence of silence in volume after volume, or in an eloquent address one hour and three-quarters long to the students of Edinburgh. Nevertheless, Carlyle is right. If you would not deceive yourselves, and that is the most deadly form of deceit, let brave deeds always follow brave words. If you cannot do the deed keep silent. Mere talk will make you spiritually bankrupt. You may mistake flabbiness for strength. Others will not. Doubtless a word spoken in season is good. A word is not the empty phrases and torrents of small verbosity with which the present generation is so sadly afflicted. Cultivate then your gift of silence if you have it; and if you have it not, seek for it earnestly.

One word more with regard to your relation to Queen's University, a word that to judge from the character and conduct of the older members of the Convocation, I need hardly speak. Wherever a Queen's graduate is found there beats a heart loyal to dear old *Alma Mater*. Men connected with other institutions have often asked me for an explanation of the wonderful *esprit de corps* that binds the sons of Queen's together. I do not now look for an explanation. I am well content to accept and to rest in the fact. The sincerity of the feeling was proven last summer. A stranger in the western part of the Dominion, I went from place to place with the confidence that wherever a graduate of Queen's College lived there lived a friend of the Principal. My errand was sufficient to test friendship. It would not have been wonderful had many pleaded the commercial depression as sufficient excuse for doing nothing, and had some found absence from home convenient just about the time of my anticipated visit. The success of the effort inaugurated at last Convocation shows how different was the reception given to the agent of the University. That success was due almost entirely to the zeal, energy, and liberality of the graduates. I rejoice to be able to acknowledge this publicly, and I cannot set before you a worthier example. Here it is fitting that we should pay a tribute to the memory of one of our number, who, from his deathbed, gave almost the first impulse to the great movement to which I have been referring. No other benefactor of Queen's has as yet given so large an amount to it as the sum left by the late Robert Sutherland, B.A., of Walkerton. Long years had passed since he attended classes here. He said little

about what Queen's had done for him, but he thought deeply; and when the time came when life is seen in its truest meaning, nothing would induce him to withhold anything he could call his own from his true mother. His valuable library will, I trust, prove a nucleus for the formation of a Faculty of Law in connection with Queen's; and the name of "The Robert Sutherland Library" will help to perpetuate his memory to future generations of students. Gentlemen, I feel assured that you will bring no discredit on Queen's College. Some of you I hope to see again next year as students in my own special department of Theology. All carry away the best wishes of the Senate. Every Professor testifies to your industry and good conduct. Of course on an occasion like this any laches are forgotten. But at the same time it is only fair to you, and to the students, to state that there has never been a session in the history of Queen's characterised by more of a mind to work among the students than this last one has been. Continue as you have begun, and you will attain to greater things. Gentlemen, farewell.

University Prizemen.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Lewis Prize, \$25, for the best lecture on II Peter i., 5-7 inclusive—A. A. Mackenzie.

The Almonte Church Prize, \$25, for best model of prayer for forenoon service—John Ferguson.

ARTS DEPARTMENT.

The McBean Prize, \$25, for the best essay on "The Commercial Products of Coal Tar"—John E. Galbraith.

The Carmichael Prize, \$25, for the best essay on the methods of determining the distance of the earth from the sun—Finlay M. McLennan.

The Kirkpatrick Prize, \$25, for the best essay on "Hilderbrand"—A. B. McCallum.

Gold Medallists.

Adam R. Linton, Orono, Greek (Carruthers' medal.)

William Stewart, Lancaster, Mathematics (Carruthers' medal.)

James M. Dupuis, Chemistry (Senate medal.)

Matthew McKay, History (Senate medal.)

Archibald B. McCallum, Paisley, Political Economy (Fuller medal)

Scholarships.

ARTS.

Church—(1)—\$70—Junior Classics—J. Hay (with honor of church (2) and Glass memorial scholarships.)

Church (2)—\$70—Rhetoric and English Literature—J. Brown.

Church (3)—\$70—Logic and Metaphysics—Wm. Meikle (with honor of St. Andrew's, Toronto.)

Glass Memorial—\$35—Junior Mathematics—J. Young.

St. Andrew's, Toronto—\$50—Chemistry—J. Murray.

St. Andrew's University—\$50—Ethics—A. B. McCallum (with honor of the Cataraqui Scholarship.)

Toronto—\$60—Natural Philosophy—H. H. McMillan.

Kingston—\$35—French—H. M. Froiland.

McGillivray—\$50—Senior Mathematics—J. P. Hume.

Reekie—\$50—Natural Science—W. Briden.

Cataraqui—\$50—History—B. N. Davis.

McIntyre—\$32—Senior Classics—A. R. Linton.

Prince of Wales—\$60—Natural Philosophy, Ethics, Chemistry, Rhetoric and English Literature—M. McKay.

The Principal, after announcing the University scholarships for next session, delivered the following address to the audience:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVOCATION, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is customary for the Principal to address a few words to the audience at the close of the proceedings

of Convocation in the way of reviewing the past year and of looking forward to the future. The friends of Queen's College have much cause to congratulate themselves on its present position. When we spoke only twelve months ago of new buildings and additional endowment, few expected that progress would have been made in either direction before we had met again. Much has been done. Kingston has subscribed \$43,000 for buildings. Nearly \$12,000 of this amount has already been paid, and of course the rest will be paid as it falls due. Besides, at a meeting held recently by the subscribers, it was decided that Kingston must put up the whole building, and not the whole minus a wing; and that the \$11,000 still required must and would be raised in the good old Limestone City with which Queen's is identified. All honour to the citizens of Kingston who, without distinction of class or creed or race, banded themselves together to do this great work! They and their children, and their children's children shall reap a hundred-fold. You have only to look out at the window to see that the work has commenced in earnest. And you are all aware that His Excellency the Governor-General has consented to lay the foundation stone of the building on the thirtieth day of May next. That His Excellency is to be accompanied by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and that Her Royal Highness has also graciously consented to mark her visit to the University that bears Her Majesty's title by some special act connected with the ceremonial of the day, by laying a stone or planting a tree, puts every friend of the University under a double load of gratitude. The University Council yesterday decided to hold a special Convocation upon that occasion; and the sons of Queen's will then have an opportunity of showing their sense of the honor that has been done their Alma Mater. Besides the amount required for the building, I asked last year for \$110,000 to replace the grant hitherto made by the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, and to establish two additional Professorships and two assistants or lectureships. I am happy to report that almost the whole of this was also subscribed in less than six months. The money is coming into the Treasurer, and within three or four years from this he expects to have received and invested the whole amount. We need about \$40,000 more to allow for shrinkage, past deficits, loss of interest on account of the subscriptions not being paid at once, and to put our library, museum, and scientific apparatus in a condition worthy of the building into which we hope to move after spending one session more in our old quarters. This, too, will come in good time. I made the discovery last year that Queen's had willing friends in every part of the Dominion, and that all that was needed to equip her thoroughly would be cheerfully given.

The calendar will report the various benefactions of the year, but two may be specially mentioned, in addition to the legacy of the late R. Sutherland, to which I referred in my address to the graduating class. The first is the foundation of a scholarship of \$56 per annum by the late Alexander Rankin, Esq., of Leamington, England. The second is a gift from Her Majesty's Government of the publications of the Scottish Record Society. These comprise the Chronicles of the Picts and Scots, the Acts of the Parliament of Scotland, the Registers of the Privy Council, of the Lord High Treasurer, the Exchequer Rolls, and all the documents that bear on the history of Scotland from the earliest times. These publications form an extremely valuable addition to the library, and our best thanks are due to the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury, for acceding to our application for a grant of the set. Their Lordships state that they had regard, *inter alia*, to the facts that "the University was incorporated by Royal Charter, and bore the Queen's title." Scotchmen in Canada can now refer to original sources should they desire

to write the history of Scotland. In addition to these I have just received a letter by the hand of Rev. Mr. Smith, from John S. McDonald, Esq., Fond du Lac, Wis., informing the Faculty that he proposes to found an open scholarship of \$1,500 to be awarded to the most deserving student from the County of Glengarry, and to be called the "Marion Stewart McDonald Scholarship" as a tribute of love and honor to his mother. The past session has been a fruitful one with regard to the quantity and quality of the work done. One hundred and nine students were registered in Arts and Divinity. This is the largest attendance we have ever had. The Medical College also enrolled a larger number than for many years previously. There has been no case of discipline calling for the interference of the Senate. We were all delighted to see Professor Mackerras take his old place at the beginning of the session, and we are equally delighted to see him now at its close in even better health than at the beginning. The Board of Trustees appointed the Rev. A. B. Nicholson, B.A., Classical Assistant. Mr. Nicholson, both in the Collegiate Institute and in the University, has sustained his previous reputation for scholarship, and we owe it to him in great measure, I believe, that Prof. Mackerras has stood the fatigue of the session so well.

In the first days of this month, we met with a great loss in the death of our Treasurer and Secretary. No name was more identified with Queen's College than that of William Ireland. No man in Kingston was more universally esteemed and respected. His memory will be green for many a day in the hearts of those who knew him longest.

Medical Council Examination.

WE tender our congratulations to the following gentlemen from the Royal, who passed the recent examinations of the Medical Council:—

Fourth Year—W. H. Henderson, G. C. T. Ward, R. A. Leonard, R. N. Horton, G. Newlands, T. R. Hossie, R. K. Kilborn, J. McCammon, R. H. Abbott, R. W. B. Smith, T. W. Beeman, R. A. Davies.

Third Year—J. Galbraith, Thos. Wilson, G. Judson, W. A. Lafferty.

Second Year—H. H. Chown, W. A. Lavell, J. E. Betts, L. E. Day, H. H. Reeve, C. T. Empey, J. O'Shea, W. Waddell, T. J. Symington, E. Oldham.

First Year—D. Wallace, — McCarthy, J. Stewart, A. Mordy, D. Johnston, T. Symington, — Denike, W. Gibson, S. Dowsley, J. S. Magurn, W. Waddell.

MEETINGS.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the ethics class room on Thursday afternoon. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and the members seemed to have made up their minds to make this year's sports a grand success. The only important business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

Hon. President—The Principal.

Sec.-Treasurer—P. M. Pollock, '81.

Committee—J. B. McLaren, M.A., McMillan, '80; McTavish, '81; Davis, '81; Mowat, '81; Hay, '82; W. Morris, '82, and a gentleman of the class of '83.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

A special meeting of this Society was held on Friday evening, April 25th, to hear the report of the retiring managers of the *Queen's College Journal*. After some prelim-

inary business, the members settled themselves down to patiently listen to our managing editor as he traced the *Journal's* career during the session, showing how favourably the volume compared with its predecessors and pointing out the progress by which it had been characterized. It is not our intention to tire the reader with a synopsis of that report, but we desire here to publish some points therein which are of interest to the public. And first we mention the improvement which is to be made in the outward form of our paper in the shape of what we call a cover, that is four pages added to the twelve it now boasts, on which a sketch of the contents, advertisements, etc., will appear, leaving the twelve pages to be solely devoted to literary efforts. This addition to the *Journal's* pages will beautify its form, preserve its contents, give far more value for the same money, and cause our paper and the University which it represents to rise in the estimation of the general public.

We next year propose to try a little experiment, which we hope all in whose power it lies will endeavour to make successful. The *Queen's College Journal* offers two prizes, of the value of \$15 and \$10, as first and second prizes according to merit, for the best literary articles, which shall appear in its columns next session. The following are the terms and conditions of competition: The writer of the article must certify that the production is his own unaided composition, and give the same to the managing editor on or before Dec. 1st, '79. It must be at least two, at most three, columns in length of the large print now used in the *Journal*. A committee of distinguished graduates, who shall not be made acquainted with the authors' names, shall decide, after all have been published, which productions are the most worthy and the prizes will be awarded at Convocation. It is open to all Arts, Divinity and Medical students. We offer this for the benefit of our columns, the students, and lastly our readers, and we hope that every student at his leisure through the summer months will try his luck and hand in the result at as early a date as he can conveniently.

During the reading of the report reference was made to the enterprise shown in adorning our pages with the two cuts, which have appeared in this volume, and it was suggested that each succeeding volume insert a portrait of one of the Faculty in order of seniority, and next year have one of our pages graced with the beaming countenance of the learned Professor of Mathematics, though this, of course, rests with the session's Committee. In conclusion the editors urged upon all, and students in particular, to prove their loyalty to Queen's and her institutions by procuring for us a handsome addition to our subscription list. Old subscribers must naturally fall off, our expenses are on the increase, besides just think how a fellow would be inspired if he knew he were writing for the edification of some five or six thousand, so we urge upon all to aid us in this particular, if in no other. Let us not appeal in vain.

The volume of 1879-80 will be entrusted to the care of the following gentlemen:—

EDITING COMMITTEE:—John R. Lavell, B.A., J. E. Galbraith, G. C. Patterson, B.A., H. R. Duff, D. MacTavish, H. M. Froiland.

SEC.-TREASURER:—Herbert M. Mowat.

The Managing Editor to be appointed at the beginning of the session.

TRUSTEE MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the University Trustees was held on Wednesday and Thursday of this week for the transaction of general business. The following gentlemen were elected Trustees for five years:—Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, Hamilton; Sandford Fleming, C.E., C.B., Otta-

wa; D. B. MacLennan, Esq., M.A., Q.C., Cornwall; Rev. Dr. Neil, Seymour; N. J. Macgillvray, Esq., B.A., Montreal; the two latter were re-elected.

Mr. F. C. Ireland was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Board for the ensuing year.

SINCE Convocation the Principal received a letter from Scotland, from the solicitors of the late Rev. Dr. Spence, of Ottawa, stating that in consequence of the death of Dr. Spence's widow, the legacies left by him to the College will be available. These consist of a legacy of \$3,800 for general purposes and one of \$1,000 to found a bursary in the theological department, to be called "The Spencer Bursary."

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